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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæſar,
M. Antony,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Julius Cæſar.

Cicero.

Brutus,
Caſſius,
Caſca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna, } *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.

Popilius Læna,
Publius, } *Senators.*

Flavius,
Marullus, } *Tribunes and Enemies to* Cæſar.

Meſſala,
Titinius, } *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Artemidorus, *a Sophiſt of* Cnidos.
A Soothſayer.
Young Cato.
Cinna, *a Poet.*
Another Poet.

Lucilius,
Dardanius,
Volumnius,
Varro,
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius, } *Servants of* Brutus.

Pindarus, *Servant of* Caſſius.
Ghoſt of Julius Cæſar.
Cobler.
Carpenter.
Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.
Porcia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the three firſt Acts, at* Rome: *afterward at an* Iſle *near* Mutina; *at* Sardis; *and* Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in* ROME.

Enter Flavius, (1) Marullus, *and certain Commoners.*

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your profeſſion? Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
You, Sir,—What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? anſwer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

(1) *Murellus.*] I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c. given to this Tribune, his right name, *Marullus.*

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

(2) *Flav.* What mean'ſt thou by that? mend me, thou ſaucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradeſman's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am, indeed, Sir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day? Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their ſhoes, to get myſelf into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!——what conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome!*
Knew you not *Pompey?* many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have ſate
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the ſtreets of *Rome:*
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in his concave ſhores?
And do you now put on your beſt attire?

(2) Mar. *What mean'ſt thou by that?*] As the *Cobler*, in the preceding ſpeech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, *this ſpeech muſt be given to Flavius.*

And

And do you now call out an holiday?
And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone——
Run to your houſes; fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Aſſemble all the poor men of your Sort;
Draw them to *Tyber* bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all.
[*Exeunt Commoners.*
See, whe're their baſeſt mettle be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,
This way will I; diſrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do ſo?
You know, it is the feaſt of *Lupercal.*
Flav. It is no matter, let no images
Be hung with *Cæſar*'s trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers, pluckt from *Cæſar*'s wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Cæſar, Antony *for the Courſe*, Calphurnia, Porcia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, *a Soothſayer.*

Cæſ. Calphurnia,——
Caſc. Peace, ho! *Cæſar* ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia,——
Calp. Here, my lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonius*' way,
When he doth run his Courſe——*Antonius,*——
Ant. Cæſar, my lord.
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, *Antonius,*
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders ſay,

The Barren, touched in this holy Chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril Curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember.
When *Cæſar* ſays, do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooth. *Cæſar*,——
Cæſ. Ha! who calls?
Caſc. Bid every noiſe be ſtill; peace yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the Preſs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſick,
Cry, *Cæſar*. Speak; *Cæſar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.
Cæſ. What man is that?
Bru. A ſooth-ſayer bids you beware the Ides of *March*.
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſc. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? ſpeak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.
Cæſ. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; paſs.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and Train.*
Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius.
Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the Courſe?
Bru. Not I.
Caſ. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gameſome; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder, *Caſſius*, your deſires;
I'll leave you.
Caſ. *Brutus*, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. *Caſſius*,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon my ſelf. Vexed I am,
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to my ſelf;
Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviour:

But

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Caſſius*, be you one;
Nor conſtrue any farther my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of Love to other men.

Caſ. Then, *Brutus*, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you ſee your face?

Bru. No, *Caſſius*; for the eye ſees not it ſelf,
But by reflexion from ſome other things.

Caſ. 'Tis juſt.
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoak,
Have wiſh'd, that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Caſſius*,
That you would have me ſeek into my ſelf,
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And ſince you know, you cannot ſee your ſelf
So well as by reflexion; I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to your ſelf
That of your ſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſtor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs my ſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flouriſh and ſhout.*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the People
Chuſe *Cæſar* for their King.

Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?

Then muſt I think, you would not have it ſo.
Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other,
And I will look on Death indifferently: (3)
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.
Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward Favour.
Well, Honour is the ſubject of my ſtory: ——
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I my ſelf.
I was born free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you;
We Both have fed as well; and we can Both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once upon a raw and guſty day, (4)

The

(3) *And I will look on* both *indifferently*;] What a contradiction to this, are the lines immediately ſucceeding? If he lov'd Honour, more than he fear'd Death, how could they be both indifferent to him? Honour thus is but in equal balance to Death, which is not ſpeaking at all like *Brutus*: for, in a ſoldier of any ordinary pretenſion, it ſhould always *preponderate*. We muſt certainly read,

And I will look on *Death* indifferently.

What occaſion'd the corruption, I preſume, was; the tranſcribers imagining the adverb *indifferently* muſt be applied to two things *oppos'd*. But the uſe of the word does not demand it; nor does *Shakeſpeare* always apply it ſo. In the preſent paſſage it ſignifies *neglectingly*; without *Fear*, or *Concern*: And ſo *Caſca* afterwards, again in this Act, employs it.

And dangers are to me *indifferent*.

i. e. I weigh them not; am not deter'd on the ſcore of danger.

Mr. *Warburton*.

(4) *For once upon a raw and guſty day*,] This may, perhaps, appear a very odd amuſement for two of the greateſt men in *Rome*. But it appears, this was an uſual exerciſe for the nobility, that delighted in the hardy uſe of arms, and were not enervated, from this paſſage of *Horace*, l. 1. Ode 8.

Cur timet flavum Tiberim *tangere?*

Upon

The troubled *Tiber* chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſays to me, " Dar'ſt thou, *Caſſius*, now
" Leap in with me into this angry flood,
" And ſwim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow; ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd; " Help me, *Caſſius*, or I ſink."
I, as *Æneas*, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchiſes* bear, ſo, from the waves of *Tiber*
Did I the tired *Cæſar*: and this man
Is now become a God; and *Caſſius* is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this God did ſhake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye, whoſe Bend doth awe the World,
Did loſe its luſtre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd—" give me ſome drink, *Titinius*"—
As a ſick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtick World,
And bear the Palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*
Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.
Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world

Upon which *Hermannus Figulus* makes this comment: *Natare. Nam Romæ primæ Adoleſcentiæ juvenes, præter cæteras gymnaſticas diſciplinas, etiam* natare *diſcebant, ut ad* belli munera firmiores aptioreſq; *eſſent.* And he puts us in mind from *Suetonius*, how expert a ſwimmer *Jul. Cæſar* was. Mr. *Warburton.*

Like a *Coloſſus*; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable Graves.
Men at ſome times are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our Stars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar!* what ſhould be in that *Cæſar?*
Why ſhould that name be ſounded, more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a Spirit, as ſoon as *Cæſar*.
Now in the Names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæſar* feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
Rome, thou haſt loſt the Breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walls incompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim;
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter: for this preſent,
I would not (ſo with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of *Rome*
Under ſuch hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ.

Caſ. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæſar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæſar* is returning.
Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck *Caſca* by the ſleeve,
And he will, after his ſour faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.
Bru. I will do ſo; but look you, *Caſſius*,——
The angry Spot doth glow on *Cæſar*'s brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*
Looks with ſuch ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſt in conf'rence by ſome Senators.
Caſ. Caſca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. Antonius,——
Ant. Cæſar?
Cæſ. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; ſuch men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæſ. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no Plays,
As thou doſt, *Antony*; he hears no muſick; (5).

(5) —— —— *he hears no Muſick*:] This is not a trivial obſervation, nor does our poet mean barely by it, that *Caſſius* was not a merry, ſprightly man: but that he had not a due temperament of harmony in his compoſition: and that therefore natures, ſo uncorrected, are dangerous. He has finely dilated on this ſentiment in his *Merchant of* Venice, *Act* 5.

The man, that hath no *Muſick* in himſelf,
And is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for *treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils*;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus*;
Let no ſuch man be truſted.——

Seldom

Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his Train.*

Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius: Caſca, *to them.*

Caſca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you ſpeak with me?

Bru Ay, *Caſca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That *Cæſar* looks ſo ſad.

Caſca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aſk *Caſca* what had chanc'd.

Caſca. Why, there was a Crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Caſca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caſca*.

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown; yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of theſe Coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then

then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and uttered ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the Crown, that it had almoſt choaked *Cæſar*; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But, ſoft, I pray you; what, did *Cæſar* ſwoon?

Caſca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſ. No, *Cæſar* hath it not; but you and I, And honeſt *Caſca*, we have the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am ſure, *Cæſar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſed to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut; An' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, "If he had "done, or ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their Wor- "ſhips to think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches where I ſtood, cry'd, "alas, good ſoul!"—— and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away?

Caſca. Ay.

Caſ. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke *Greek*.

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, an' I tell you what, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again. But thoſe, that underſtood him, ſmil'd at

at one another, and ſhook their heads; but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling ſcarfs off *Cæſar's* Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to-night, *Caſca?*

Caſca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Caſca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Caſ. Good, I will expect you.

Caſca. Do ſo: farewel Both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.

Caſ. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeneſs is a ſawce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And ſo it is: for this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo; till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* Brutus.

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet I ſee,
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From what it is diſpos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humour me.——I will this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name: Wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And, after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure;
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caſca, *his ſword drawn; and* Cicero, *meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, *Caſca*; brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſs, and why ſtare you ſo?

Caſca. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero!*
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have ſeen
Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtrife in heav'n;
Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Caſca. A common ſlave, you know him well by ſight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, (I ha' not ſince put up my ſword)
Againſt the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghaſtly women,
Transformed with their fear; who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the ſtreets.
And yeſterday, the bird of night did ſit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and ſhrieking. When theſe Prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
"These are their reaſons, they are natural:"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange-diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitol to-morrow?

Caſca.

Caſca. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.
Cic. Good night then, *Caſca*; this diſturbed ſky
Is not to walk in.
Caſca. Farewel, *Cicero.* [*Exit* Cicero.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſ. Who's there?
Caſca. A *Roman.*
Caſ. *Caſca*, by your voice.
Caſca. Your ear is good. *Caſſius*, what night is this?
Caſ. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.
Caſca. Who ever knew the heavens menace ſo?
Caſ. Thoſe, that have known the earth ſo full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perillous night;
And thus unbraced, *Caſca*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heaven, I did preſent myſelf
Ev'n in the aim and very flaſh of it.
Caſca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heav'ns?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty Gods, by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.
Caſ. You are dull, *Caſca*; and thoſe ſparks of life,
That ſhould be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt yourſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all theſe things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear and warning

Unto

Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate.
Now could I, *Caſca*, name to thee a man
Moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens Graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyſelf or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſca. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean; is it not, *Caſſius*?

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors; (6)
But, woe the while! our fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers ſpirits:
Our yoke and ſuff'rance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſca. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his Crown by ſea and land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy*.

Caſ. I know, where I will wear this dagger then.
Caſſius from bondage will deliver *Caſſius*.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
If I know this; know all the world beſides,

(6) *Have* thews *and limbs.*——] Mr. *Pope* has ſubjoin'd, to both his editions, an explanation of *Thews*, as if it ſignified, *manners* or *capacities*. 'Tis certain, it ſometimes has theſe ſignifications; but he's miſtaken ſtrangely to imagine it has any ſuch ſenſe here: Nor, indeed, do I ever remember its being uſed by our author in theſe acceptations. With him, I think, it always ſignifies, *Muſcles*, *Sinews*, *bodily Strength*. So, in the 2d Part of *Henry* IV.

Care I for the Limb, the *Thewes*, the Stature, Bulk, and big ſemblance of a Man?

And in *Hamlet*;

For Nature creſcent does not grow alone
In *Thewes* and bulk.

That

That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees, the *Romans* are but ſheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws. What traſh is *Rome?*
What rubbiſh, and what offal? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar?* But, oh grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know,
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſca. You ſpeak to *Caſca*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand: (7)
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Caſca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable dang'rous conſequence;
And I do know, by this they ſtay for me
In *Pompey*'s Porch. For now this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the element
Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand;
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caſca. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.

(7) ——— *Hold, my hand.*] This comma muſt certainly be removed. *Caſca* bids *Caſſius* take his hand, as it were to bind their league and amity. So afterwards, in this play;

Give me thy hand, *Meſſala*.

Caſ.

Caſ. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?
Cin. To find out you: who's that, *Metellus Cimber?*
Caſ. No, it is *Caſca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, *Cinna?*
Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.
Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O *Caſſius!* could you win the noble *Brutus*
To our party——
Caſ. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper;
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus'* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey's* porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?
Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers, as you bade me.
Caſ. That done, repair to *Pompey's* Theatre.
[*Exit* Cinna.
Come, *Caſca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthineſs.
Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after mid-night; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, BRUTUS's *Garden.*

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, *Lucius!* ho!——
I cannot by the progreſs of the ſtars
Give gueſs how near to day——*Lucius*, I ſay!
I would, it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay! what, *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my Study, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him;
But for the general. He would be crown'd——
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking: crown him—that—
And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuſe of Greatneſs is, when it disjoins
Remorſe from Power: and, to ſpeak truth of *Cæſar*,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,

Faſhion

Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir:
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of *March*? (8)

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, *thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself:*
Shall Rome, ——— *speak, strike, redress.*

(8) *Is not to-morrow, boy, the* first *of* March?] I dare pronounce a palpable blunder here, which none of the editors have ever been aware of. *Brutus* enquires whether the *first* of *March* be come, and the boy brings him word 'tis wasted 15 days. Allowing *Brutus* to be a most contemplative man, and his thoughts taken up with high matters, yet I can never agree, that he so little knew how time went, as to be mistaken a whole fortnight in the reckoning. I make no scruple to assert, the poet wrote *Ides*. But how could *Ides*, may it not be objected, be corrupted into *first*? What similitude in the traces of the letters? This difficulty may very easily be solv'd, by only supposing that the word *Ides* in the manuscript copy happen'd to be wrote contractedly thus, *1s*: The players knew the word well enough in the contraction; but when the MSS came to the *press*, the compositors were not so well informed in it: They knew, that 1st frequently stood for *first*; and blunderingly thought that 1s was meant to do so too: and thence was deriv'd the corruption of the text. But that the poet wrote *Ides*, we have this in confirmation. *Brutus* makes the enquiry on the dawn of the very day, in which *Cæsar* was kill'd in the Capitol. Now 'tis very well known, that this was on the 15th day, which is the *Ides*, of *March*. I ought to acknowledge, that my friend Mr. *Warburton* likewise started this very emendation, and communicated it to me by letter.

Brutus,

Brutus, *thou sleep'st: awake.*
Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome ——— thus must I piece it out,
" Shall *Rome* stand under one man's awe? what! *Rome*?
" My ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*
" The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King."
Speak, strike, redress —— am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O *Rome!* I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days. (9)
[*knocks within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body knocks:
[*Exit* Lucius.
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against Cæsar, (10)
I have not slept.——
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is

(9) *Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.*] The editors are slightly mistaken: It was wasted but 14 days; this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy makes his report.

(10) *Since* Cassius *first did whet me against* Cæsar,
I have not slept.]
This is not to be taken literally: but only that it had, at fits, broke his rest. Some readers might, perhaps, imagine, that (because *Brutus*, in his last Scene with *Cassius*, said, that he would on the morrow stay at home for *Cassius*; and because *Cassius* here comes home to him) this was the day immediately succeeding that, on which *Cassius* open'd the secret of the conspiracy to him. But, however any circumstances in any preceding lines may countenance such an opinion, it would be a great diminution to the sedate character of *Brutus*, to be let into a plot of such serious moment one day, and to be ready to put it in execution on the next. The poet intended no such rash conduct. We are to observe, from the first Act, that *Cassius* open'd the plot to him on the Feast of the *Lupercalia*, which solemnity was held in *February*: and *Cæsar* was not assassin'd, as has been observ'd, till the middle of *March*. Some of the criticks, with what certainty I dare not pretend to say, fix down this Feast to the XVth before the calends of *March*; (i. e. the 15th of *February*,) if so, the interval betwixt that, and the time when *Cæsar* was murther'd, is 29 days.

Like

Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius, and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Caſſius* at the door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks;
That by no means I may diſcover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O Conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When Evils are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To maſk thy monſtrous viſage? ſeek none, Conſpiracy;
Hide it in ſmiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* itſelf were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Caſ. I think, we are too bold upon your reſt;
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I theſe men, that come along with you? [*Aſide.*
Caſ. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of your ſelf,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Caſ. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Caſ. This, *Caſca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this, *Metellus Cimber.*

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Caſ. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whiſper.*

Dec. Here lies the Eaſt: doth not the day break here? (11)

Caſca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are meſſengers of day.

Caſca. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my ſword, the Sun ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire; and the high Eaſt
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if that the face of men,

(11) *Here lies the Eaſt:*] Mr. *Rymer*, in his Examination of the Tragedies of the laſt Age, p. 153, has left an invidious and paltry remark on this paſſage. "Here the *Roman* Senators, *(ſays he)* the "midnight before *Cæſar*'s death, (met in the garden of *Brutus* to "ſettle the matter of their Conſpiracy) are gazing up to the Stars, "and have no more in their heads than to wrangle about which is "the Eaſt and Weſt. This is directly, as *Bays* tells us, to ſhew the "world a pattern here, how men ſhould talk of buſineſs. But it "would be a wrong to the Poet, not to inform the reader, that on "the ſtage the ſpectators ſee *Brutus* and *Caſſius* all this while at "whiſper together."——I cannot help having the utmoſt contempt for this poor ill-judged ſneer. It ſhews the height of good manners and politeneſs in the Conſpirators, while *Brutus* and *Caſſius* whiſper, to ſtart any occaſional topicle, and talk *extempore*; rather than ſeem to liſten to, or be deſirous of overhearing, what *Caſſius* draws *Brutus* aſide for. And, if I am not miſtaken, there is a piece of art ſhewn in this whiſper, which our *Caviller* either did not, or would not, ſee into. The audience are already apprized of the ſubject on which the faction meet: and therefore this whiſper is an artifice, to prevent the preliminaries, of what they knew beforehand, being *formally* repeated.

The

The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe, ——
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes;
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-ſighted tyranny range on, (12)
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
To prick us to redreſs? what other bond,
Than ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad cauſes, ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits;
To think, that or our cauſe, or our performance,
Did need an oath: When ev'ry drop of blood,
That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.

Caſ. But what of *Cicero?* ſhall we ſound him?
I think, he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.

Caſca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

(12) *So let* high-ſighted *tyranny* ——] Tho' I have not diſturb'd this epithet in the text, yet, I ſuſpect, our Poet either wrote, as Mr. *Warburton* hinted to me, *high-ſieged*; or elſe, *high-ſeated*. So *Caſſius*, in the former Act, ſays;

And, after this, let *Cæſar ſeat* him ſure;

So in *Macbeth*,

——and our *high-plac'd Macbeth*
Shall live the leaſe of Nature;

And again,

Great Tyranny, lay thou thy *Baſis* ſure,

and in many other paſſages.

Met. O let us have him, for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy mens voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildneſs ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.

Caſ. Then leave him out.

Caſca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only *Cæſa*

Caſ. Decius, well urg'd: I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-live *Cæſar*: we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.

Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, *Caius Caſſ.*
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæſar*.
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*;
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the ſpirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by *Cæſar*'s ſpirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar!* but alas!
Cæſar muſt bleed for it.—And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſs fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which, ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;

For he can do no more than *Cæſar*'s arm,
When *Cæſar*'s head is off.
Caſ. Yet I do fear him;
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæſar*——
Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelf, take thought, and die for *Cæſar*:
And that were much, he ſhould; for he is giv'n
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock ſtrikes.*
Bru. Peace, count the clock.
Caſ. The clock hath ſtricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſ. But it is doubtful yet,
If *Cæſar* will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,
(Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſie, of dreams, and ceremonies:)
It may be, theſe apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this night,
And the perſuaſion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that; if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'er-ſway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Leave me to work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Caſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.
Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæſar* hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.
Caſ. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, *Brutus*;
And, friends! diſperſe yourſelves; but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true *Romans*.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes;
But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy;
And ſo, good morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* faſt aſleep? it is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Porcia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Porcia, what mean you? wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed: and, yeſternight at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe and walk'd about,
Muſing and ſighing, with your arms a-croſs;
And, when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: ſo I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour;
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.

It

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do: good *Porcia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what, is *Brutus* ſick?
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his ſickneſs? no, my *Brutus*,
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty, (13)
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
Have had reſort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? am I yourſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, conſort your bed, (14)
And

(13) *I charge you.*] Thus Mr. *Pope* has corrected, in both his Editions; but I have reſtor'd the reading of the old books, *I charm you*, i. e. I conjure you by the magick of, &c.

(14) ——————— comfort *your bed*,
And talk to you?———]

And talk to you ſometimes? dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Porcia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed; *Cato*'s daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo huſbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Porcia*, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery of my ſad brows.
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit* Porcia.

This is but an odd phraſe, and gives as odd an idea. The word, I have ſubſtituted, ſeems much more proper; and is one of our Poet's own uſage; which makes me ſuſpect, he employ'd it here. So in his *Comedy of Errors*;

And, afterwards, *conſort* you till bed-time.

And ſo in his Poem, call'd *Venus* and *Adonis*;

Who bids them ſtill *conſort* with ugly Night;

And ſo afterwards, again, in the fifth Act of this Play;

Two mighty Eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* here *conſorted* us.

And, in *Midſummer Night's Dream*;

And muſt for aye *conſort* with black-brow'd Night.

Enter

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius!* how?

Cai. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you choſe out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief? would, you were not ſick!

Cai. I am not ſick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of *Rome!*
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an Exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.

Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?

Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæſar.

Caſ. NOR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her ſleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder *Cæſar*." Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord?——

Cæſ. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.
Ser. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæſar?* think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to-day.
Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things, that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.
Cal. *Cæſar*, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen)
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the Watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and ſquadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air;
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And Ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar!* theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.
Cæſ. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæſar*.
Cal. When Beggars die, there are no comets ſeen;
The heav'ns themſelves blaze forth the death of Princes.
Cæſ. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taſte of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange, that men ſhould fear:
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What ſay the Augurs?

Ser.

Ser. They would not have you to ſtir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.
[*Exit Servant.*

Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of cowardiſe:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear.
No, *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he.
(15) We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæſar* ſhall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate-houſe,
And he will ſay, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.

Dec. *Cæſar*, all hail! good morrow, worthy *Cæſar*;
I come to fetch you to the Senate-houſe.

Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,

(15) *We* heard *two lions*—] The firſt folio——*We heare*——The copies have been all corrupt, and the paſſage, of courſe, unintelligible. But the ſlight alteration, I have made, reſtores ſenſe to the whole, and the ſentiment will neither be unworthy of *Shakeſpeare*, nor the boaſt too extravagant for *Cæſar* in a vein of vanity to utter: that He and Danger were twin-whelps of a lion, and he the elder, and more terrible of the two. A ſimilar thought again occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*, about victory for a while ſtanding ſuſpended betwixt two armies.

When *vantage* like a pair of *twins* appear'd,
Both as the ſame, or rather *ours* the *elder*.

I made this emendation formerly in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*, without having ſeen it, ſtruck out the ſame conjecture.

To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to-day; tell them ſo, *Decius*.
Cal. Say, he is ſick.
Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a lie?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretcht mine arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, *Cæſar* will not come.
Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæſar*, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laught at, when I tell them ſo.
Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfy the Senate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt laſt night, ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which, like a fountain, with an hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood; and many luſty *Romans*
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
Theſe ſhe applies for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to-day.
Dec. This Dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a viſion fair and fortunate:
Your Statue, ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great *Rome* ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood; and that great men ſhall preſs,
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance.
This by *Calphurnia*'s Dream is ſignify'd.
Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæſar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
"Break up the Senate 'till another time,
"When *Cæſar*'s Wife ſhall meet with better Dreams:"

If

If *Cæſar* hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
"Lo, *Cæſar* is afraid!".
Pardon me, *Cæſar*; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reaſon to my love is liable.
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, *Calphurnia*?
I am aſhamed, I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go:

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caſca, Trebonius, Cinna *and* Publius.

And, look, where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Welcome, *Publius*.
What, *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good morrow, *Caſca*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?
Bru. *Cæſar*, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thank you for your pains and courteſy.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony*, that revels long o'nights,
Is notwithſtanding up. Good morrow, *Antony*.
Ant. So to moſt noble *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now, *Cinna*; now, *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius*!
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you,
Remember, that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. *Cæſar*, I will;—and ſo near will I be, [*Aſide.*
That your beſt friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.
Cæſ. Good friends, go in, and taſte ſome wine with me,
And we, like friends, will ſtraightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*,
[*Aſide.*
The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street near the* Capitol.

(16) *Enter* Artemidorus, *reading a paper.*

"CÆSAR, beware of *Brutus*; take heed of *Caſſius*;
"come not near *Caſca*; have an eye to *Cinna*; truſt
"not *Trebonius*; mark well *Metellus Cimber*; *Decius*
"*Brutus* loves thee not; thou haſt wrong'd *Caius Liga-*
"*rius*. There is but one mind in all theſe men, and
"it is bent againſt *Cæſar*. If thou beeſt not immortal,
"look about thee: ſecurity gives way to conſpiracy.
"The mighty Gods defend thee!
"Thy Lover *Artemidorus*."

Here will I ſtand, 'till *Cæſar* paſs along,
And as a ſuitor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæſar*, thou may'ſt live;
If not, the fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Porcia *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the Senate-houſe;
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone:
Why doſt thou ſtay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there ——
O Conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide,

(16) *Enter* Artemidorus,] In the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, through all the editions, *Artemidorus* is called a *Soothſayer*. But, 'tis certain, the poet deſigned two diſtinct characters. *Artemidorus* was neither Augur, nor Soothſayer. 'Tis true, there was an *Artemidorus*, whoſe critic on dreams we ſtill have: but he did not live till the time of *Antoninus*. He likewiſe wrote, according to *Suidas*, of Augury and Palmiſtry. But this *Artemidorus*, who had been *Cæſar*'s hoſt at *Cnidos*, as we learn from *Plutarch*, *Appian*, &c. did not pretend to know any thing of the conſpiracy againſt *Cæſar* by preſcience, or prognoſtication. He was a ſophiſt, who taught that ſcience in *Greek* at *Rome*; by which means being intimate with *Brutus*, and thoſe about him, he got into their ſecret; and, out of his old affection for *Cæſar*, was deſirous of acquainting him with his danger.

Set

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæſar* doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way haſt thou been?

Art. At mine own houſe, good Lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to hear me:
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.

Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm intended tow'rds him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng, that follows *Cæſar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I muſt go in—aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of Woman is! O *Brutus! Brutus!*

The

The Heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the Boy heard me: —— *Brutus* hath a Suit,
That *Cæſar* will not grant. —— O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;
Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Street before the* Capitol; *and the* Capitol *open.*

Flouriſh. *Enter* Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, *and the Soothſayer.*

CÆSAR.

THE Idés of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæſar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæſar:* read this ſchedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth deſire you to o'erread,
At your beſt leiſure, this his humble ſuit.

Art. O *Cæſar*, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit
That touches *Cæſar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. What touches us our ſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.

Art. Delay not, *Cæſar*, read it inſtantly.

Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Caſ. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wiſh, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Caſ. What enterprize, *Popilius?*

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What ſaid *Popilius Lena?*

Caſ. He wiſh'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear, our purpoſe is diſcovered.

Bru.

Bru. Look, how he makes to *Cæſar*; mark him.
Caſ. *Caſca*, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what ſhall be done, if this be known?
Caſſius, or *Cæſar*, never ſhall turn back;
For I will ſlay myſelf.
Bru. *Caſſius*, be conſtant:
Popilius Lena ſpeaks not of our purpoſe;
For, look, he ſmiles, and *Cæſar* doth not change.
Caſ. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber?* let him go,
And preſently prefer his ſuit to *Cæſar*.
Bru. He is addreſt; preſs near, and ſecond him.
Cin. *Caſca*, you are the firſt that rears your hand.
Cæſ. Are we all ready? what is now amiſs,
That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſs?
Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant *Cæſar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy ſeat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart.
Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, *Cimber*;
Theſe couchings and theſe lowly curteſies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and firſt decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæſar* bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words,
Low-crooked curtſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
(17) Know, *Cæſar* doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.

Met.

(17) *Know*, Cæſar *doth not wrong*;] *Ben Johnſon*, in the induction to his *Staple of News*, has a ſneer upon this paſſage:——"*Cry* "*you mercy*, you never did wrong but with juſt cauſe."——The words are conſtantly printed in a different character, and, that they are levell'd at *Shakeſpeare*, is fully clear'd up by another paſſage in *Ben's Diſcoveries*, where he thus ſpeaks of our author: "Many times "he fell into thoſe things could not eſcape laughter; as when he "ſaid

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſar*'s ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd Brother?
Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæſar*;
Deſiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæſ. What, *Brutus!*
Caſ. Pardon, *Cæſar*; *Cæſar*, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth *Caſſius* fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for *Publius Cimber*.
Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern Star,
Of whoſe true, fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The ſkies are painted with unnumbred ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and that I am he,

" ſaid in the perſon of *Cæſar*, one ſpeaking to him,——Cæſar, *thou*
" *doſt me wrong*; he reply'd, Cæſar *did never wrong, but with juſt*
" *cauſe*."——I can't pretend to gueſs, for what reaſon *Ben* has left this ſarcaſm upon our author; when there is no room for it from any of the printed copies: nor ſhould I have thought it worth while to revive the memory of ſuch a remark, had not Mr. *Pope* purpoſely *deviated* into a criticiſm upon the affair. There is a ſort of fatality attends ſome people, when they aim at being hypercritical. " He " thinks, *Ben Johnſon*'s remark was made upon no better credit, " than ſome blunder of an actor in ſpeaking the verſe now under " debate: and, perhaps, *(ſays he)* this play was never printed in *B.* " *Johnſon*'s time; and ſo he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor " was pleas'd to ſpeak it."——I don't know how this gentleman's head was employ'd, when he made this profound obſervation: for he could not but know, that *B. Johnſon* liv'd to the year 1637, fourteen years before which the players had put out their edition of all *Shakeſpeare*'s genuine plays in *folio*. The ſurly *Laureat* therefore cannot ſtand excus'd, from any blunder of an actor, for wounding the memory of a poet; when the abſurdity, reflected on, is not to be found in his works.

Let

Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant *Cimber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cim. O *Cæſar*——

Cæſ. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Dec. Great *Cæſar*——

Cæſ. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſs kneel?

Caſc. Speak hands for me. [*They ſtab* Cæſar.

Cæſ. *Et tu, Brute?*——then fall *Cæſar!* [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets——

Caſ. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, ſtand ſtill. Ambition's debt is paid.

Caſ. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Caſſius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friends of *Cæſar's*
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of ſtanding. *Publius*, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no *Roman* elſe; ſo tell them, *Publius.*

Caſ. And leave us, *Publius*, leſt that the People,
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

Bru. Do ſo; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Caſ. Where is *Antony?*

Tre. Fled to his houſe amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures;
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.

Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So

So are we *Cæſar*'s friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. (18) Stoop, *Romans*, ſtoop;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæſar*'s blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! freedom! and liberty!

Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh—how many ages hence
[*Dipping their ſwords in* Cæſar's *blood.*
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompey*'s Baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?

Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The Men that gave their Country Liberty.

Dec. What, ſhall we forth?

Caſ. Ay, every man away.
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of *Rome.*

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antony*'s.

(18) *Stoop*, Romans, *ſtoop*;] Mr. *Pope*, in both his editions, has, from theſe words, arbitrarily taken away the remainder of this ſpeech from *Brutus*, and placed it to *Caſca*: becauſe, he thinks, nothing is more inconſiſtent with *Brutus*'s mild and philoſophical characters. And as he often finds ſpeeches in the later editions, he ſays, put into wrong mouths; he thinks, this liberty is not unreaſonable. 'Tis true, a diligent editor may find many ſuch errors committed even in the firſt printed copies; but it has not often been Mr. *Pope*'s good fortune to hit upon them. I dare warrant, the printers made no blunder in this inſtance; and therefore I have made bold to reſtore the ſpeech to its right owner. *Brutus* eſteem'd the death of *Cæſar* a ſacrifice to liberty; and, as ſuch, gloried in his heading the enterprize. Beſides, our poet is ſtrictly copying a fact in hiſtory. *Plutarch*, in the life of *Cæſar*, ſays, "*Brutus* and his followers, *being yet* "*hot with the murther*, march'd in a body from the Senate-houſe to "the *Capitol*, with their *drawn ſwords*, with an air of confidence and "aſſurance." And, in the life of *Brutus*,—"*Brutus* and his "party betook themſelves to the *Capitol*, and in their way *ſhewing* "*their hands all bloody*, and their naked ſwords, *proclaim'd liberty* to "*the people*."

Ser-

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my Maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [*Kneeling.*
And, being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay:
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant and honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſerv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony ſhall not love *Cæſar* dead,
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true faith. So ſays my Maſter *Antony.*

Bru. Thy Maſter is a wiſe and valiant *Roman*;
I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,
He ſhall be ſatisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know, that we ſhall have him well to friend.

Caſ. I wiſh, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. O mighty *Cæſar!* doſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy Conqueſts, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
(19) Shrunk to this little meaſure?——Fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank;
If I my ſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As *Cæſar*'s death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth as thoſe your ſwords, made rich

(19) *Shrunk to this little meaſure?*] Perhaps, our poet might have *Juvenal* in his view, here;

——————*Mors ſola fatetur,*
Quantula *ſint hominum* corpuſcula.——

With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoak,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony!* beg not your death of us:
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee, we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity;)
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*: For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;
Our arms exempt from malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love *Cæſar* when I ſtrook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand;
Firſt, *Marcus Brutus*, will I ſhake with you;
Next, *Caius Caſſius*, do I take your hand;
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Caſca*, yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all — alas, what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæſar*, oh, 'tis true;

If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt Noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*—here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, (20) and crimſon'd in thy death.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, ſtricken by many Princes,
Doſt thou here lie?

Caſ. Mark Antony——

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Caſſius:*
The enemies of *Cæſar* ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons,
Why, and wherein *Cæſar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or elſe this were a ſavage ſpectacle.
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,

(20) *And crimſon'd in thy* death.] All the old copies, that I have ſeen, read, *Lethe*. The dictionaries, indeed, acknowledge no ſuch word: and as the *L* might have miſtakingly been form'd from an obſcure *D*, not taking the ink equally in all parts, I have ſuffer'd the more known word to ſtand in the text; tho', indeed, I am not without ſuſpicion of our poet's having either coin'd the other term, or copied it from ſome obſolete author, who had adopted it from the *Lethum* of the *Latines*; which, 'tis well known, was uſed for *death*, as well as *deſtruction, ruin, havock*, &c.

That

That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.
Caf. Brutus, a word with you.——
You know not what you do; do not consent [*Aside.*
That *Antony* speak in his funeral:
Know you, how much the People may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsar*'s death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission;
And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Caf. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here take you *Cæsar*'s body:
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*;
And say, you do't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest Man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand, that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the Parts of *Italy*;
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war.
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds;
And *Cæſar's* Spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Ate* by his ſide come hot from Hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a Monarch's voice,
Cry Havock, and let ſlip the Dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's *Servant*.

You ſerve *Octavius Cæſar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæſar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæſar*! [*Seeing the body*.

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Paſſion I ſee is catching; for mine eyes
(21) Seeing thoſe Beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Maſter coming?

Ser. He lies to-night within ſeven leagues of *Rome*.

(21) *Seeing thoſe* Beds *of ſorrow*——] Thus Mr. *Pope*'s two editions, for what reaſon I know not: but I have reſtor'd from all the other copies, *Beads*; which was certainly the poet's word. Thus Lady *Conſtance* in King *John*;

I; with theſe cryſtal *Beads* heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

And ſo Lady *Percy* in the 1ſt Part of *Henry* IV.

The ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy ſleep,
That *Beads* of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of ſafety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while;
Thou ſhalt not back, till I have borne this corſe
Into the Market-place: there ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* Cæſar's *body.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum.

Enter Brutus, *and mounts the* Roſtra; Caſſius, *with the* Plebeians.

Pleb. WE will be ſatisfied; let us be ſatisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers:
Thoſe, that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe, that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him;
And publick reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of *Cæſar*'s death.
1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* ſpeak.
2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Caſſius*, and compare their reaſons,
When ſev'rally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* Caſſius, *with ſome of the* Plebeians.
3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is aſcended: ſilence!
Bru. Be patient 'till the laſt.
Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of *Cæſar*'s, to him I ſay, that *Brutus*'s love to *Cæſar* was no leſs than

than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my anſwer: Not that I lov'd *Cæſar* leſs, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were living, and die all ſlaves; than that *Cæſar* were dead, to live all free-men? As *Cæſar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a *Roman?* If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his Country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.——I pauſe for a reply——

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to *Cæſar*, than you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The queſtion of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony *with* Cæſar's *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his Anceſtors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæſar.*

4 *Pleb.* *Cæſar*'s better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus.*

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe
With ſhouts and clamours.

Bru. My Countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! ſilence! *Brutus* ſpeaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæſar*'s corps, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to *Cæſar*'s glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have ſpoke. [*Ex*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*' ſake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for *Brutus*' ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of *Brutus* he

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are bleſt, that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.

Ant. You gentle *Romans*———

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your ea
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with *Cæſar*! Noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæſar* was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,
(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in *Cæſar*'s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeem ambitious?

W

When that the Poor have cry'd, *Cæſar* hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the *Lupercal*,
I thrice preſented him a kingly Crown;
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious,
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe:
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon — bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Maſters? I fear, there will a worſe come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler Man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of *Cæſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the world; now lies he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chuſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf and you;
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his Will;
Let but the Commons hear this Teſtament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar*'s wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their iſſue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs*;
For if you ſhould——O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we will hear it, *Antony*:
You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
(I have o'er-ſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.)
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar*.——I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men!

All. The Will! the Teſtament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers; the Will! read the Will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will?
Then make a ring about the corpſe of *Cæſar*,
And let me ſhew you him, that made the Will.
Shall I deſcend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*——moſt noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me, ſtand far off.

All.

All. Stand back——room——bear back——
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember,
The firſt time ever *Cæſar* put it on,
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii*——(22)
Look! in this place, ran *Caſſius'* dagger through;——
See, what a rent the envious *Caſca* made——
Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* ſtabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark, how the blood of *Cæſar* follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If *Brutus* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no?
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæſar's* angel.
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæſar* lov'd him;
This, this, was the unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the Baſe of *Pompey's* ſtatue,
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæſar* fell.

(22) *That day he overcame the* Nervii.] This circumſtance about *Cæſar's* mantle, (which I preſume to be purely the poet's invention) abſtracted from the chronology, is very pretty. Perhaps, it has not ſo much propriety, as beauty, if we conſider one thing. The *Nervii* were conquer'd in the 2d year of his *Gauliſh* expedition, 17 years before his aſſaſſination, and 'tis hardly to be thought, that *Cæſar* preſerv'd one robe of ſtate for ſo long a period. Another circumſtance, pretty like this, we meet with in *Hamlet*; the Ghoſt of the old king appearing, *Horatio*, in deſcribing the garb and figure he had aſſum'd, ſays;

Such was the very *armour* he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated.

Now *Horatio*, being a ſchool-fellow of young *Hamlet*, could hardly know in what armour the old king kill'd *Fortinbras* of *Norway*; which happen'd on the very day whereon young *Hamlet* was born. Beſides, in ſtrictneſs, why ſhould the Ghoſt of the old king walk in armour, who was murther'd in time of peace, ſleeping in his garden. But theſe circumſtances and ſtrokes of fancy dreſs up an amuſing picture, for which the poet, perhaps, is neither accountable to propriety, nor probability.

O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
Whilſt bloody treaſon flourish'd over us.
O now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our *Cæſar*'s veſture wounded? look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O pitiful ſpectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæſar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about——ſeek——burn——fire——kill——ſlay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, my Countrymen——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him—— [up

Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny:
They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wiſe and honourable;
And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That gave me publick leave to ſpeak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood; I only ſpeak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourſelves do know;
Show you ſweet *Cæſar*'s wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!

eak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
y, there were an *Antony*
our ſpirits, and put a tongue

In

In every wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould move
The ſtones of *Rome* to riſe and mutiny.
All. We'll mutiny———
1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the houſe of *Brutus*.
3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.
All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, moſt noble *Antony*.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the Will, I told you of. [Will.
All. Moſt true—the Will—let's ſtay and hear the
Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæſar*'s ſeal.
To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,
To ev'ry ſev'ral man, ſev'nty-five drachma's.
2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble *Cæſar!* we'll revenge his death.
3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæſar!*
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
(23) On that ſide *Tiber*; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your ſelves.
Here was a *Cæſar*, when comes ſuch another?
1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,

(23) *On* this *ſide* Tiber;] The ſcene is here in the *Forum* near the *Capitol*, and in the moſt frequented part of the city; but *Cæſar*'s gardens were very remote from that quarter.

Trans Tiberim *longè cubat is prope* Cæſaris hortos.

ſays *Horace*: and both the *Naumachia* and *Gardens* of *Cæſar* were ſeparated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with mount *Janiculum*; where *Statius*, the poet, was buried. Our author therefore certainly wrote;

On that *ſide* Tiber; ———

And *Plutarch*, whom *Shakeſpeare* very diligently ſtudied, in the life of *Marcus Brutus*, ſpeaking of *Cæſar*'s *Will*, expreſly ſays, That he left to the publick his gardens and walks *beyond* the *Tiber*; where, in that author's time, the temple of *Fortune* ſtood.

And with the brands fire all the traitors houſes.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work; Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!——How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſar*'s houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him;
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome.*

Ant. Belike, they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar*,
And things unluckily charge my fantaſy;
I have no will to wander forth of doors:
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Anſwer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wiſely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor? then to anſwer every man directly and briefly, wiſely and truly; wiſely, I ſay——I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to ſay, they are fools that
arry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear; pro-
ed directly.
Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæſar*'s funeral.
1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
2 *Pleb.* That matter is anſwered directly.
4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.
1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conſpirator.
Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.
4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verſes, tear him for his
l verſes.
Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conſpirator.
4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but
name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, fire-
brands:
Brutus, to *Caſſius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s houſe,
d ſome to *Caſca*'s, ſome to *Ligarius*: away, go.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a ſmall Iſland near* Mutina. (24)

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

ANTONY.

THESE many then ſhall die, their names are prickt.
Oct. Your brother too muſt die; conſent you,
Lepidus?
Lep.

(24) SCENE, *a ſmall Iſland.*] Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope* after
, have mark'd the ſcene here to be at *Rome*. The old copies ſay
ing of the place. *Shakeſpeare*, I dare ſay, knew from *Plutarch*,

Lep. I do conſent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* ſhall not live; (25) Who is your ſiſter's ſon, *Mark Antony*. [him.

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot, I damn

But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſar*'s houſe;
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a ſlight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prickt to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelves of divers-ſland'rous loads;
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, *Octavius*: and, for that,

that theſe Triumvirs met, upon the proſcription, in a little iſland t- which *Appian*, who is more particular, ſays, lay near *Mutina* upon the river *Lavinius*.

(25) *Upon condition*, Publius *ſhall not live.*] I don't know whom our author means by this *Publius*. I know, that one *Publius Silius*, as he is call'd by *Plutarch*, (and *Sicilius Coronas*, by *Dion Caſſius*) fell under this proſcription: but the three perſons, about whom the Triumvirs had ſo particular a ſquabble, were *Cicero*, whoſe life *Antony* inſiſted on; *Paulus*, who was condemn'd by his own brother *Lepidus*, according to ſome accounts; and *Lucius Cæſar*, *Antony*'s uncle by the mother's ſide, whoſe blood *Octavius* demanded,

I do

I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject Orts, and imitations; (26)
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things——*Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretcht out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.
Oct. Let us do ſo; for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

(26) *A barren ſpirited fellow, one that feeds*
On Objects, Arts, *and imitations*, &c.]
'Tis hard to conceive, why he ſhould be call'd a *barren-ſpirited* fellow, that could feed either on *Objects*, or Arts: that is, as I preſume, form his ideas and judgment upon them: *ſtale* and *obſolete imitation*, indeed, fixes ſuch a character. I am perſuaded, to make the poet conſonant to himſelf, we muſt read, as I have reſtored the text,
On abject Orts,——
i. e. on the *ſcraps* and *fragments* of things *rejected* and *deſpiſed* by others. The word *Orts* (which, as *Skinner* tells us, is of *Teutonic* derivation, and ſignifies *fragmenta, menſæ reliquiæ*) is not ſo much antiquated, tho' corrupted in the pronunciation, but that children are warn'd to this day of leaving *Orts* on their plate. Our author has uſed the word in ſeveral other paſſages. As in *Timon* of *Athens*, the thief ſays;
It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender *Ort* of his remainder:
And, in *Troilus*;
The fractions of her faith, *Orts* of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, &c.
And likewiſe in his poem, call'd *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, Stanz. 141.
Let him have time a beggar's *Orts* to crave.

SCENE *before* Brutus's *Tent, in the camp near* Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, *and ſoldiers:* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. STAND, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!
Bru. What now, *Lucilius?* is *Caſſius* near?
Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.
Bru. He greets me well. Your maſter, *Pindarus*,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble maſter will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius* ——
How he receiv'd you, let me be reſolv'd.
Luc. With courteſy, and with reſpect enough;
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hath deſcrib'd
A hot friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſt, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with *Caſſius.* [*Low march within.*

Enter

Enter Caſſius *and ſoldiers.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.
Caſ. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! ſpeak the word along.
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Caſ. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?
Caſ. *Brutus*, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them———
Bru. *Caſſius*, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which ſhould perceive nothing, but love, from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my Tent *Caſſius* enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Caſ. *Pindarus*,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. *Lucilius*, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Inſide of* Brutus's *Tent.*

Re-enter Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this, (27)

You

(27) Caſ. *That you have wrong'd me*, &c.] This famous *Quarrelling-Scene*, which has given riſe to ſo many imitations, (particularly, in the *Maid's Tragedy*; Mr. *Dryden*'s alteration of *Troilus* and *Creſſida*; and in his *Don Sebaſtian*;) and which was receiv'd with ſo much applauſe, that it is ſpoken of in one of the preliminary copies of verſes to the firſt *folio* impreſſion of *Shakeſpeare*'s works,

Or

You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man) was ſlighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence ſhould bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To ſell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.
Caſ. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are *Brutus*, that ſpeak this;
Or, by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.
Caſ. Chaſtiſement! ——
Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember!
Did not great *Julius* bleed for juſtice ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? what, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus? ——
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*.

Or till I hear a ſcene more nobly take,
Than what thy half-ſword parlying *Romans* ſpake.

Yet this ſcene ſeems to me to have been ſneer'd at by the *ſwordſmen* in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *King and no King*: as of late years it has met with a glancing attack, by way of banter, in a ſcene betwixt *Peachum* and *Lockit* in the *Beggar's Opera*.——On the other hand, our *Dryden* had ſo juſt an opinion of this fine ſcene, that he has made no ſcruple to prefer it to the quarrel of *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, in the *Iphigenia* in *Aulis* of *Euripides*. "The particular ground-work, "*ſays he*, which *Shakeſpeare* has taken, is incomparably the beſt: "becauſe he has not only choſen two of the greateſt heroes of the "age, but has likewiſe intereſted the liberty of *Rome* and their own "honours, who were the redeemers of it, in the debate." *Preface to* Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Caſ.

Caſ. *Brutus*, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not *Caſſius*.
Caſ. I am.
Bru. I ſay, you are not.
Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf—
Have mind upon your health — tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, ſlight man.
Caſ. Is't poſſible? ———
Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?
Caſ. O Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, 'till your proud heart break;
Go ſhew your ſlaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? by the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you: For, from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.
Caſ. Is it come to this?
Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men. [*tus*;
Caſ. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, *Bru-*
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier; not a better.
Did I ſay, better? ———
Bru. If you did, I care not. [me.
Caſ. When *Cæſar* liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd
Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Caſ. I durſt not! ———
Bru. No.
Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?

Bru.

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love; I may do that, I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that, you ſhould be ſorry for. There is no terror, *Caſſius*, in your threats; For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty, That they paſs by me, as the idle wind, Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me; For I can raiſe no money by vile means; By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh, (28) By any indirection. I did ſend To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you denied me; was that done like *Caſſius*? Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo? When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo covetous, To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends, Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts, Daſh him to pieces!

Caſ. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not—he was but a fool, That brought my anſwer back.—*Brutus* hath riv'd my heart. A friend ſhould bear a friend's infirmities, But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practiſe them on me. (29)

Caſ.

(28) *By any* indirectneſs.] This is a change of Mr. *Pope*'s in both his editions: for what reaſon, I don't know. The old copies read, *Indirection*. It is a word elſewhere uſed by our poet; and Mr. *Pope* has paſs'd it quietly, in *Polonius* of *Hamlet*.

And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of byas,
By *Indirections* find *Directions* out.

(29) *I do not*, till *you practiſe them on me.*] But, ſurely, this was a very poor excuſe for the philoſophick *Brutus* to make. He is accus'd for making his friend's faults greater than they were; he replies, I do not; till they were injurious to my ſelf. Why, a friend could have no motive of intereſt, or paſſion, to aggravate a friend's faults, till they were directed againſt himſelf: and that was the point he was

to

Caſ. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caſ. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.
Caſ. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come;
Revenge yourſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!——There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt——within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus'* Mine, richer than gold;
If that thou beeſt a *Roman*, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike, as thou didſt at *Cæſar*; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt *Caſſius*.
Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.
Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*
Caſ. O *Brutus!*

to juſtify himſelf upon, why he aggravated ſuch faults: which, ſurely, is an unjuſt practice. I read therefore;

Bru. *I do not:* ſtill *you practiſe them on me.* i. e. "I deny the "charge; and muſt tell you further, that this charge is an addition "to your faults." This, if I miſtake not, gives ſenſe and propriety.
Mr. *Warburton.*

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.
[*A noiſe within.*

Poet within. Let me go in to ſee the Generals;
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. within. You ſhall not come to them.

Poet within. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet.

Caſ. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.

Caſ. Ha, ha——how vilely doth this Cynick rhime!

Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſawcy fellow, hence.

Caſ. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Caſ. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*

Enter Lucilius, *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Caſ. And come yourſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

Caſ. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.

Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many griefs.

Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears ſorrow better—*Portia*'s dead.

Caſ. Ha! *Portia*!——

Bru. She is dead.

Caſ.

Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching loſs!
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong: (for with her death
That tidings came) With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, *Caſſius.* [*Drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love.
Bru. Come in, *Titinius*;—welcome, good *Meſſala*.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. Oh *Portia!* art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.
Meſ. My ſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Meſ. That by Proſcription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſev'nty Senators that dy'd
By their Proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſ. *Cicero* one?———
Meſ. *Cicero* is dead; and by that order of proſcription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru.

Bru. No, *Meſſala.*
Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala.*
Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aſk you? hear you ought of her in yours
Meſ. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.
Meſ. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel *Porcia*—we muſt die, *Meſſala.*
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſ. Ev'n ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſ. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently?
Caſ. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy ſeek us;
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence and nimbleneſs.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up;
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.
Caſ. Hear me, good brother——
Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends;
Our legions are brim-full, our cauſe is ripe;
The enemy encreaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now a-float:
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

Caſ. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
Ourſelves, and meet them at *Philippi.*

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity;
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay.

Caſ. No more; good night;———
Early to-morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown; farewel, good *Meſſala,*
Good night, *Titinius:* noble, noble *Caſſius,*
Good night, and good repoſe.

Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls;
Let it not, *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Meſ. Good night, lord *Brutus.*

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Give me the gown. Where is thy inſtrument?

Lu. Here, in the tent.

Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius,* and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my Tent.

Luc. Varro, and *Claudius!*———

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent, and ſleep;

It

It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by,
On buſineſs to my brother *Caſſius*. [ſure.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your plea-
Bru. I will not have it ſo; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful,
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument, a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, Sir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick, and a Song.*
This is a ſleepy tune——O murd'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muſick? gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
But let me ſee—is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.
[*He ſits down to read.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this taper burns!——Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition!———
It comes upon me———Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, *Brutus*.

Bru.

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?
Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi*,
Bru. Then, I ſhall ſee thee again.——
Ghoſt. Ay, at *Philippi*. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then.——
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy! *Lucius! Varro! Claudius!* Sirs! awake!
Claudius!
Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe.
Bru. He thinks, he ſtill is at his inſtrument.
Lucius! awake.
Luc. My lord!——
Bru. Didſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo cried'ſt out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didſt; didſt thou ſee any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; ſirrah, *Claudius*, fellow! *Varro!* awake. (30)
Var. My lord!
Clau. My lord!
Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your ſleep?
Both. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Caſſius*; Bid him ſet on his Pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

(30) Thou! *awake.*] The accent is ſo unmuſical and harſh, 'tis impoſſible the Poet could begin his verſe thus. *Brutus*, certainly, was intended to ſpeak to both his other men; who both awake, and anſwer, at an inſtant. Mr. *Warburton.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Fields of* Philippi, *with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered.
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo; their battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Anſwering, before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To viſit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhew;
Their bloody ſign of battle is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, *and their army.*

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.
Caſ. Stand faſt, *Titinius*, we muſt out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, ſhall we give ſign of battle?
Ant. No, *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have ſome words.
Oct. Stir not until the ſignal.

Bru

Bru. Words before blows: is it ſo, Countrymen?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, *Octavius.*
Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæſar*'s heart,
Crying, "long live! hail, *Cæſar!*"
Caſ. *Antony*,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.
Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too:
For you have ſtol'n their buzzing, *Antony*;
And very wiſely threat, before you ſting.
Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæſar*.
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s feet;
Whilſt damned *Caſca*, like a cur behind,
Struck *Cæſar* on the neck. O flatterers!
Caſ. Flatterers! now, *Brutus*, thank your ſelf;
This tongue had not offended ſo to-day,
If *Ceſſius* might have rul'd. [ſweat,
Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you, that the ſword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæſar*'s three and twenty wounds (31)
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæſar*
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.
Bru. *Cæſar*, thou can'ſt not die by traitors' hands,

(31) *Three and* thirty *wounds.*] Thus all the editions implicitly; but I have ventur'd to reduce this number to *three* and *twenty*, from the joint authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Suetonius*; and I am perſuaded, the error was not from the poet, but his tranſcribers. The ſame miſtake has happen'd in the *Noble Gentleman*, by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

So *Cæſar* fell, when in the Capitol
They gave his body *two* and *thirty* wounds.

For here we muſt likewiſe correct, three and twenty. Perhaps, the number might be wrote in figures; and thoſe accidentally tranſpos'd.

Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus'* ſword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy ſtrain,
Young man, thou couldſt not die more honourable.
Caſ. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and a reveller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill!——
Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.
[*Exe.* Octavius, Antony, *and army.*
Caſ. Why, now blow wind, ſwell billow, and ſwim bark!
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Lucilius,——hark, a word with you.
[Lucilius *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*
Luc. My lord. [Brutus *ſpeaks apart to* Lucilius.
Caſ. Meſſala.
Meſ. What ſays my General?
Caſ. Meſſala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy hand, *Meſſala*;
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind;
And partly credit things, that do preſage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their ſteads, do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghoſt.
Meſ. Believe not ſo.

I but believe it partly;
m freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
:t all peril, very conſtantly.
Even ſo, *Lucilius*.
Now, moſt noble *Brutus*,
ɔds to-day ſtand friendly; that we may,
in peace, lead on our days to age!
:e th' affairs of men reſt ſtill incertain,
aſon with the worſt that may befall.
o loſe this battle, then is this
ry laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.
re you then determined to do?
Ev'n by the rule of that Philoſophy, (32)
ch I did blame *Cato*, for the death
he did give himſelf; I know not how,
ɔ find it cowardly, and vile,
r of what might fall, ſo to prevent
ne of life; arming my ſelf with patience,
the providence of ſome high powers,
ɔvern us below.
Then if we loſe this battle,
: contented to be led in triumph
gh the ſtreets of *Rome*?
No, *Caſſius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
/er *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
:s too great a mind. But this ſame day
ıd that work, the Ides of *March* begun;
hether we ſhall meet again, I know not;

ru. *Ev'n by the rule*] This ſpeech from *Plutarch* our *Shakeſ-* extremely ſoften'd in all the offenſive parts of it; as any one who conſults the original: and, with no leſs caution, has ɔis famous exclamation againſt virtue. *O* Virtue! *I have l thee as a real good; but find thee only an unſubſtantial name.* t judgment in this is very remarkable, on two accounts. his caution, not to give offence to a moral audience; and, as he has hereby avoided a fault, in drawing his hero's . For to have had *Brutus* gone off the ſtage in the manner repreſents it, would have ſuppreſs'd all that pity (eſpecially ıſtian audience) which it was the poet's buſineſs to raiſe. So *Shakeſpeare* has manag'd this character, he is as perfect a ıe ſtage as *Oedipus*; which the criticks ſo much admire.

Mr. *Warburton*.

Therefore our everlaſting farewel take;
For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Caſſius!*
If we do meet again, why, we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus!*
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might kn
The end of this day's buſineſs ere it come!
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away. [*Exeu*

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Meſſala*; ride, and give theſe bill
Unto the legions, on the other ſide. [*Loud aları*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius'* wing;
A ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Meſſala*; let them all come down. [*E.*

Alarum. Enter Caſſius *and* Titinius.

Caſ. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
My ſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early;
Who having ſome advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my lord;
Fly therefore, noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.

Caſ. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titin*
Are thoſe my Tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Caſ. *Titinius*, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

A

And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*
Caſ. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My ſight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou note'ſt about the field.
This day I breathed firſt; time is come round;
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run its compaſs. Now, what news?
Pind. above. Oh, my lord!
Caſ. What news?
Pind. *Titinius* is incloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur;
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him;
Titinius! now ſome light——oh, he lights too——
He's ta'en——and hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*
Caſ. Come down, behold no more;
Oh, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, ſirrah;
In *Parthia* did I take thee priſoner;
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and with this good ſword,
That ran through *Cæſar*'s bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer; here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword——*Cæſar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the ſword that kill'd thee.— [*Kills himſelf.*
Pind. So, I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my will. Oh, *Caſſius!*
Far from this country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never *Roman* ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Meſ. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus*' power,

As *Caſſius'* legions are by *Antony*.
Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort *Caſſius*.
Meſ. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.
Meſ. Is not that he, that lies upon the grou
Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my he
Meſ. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, *Meſſala*;
But *Caſſius* is no more! Oh, ſetting Sun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood *Caſſius'* day is ſet;
The Sun of *Rome* is ſet! our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds a
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Meſ. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of mer
The things that are not? Error, ſoon conceiv'
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, *Pindarus?* where art thou, *Pinda*
Meſ. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilſt I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his ears; I may ſay, thruſting it;
For piercing ſteel, and darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this ſight.
Tit. Hie you, *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeek for *Pindarus* the while. [E
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave *Caſſius!*
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didſt thou not he
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtru'd ev'ry thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee; and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace;
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſſius*.

our leave, Gods——This is a *Roman*'s part.
[*Stabs himſelf.*
ıe, *Caſſius*' ſword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [*Dies.*

larum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

ru. Where, where, *Meſſala*, doth his body lie?
leſ. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
ru. *Titinius*' face is upward.
ato. He is ſlain.
ru. Oh *Julius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet!
r Spirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
ur own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
ato. Brave *Titinius!*
k, if he have not crown'd dead *Caſſius!*——
ru. Are yet two *Romans* living, ſuch as theſe?
ou laſt of all the *Romans!* fare thee well;
; impoſſible, that ever *Rome*
uld breed thy fellow. (33) Friends, I owe more tears
this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.
all find time, *Caſſius*, I ſhall find time——
ne, therefore, (34) and to *Thaſſos* ſend his body:

3) ——— *Friends, I owe more tears*
To this dead man.] This paſſage (but why, I know not) ſeems to have been ſneer'd in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Knight* of the *ng Peſtle*. *Lucé* crying over *Jaſper*, her ſweetheart, ſuppos'd , ſays;

Good *friends*, depart a little, whilſt I take
My leave of this *dead man*, that once I lov'd.

Maſter *Humphry*, before, ſays to *Lucé*,

I care not at what price; for, on my word, it
Shall be repaid again, *although it coſt me*
More than I'll ſpeak of now.———

4)———*and to* Tharſus *ſend his body.*] Thus all the editions rto, very ignorantly. But the whole tenor of hiſtory warrants write, as I have reſtored the text, *Thaſſos* ——*Tharſos* was a of *Cilicia*, in *Aſia Minor*: and is it probable, *Brutus* could think ndling *Caſſius*'s body thither out of *Thrace*, where they were now np'd? *Thaſſos*, on the contrary, was a little iſle lying cloſe upon e, and at but a ſmall diſtance from *Philippi*, to which the body t very commodiouſly be tranſported. *Vid.* Plutarch, Appian, Caſſius, *&c.*

His funeral ſhall not be in our Camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.
Labio, and *Flavius*, ſet our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucilius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. Yet, Countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What baſtard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my Country's friend; know me for *Brutus*.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why, now thou dieſt as bravely as *Titinius*;
And may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato*'s Son.
Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.
Luc. Only I yield to die;
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We muſt not. A noble Priſoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is ſafe enough.
I dare aſſure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame!
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelf.

Ant.

H. Gravelot in Vol: 7. P: 83. G. V.rd g.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto *Octavius'* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the Field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. COME, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord, he came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word; it is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*——— [*Whispering.*

Cli. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill my self.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius!*

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. Oh, *Dardanius!*

Dar. Oh, *Clitus!*

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*;
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at *Sardis*, once;
And this last night, here in *Philippi* fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou ſeeſt the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy to leap in our ſelves,
Than tarry, till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my ſword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum ſtill.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
(35) Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.——Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have Glory by this loſing day,
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus*' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within*, Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly.——

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
I pr'ythee, *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord;
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of honour in't.
Hold then my ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato?*

Stra. Give me your hand firſt——fare you well, my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*;—*Cæſar*, now be ſtill;
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will.
[*He runs on his ſword, and dies.*

(35) *Farewel to thee, to* Strato, *Countrymen*;] Thus has this paſſage all along been abſurdly pointed, to the praiſe of our intelligent editors. I had corrected it long ago; but am, notwithſtanding, to make my acknowledgments to an *anonymous* gentleman, who unknowingly concurr'd with me; and advis'd the correction of the pointing, as it is now reformed, by letter.

Alarum.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala, Lucilius, *and the army.*

Octa. What man is that?

Meſ. My Maſter's man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Meſſala*; The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him: For *Brutus* only overcame himſelf; And no man elſe hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*, That thou haſt prov'd *Lucilius'* ſaying true.

Octa. All that ſerv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them. Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Meſſala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala*.

Meſ. How died my Lord, *Strato?*

Stra. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.

Meſ. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee, That did the lateſt ſervice to my Maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt *Roman* of them all: All the Conſpirators, ſave only he, Did that they did in envy of great *Cæſar*: He, only, in a general honeſt thought, And common Good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle, and the elements So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand up, And ſay to all the world; "This was a Man!"

Octa. According to his virtue, let us uſe him; With all reſpect, and rites of burial. Within my Tent his bones to-night ſhall lie, Moſt like a Soldier, order'd honourably. So call the field to reſt; and let's away, To part the Glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M. ANTONY.
Octavius Cæſar.
Æmilius Lepidus.
Sex. Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
Friends and Follower tony.
Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Friends to Cæſar.
Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius,
Friends to Pompey.
Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army.*
Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæſar.
Alexas,
Mardian,
Diomedes,
Servants to Cleopatr
A Soothſayer.
Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Ægypt.
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony.
Charmian,
Iras,
Ladies attending on Cl

Ambaſſadors from Antony *to* Cæſar, *Captains, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is diſpers'd in ſeveral parts of the Empire.*

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Palace at* Alexandria *in* Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

PHILO.

NAY, but this dotage of our General
O'er-flows the meaſure; thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a Gypſy's luſt. Look, where they come!

Flouriſh. Enter Antony, *and* Cleopatra, *her Ladies in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.*

(1) Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpet's fool. Behold, and ſee.

Cleo.

(1) *Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him*
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpet's fool.] I have not diſturb'd the text, becauſe of the concurrence of the copies; becauſe it is ſenſe, as the paſſage may

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me, how much?
Ant. (2) There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd. [earth.
Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new heav'n, new

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. News, my good Lord, from *Rome.*
Ant. It grates me. Tell the ſum.
Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony.*
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the ſcarce-bearded *Cæſar* have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that Kingdom, and infranchiſe that;
"Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.——
Ant. How, my love?
Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and moſt like)
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*; therefore hear it, *Antony.*

may be commented; and becauſe our author is ſo licentious in his metaphors. I muſt not, however, ſtifle my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton*'s note and emendation on it. "A *pillar* turn'd into a "*fool?* This is as odd a transformation as any in all *Ovid.* But I am "much inclin'd to think that *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpet's ſtool.

"Alluding to the common cuſtom of ſtrumpets ſitting on the laps of "their lovers. By this correction the metaphor is admirably well "preſerved, (for both ſtool and pillar are things for ſupport) and the "contraſt in this image is beautiful. The ſupporter of the world "turned to the ſupporter of a ſtrumpet. And if we may ſuppoſe, "*Shakeſpeare* had regard, in the uſe of this word, to the etymology, "it will add a quaintneſs to the thought not unlike his way, nor "that of the time he liv'd in; for *Stool* is deriv'd from Στύλος, *Co-*"*lumna*; the *baſe* or *pedeſtal* of a *pillar* having always been uſed for a "*ſeat*, where it was broad enough for that purpoſe."

(2) *There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.*] So *Juliet* ſays, much to the ſame effect, to *Romeo*;

They are but *beggars*, that can *count* their worth.

I will not venture to affirm theſe an imitation from the Claſſics; but I'll quote two hemiſtichs that might very probably have given riſe to our author's reflexion on this topick.

Pauperis eſt numerare *pecus*—— Ovid.
——*Populus* numerabilis *utpote* parvus. Horat.

Where's

Where's *Fulvia*'s Proceſs? *Cæſar*'s? I'd ſay, both?
Call in the Meſſengers; as I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou bluſheſt, *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſar*'s homager: elſe, ſo thy cheeks pay ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers—
Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rais'd Empire fall! here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind
(On pain of puniſhment) the world to weet,
We ſtand up peerleſs.
Cleo. Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll ſeem the fool, I am not. *Antony*
Will be himſelf.
Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now: what ſport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the Ambaſſadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make it ſelf in thee fair and admir'd.
No Meſſenger, but thine;—and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it.—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt, with their Train.*
Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?
Phil. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony*.
Dem. I'm ſorry,
That he approves the common liar, Fame,
Who ſpeaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy! [*Exe.*
Enter

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a Soothſayer.*

Char. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd ſo to th' Queen? (3) Oh! that I knew this huſband, which you ſay, muſt charge his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer,——

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough, *Cleopatra*'s health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do homage! find me, to marry me

(3) *Oh, that I knew this huſband, which, you ſay, muſt* change *his horns with garlands.*] Changing horns with garlands, is ſurely, a ſenſeleſs unintelligible phraſe. We muſt reſtore, in oppoſition to all the printed copies,

——*which you ſay, muſt* charge *his horns with garlands.*

i. e. muſt be an honourable cuckold, muſt have his horns hung with garlands. *Charge* and *change* frequently uſurp each others place in our author's old editions. I ought to take notice, that Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſtarted this emendation.

with

with *Octavius Cæſar*, and companion me with my miſtreſs.

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the Lady whom you ſerve.

Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have ſeen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. (4) Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names; Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

Sooth. (5) If every of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertil every wiſh, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.——

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes to-night, ſhall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing *Nilus* preſageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how?—give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

(4) *Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names;*] i. e. They ſhall be illegitimate. This will be very clearly explain'd by quoting a paſſage from *The Two Gentlemen of* Verona.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath many *nameleſs* virtues.

Launce. That's as much as to ſay, *baſtard* virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have *no names.*

(5) *If every of your wiſhes had a womb,*
And foretold *ev'ry wiſh, a million.*] *What* foretold? If the *wiſhes* foretold *themſelves?* This can never be genuine, however it has paſs'd hitherto upon the editors. It makes the word *womb* abſolutely ſuperfluous, if only the telling her wiſhes beforehand would help her to the children. The poet certainly wrote,

If every of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertil *ev'ry wiſh,*——

Char.

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I; where would you chuſe it?

Iras. Not in my huſband's noſe.

(6) *Char.* Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend! *Alexas*, — Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune.———O, let him marry a Woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worſe; and let worſe follow worſe, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold! good *Iſis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee!

Iras. Amen, dear Goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Iſis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen!

(6) Char. *Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend.*

Alex. *Come, his fortune, his fortune. O, let him marry a woman*, &c.] Whoſe fortune does *Alexas* call out to have told? But, in ſhort, this I dare pronounce to be ſo palpable and ſignal a tranſpoſition, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould have ſlipt the obſervation of all the editors: eſpecially, of the ſagacious Mr. *Pope*, who has made this declaration, *That if, throughout the plays, had all the* ſpeeches *been printed without the very* names *of the perſons*, he believes, *one might have applied them* with certainty *to every ſpeaker*. But in how many inſtances has Mr. *Pope*'s want of judgment falſified this opinion? The fact is evidently this. *Alexas* brings a fortune-teller to *Iras* and *Charmian*, and ſays himſelf, *We'll know all our fortunes*. Well; the ſoothſayer begins with the women; and ſome jokes paſs upon the ſubject of huſbands and chaſtity: after which, the women, hoping for the ſatisfaction of having ſomething to laugh at in *Alexas*'s fortune, call to him to hold out his hand, and wiſh heartily he may have the prognoſtication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole ſpeech, therefore, muſt be placed to *Charmian*, thus:

Char. *Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend!* Alexas,———*come, his fortune; his fortune:* &c.

There needs no ſtronger proof of this being a true correction, than the obſervation which *Alexas* immediately ſubjoins on their wiſhes and zeal to hear him abuſed.

Alex. *Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores but they'd do it.*

I propos'd this tranſpoſition in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope*, notwithſtanding his firſt *infallible* opinion, has acceded to it in his laſt edition of our poet.

Alex.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh! here comes *Antony.*
Char. Not he, the Queen.
Cleo. Saw you my Lord?
Eno. No, Lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No, Madam.
Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden
A *Roman* thought hath ſtruck him. *Enobarbus,*—
Eno. Madam. [*Alexas?*
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's
Alex. Here at your ſervice; my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony *with a Meſſenger, and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.
[*Exeunt.*
Meſ. *Fulvia* thy wife firſt came into the field.
Ant. Againſt my brother *Lucius?* [ſtate
Meſ. Ay, but ſoon that war had end, and the time's
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt *Cæſar:*
Whoſe better iſſue in the war from *Italy,*
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well, what worſt?
Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward; on.—
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,
I hear, as if he flatter'd.
Meſ. *Labienus* (this is ſtiff news)
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, extended *Aſia;*
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner ſhook,
From *Syria* to *Lydia,* and *Ionia;*
Whilſt——
Ant. *Antony,* thou wouldſt ſay—
Meſ. Oh, my Lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue;
Name

Name *Cleopatra* as ſhe's call'd in *Rome*.
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie ſtill; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing; fare thee well a while.

Meſ. At your noble pleaſure.

Ant. From *Sicyon*, how the news? ſpeak there.

Meſ. The man from *Sicyon*, is there ſuch an one?

[*Exit firſt Meſſenger.*

Attend. He ſtays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear;
Theſe ſtrong *Ægyptian* fetters I muſt break,
Or loſe my ſelf in dotage. What are you?

Enter another Meſſenger, with a Letter.

2 *Meſ.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died ſhe?

2 *Meſ.* In *Sicyon*.
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit ſecond Meſſenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone! thus did I deſire it.
(7) What our Contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of it ſelf; ſhe's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting Queen break off.
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now, *Enobarbus?*

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

(7) *What our Contempts do often hurl from us,*
We wiſh it ours again;] If this be not imitation, it is certainly ſuch a reſemblance of *Horace*, as would be determin'd imitation from a pen of known and acknowledg'd learning.

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam *ex oculis* quærimus invidi. Lib. III. Ode 24.

Ant.

Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our Women. We ſee, how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, Death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her; ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears: they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, ſhe makes a ſhow'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never ſeen her!

Eno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work, which, not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia?*

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful ſacrifice: when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhews to man the tailor of the earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with conſolation; your old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat, and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs, ſhe hath broached in the ſt
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſs, you have broach'd here, c
not be without you; eſpecially that of *Cleopatr*
which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light anſwers: let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
Do ſtrongly ſpeak t'us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The empire of the Sea. Our ſlipp'ry people,
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
Till his deſerts are paſt) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his Son; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier; whoſe quality going on,
The ſides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding
(8) Which, like the Courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires

(8) *Which, like the Courſer's hair,* &c.] This alludes to an old o
nion, which obtain'd among the vulgar, but which was too abſurd
have the ſanction either of philoſophers or natural hiſtorians, that
hair of a horſe in corrupted water would take life, and become
animal. Perhaps, I may have met with our author's oracle for t
abſurd opinion. *Holingſhead*, in his deſcription of *England*, Vol.
p. 224, has this remark. "I might finally tell you how that
"fenny rivers ſides if you cut a turf, and lay it with the graſs dow
"wards upon the earth, in ſuch ſort as the water may touch it a
"paſſeth by, you ſhall have a brood of eels; it would ſeem a w
"der, and yet it is believed with no leſs aſſurance of ſome, than T
"*an horſe-hair, laid in a pail full of the like water, will in a ſ*
"*time ſtir and become a living creature.* But ſith the certainty
"theſe things is rather proved by few, than the certainty of th
"known to many, I let it paſs at this time."——*Shakeſpeare*, a
poet, had nothing to do with the truth of the experiment, ſo he co
furniſh out a fine *ſimile* from the received tradition.

C

Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he do's.—
I did not ſend you:——If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report,
That I am ſudden ſick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not? [thing.

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in no-

Cleo. Thou teacheſt, like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo, too far. I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate that, which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it. [*Seeming to faint.*

Ant. Now, my deareſt Queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.
What ſays the marry'd woman? you may go;
Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.

Ant. The Gods beſt know,——

Cleo. Oh, never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the firſt
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you with ſwearing ſhake the throned Gods,
Who have been falſe to *Fulvia?* riotous madneſs,
To be entangled with theſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queen,———

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words; no going, then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliſs in our brows' bent, none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heav'n. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt liar.

Ant. How now, lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know,
There were a heart in *Ægypt.*

Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices awhile; but my full heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil ſwords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of *Rome.*
Equality of two domeſtick pow'rs
Breeds ſcrupulous faction; the hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd *Pompey,*
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriv'n
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And Quietneſs, grown ſick of Reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change. My more particular, (9)
And

(9) ———*My more particular,*
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſave *my going,*
Is Fulvia's *death.*]

Thus all the more modern editions: the firſt and ſecond *folio's* read, *ſafe:* all corruptedly. *Antony* is giving ſeveral reaſons to *Cleopatra,* which make his departure from *Ægypt* abſolutely neceſſary; moſt of them, reaſons of ſtate; but the death of *Fulvia,* his wife, was a particular and private call, which demanded his preſence in *Italy.* But the printed copies would rather make us believe, that *Fulvia*'s death ſhould

id that which moſt with you ſhould ſalve my going,
Fulvia's death. [dom,
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me free-
does from childiſhneſs. Can *Fulvia* die?
Ant. She's dead, my Queen.
ook here, and at thy ſovereign leiſure read
he garboyls ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt.
ee, when, and where ſhe died.
Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill (10)
With

ould prevent, or ſave him the trouble of going. The text, in this ſpect, I dare engage, runs counter to its maſter's meaning. *Cleo-tra* is jealous of *Antony*'s abſence; and ſuſpicious that he is ſeeking ılours for his going. *Antony* replies to her doubts, with the reaſons at obliged him to be abſent for a time; and tells her, that, as his ife *Fulvia* is dead, and ſo ſhe has no rival to be jealous of, that cir-mſtance ſhould be his beſt plea and excuſe, and have the greateſt eight with her for his going. Who does not ſee now, that it ought be read as I have reformed the text?

———*My more particular,*
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſalve *my going,*
Is Fulvia's *death.*

), before in *Coriolanus.*

Come, go with us; ſpeak fair; you may *ſalve* ſo
Not what is dang'rous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.

(10) *Where be the* ſacred viale *thou ſhould'ſt fill*
With ſorrowful water?]

is is one pregnant inſtance of *Shakeſpeare*'s acquaintance with an-uity. He plainly hints here at the *Lacrymatories* in uſe amongſt *Greeks* and *Romans*. And there is another inſtance afterwards, no pregnant, in this very play;

I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That *magical word* of war, we have effected.

thing can give one a truer idea of what the *Romans* meant by their *ſpicium Ducis*, than this *magical word* of war: for they did indeed ieve there was a kind of magick in it, as we may ſee by all their torians. Mr. *Warburton.*

theſe *Lacrymatories* above mention'd, I obſerve, *Beaumont* and *tcher* have likewiſe alluded in a dirge in their *Two Noble Kinſmen.*

Our dole more deadly looks than dying,
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with *tears*,
And clamours thro' the wild air flying.

With ſorrowful water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th' advices. By the fire,
That quickens *Nilus*' ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;
But let it be, I'm quickly ill, and well,———
So, *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me and ſay, the tears
Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my ſword———

Cleo. And target—Still he mends:
But this is not the beſt. Look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part; (but that's not it;)
Sir, you and I have lov'd; (but there's not it;
That you know well;) ſomething it is, I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty

Theſe *Ampullæ Lacrymales* are mentioned by *Licetus* in his book *De Lucernis Antiquorum reconditis*; and I have ſeen of them myſelf among the curioſities of my late learned and honoured friend, Dr. *Woodward*.

Holds

Holds Idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſs it ſelf.
Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart;
As *Cleopatra*, this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! On your ſword
Sit laurell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go: come,
Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou, reſiding here, goeſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæſar *reading a letter*, Lepidus, *and attendants.*

Cæſ. YOU may ſee, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſar*'s natural vice to hate
One great Competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news; he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*
More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchſafe to think that he had Partners.
You ſhall there find a man, who is the abſtract
Of all faults all men follow.
Lep. I muſt not think,
They're evils enough to darken all his goodneſs;
His faults in him ſeem (as the ſpots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackneſs) hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuſes.
Cæſ. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,

To give a Kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay, this becomes him;
(As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh;) yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours; 'tis to be chid:
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd *Cæſar*: to the Ports
The diſcontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs;
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate, (11)

(11) *It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,*
That he, which is, was wiſh'd until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, *by being lack'd.*]

Let us examine the ſenſe of this in plain proſe. "The earlieſt hiſ-
"tories inform us, that the man in ſupreme command was always
"wiſh'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he,
"whom the multitude has contentedly ſeen in a low condition,
"when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be *fear'd* by
"them." But do the multitude fear a man, becauſe they want him? Certainly, we muſt read;

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Beſides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young *Pompey*, and that occaſion'd this reflection. Mr. *Warburton*.

That

That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lacquying the varying tide, (12)
To rot it ſelf with motion.

Meſ. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and fluſh youth revolt:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for *Pompey*'s name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæſ. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails;—When thou once
Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa* Conſuls, at thy heel
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than Savages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle [deign
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy palate then did
The rougheſt berry on the rudeſt hedge:
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the *Alps*,
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,

(12) *Goes to, and back*, laſhing *the varying tide*,
To rot itſelf with motion.]
How can a flag, or ruſh, floating upon a ſtream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be ſaid to *laſh* the tide? This is making a ſcourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. All the old editions read *lacking*. 'Tis true, there is no ſenſe in that reading; but the addition of a ſingle letter will not only give us good ſenſe, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain.

——————Lackying *the varying tide*;

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lacquey*, at his maſter's heels.

(It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now)
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pity of him.
Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*; time is it, that we twain
Did ſhew our ſelves i'th' field; and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleneſs.
Lep. To-morrow, *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To front this preſent time.
Cæſ. 'Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewel.
Lep. Farewel, my lord:
What you ſhall know mean time of ſtirs abroad,
I ſhall beſeech you, let me be partaker.
Cæſ. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. *Charmian*,——
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha——give me to drink *Mandragoras*.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treaſon.——
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*,——
Mar. What's your Highneſs' pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. Haſt thou affections?

Mar.

Yes, gracious Madam.
Indeed?
Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
t indeed is honeſt to be done:
: I fierce affections, and think
nus did with *Mars*.
Oh, *Charmian!*
ıink'ſt thou he is now? ſtands he, or ſits he?
he walk? or is he on his horſe?
y horſe, to bear the weight of *Antony!*
ly, horſe; for, wot'ſt thou, whom thou mov'ſt?
ıy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
gonet of man. He's ſpeaking now,
ıuring, "where's my ſerpent of old *Nile?*"—
ıe calls me;) Now I feed my ſelf
ıſt delicious poiſon. Think on me,
with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
ıkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
ou waſt here above the ground, I was
for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
and and make his eyes grow in my brow;
ould he anchor his aſpect, and die
king on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail!
How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony?*
ıng from him, that great med'cine hath
tinct gilded thee.
ıs it with my brave *Mark Antony?*
Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
ınt pearl.—His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Good friend, quoth he,
firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* ſends
ıſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot, (13)

To

(13) ——*At whoſe foot,*
mend the petty preſent, I will piece
opulent throne with kingdoms.]
oot has relation neither to *Cleopatra*, nor her throne: but

To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs. So, he nodded;
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke, (14)
Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he ſad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' year, between th' extrea
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided diſpoſition!
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him;
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day,
When I forget to ſend to *Antony*,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*.
Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæſar* ſo?

Char. Oh that brave *Cæſar!*

means, that *in ſequel* of the preſent ſent, he would *ſecond* it with a richer. We have a ſimilar expreſſion in the next *Act*.

——————I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that defy him.

(14) *Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke*
Was beaſtly dumb *by him.*]

Alexas means, the horſe made ſuch a neighing, that if he had ſpoke, he cou'd not have been heard. I ſuſpect, the poet wrote;

Was beaſtly dumb'd *by him.*

i. e. put to ſilence. It is very uſual, as I have obſerv'd, with *Shakeſpeare*, to coin *verbs* out of *adjectives*. So in *Pericles*, a play attributed to our author,

Deep clerks ſhe *dumbs*.

In like manner, in K. *Richard* II.

My death's ſad tale may yet *undeaf* his ear.

…e choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
…ne brave *Antony*.
…r. The valiant *Cæſar*.
. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
…ou with *Cæſar* paragon again
…an of men.
…r. By your moſt gracious pardon,
…s but after you.
…leo. (15) My ſallad days!
…When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then—But come away,
Get me ink and paper;
He ſhall have every day ſeveral greetings, or I'll unpeople *Ægypt*. [*Exeunt*.

(15) ——————*My ſallad days!*
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!]
Cleopatra may ſpeak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period, but how truly with regard to the coldneſs of her blood, may admit ſome queſtion. *Cæſar* went into *Ægypt* in purſuit of *Pompey*, and had his affair with *Cleopatra* in the year U. C. 705. *Antony* and *Cleopatra* kill themſelves in the year 723, and ſhe was then enter'd into her 39th year: ſo that deducting 18 years from her demiſe to the time of her amour with *Cæſar*, we ſhall find her then full 20 years old. If an *Ægyptian* could at thoſe years have reaſon to complain of coldneſs of blood, ſhe muſt have a very particular conſtitution. I muſt obſerve, however, in behalf of our poet, that he has the authority of *Plutarch* to bear him out, who ſpeaking, in the life of *Mark Antony*, of her amour with *Cæſar* and young *Pompey*, uſes this expreſſion; Ἐκεῖνοι μὲν γὰρ αὐτὴν ἔτι ΚΟΡΗΝ καὶ πραγμάτων ἀπείρον ἔγνωσαν. I know very well the latitude, and various ſignifications, in which the *Greeks* uſed the word κόρη: and therefore becauſe our author poſſibly might not have dealt with *Plutarch* in the original, I'll ſubjoin the verſion of this paſſage from the old *Engliſh* edition publiſh'd in *Shakeſpeare*'s time. *For* Cæſar *and* Pompey *knew her when ſhe was but a* young thing, *and knew not then what the world meant: but now ſhe went to* Antonius *at the* age *when a woman's* beauty *is at the* prime, *and ſhe alſo of beſt judgment*.

ACT II.

SCENE, *SICILY.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates *and* Menas.

POMPEY.

IF the great Gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. While we are ſuitors to their Throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.
Men. (16) We, ignorant of our ſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe Powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My pow'r's a creſcent, and my auguring hope (17)
Says,

(16) ——————*We, ignorant of our ſelves,*
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe Powers
Deny us for our good.]
If this be not an imitation of the following incomparable lines of *Juvenal*, they breathe ſo much of the ſame ſpirit and energy, as if the ſoul of the *Roman* ſatirift had been transfus'd into our poet.
——————*Quid enim ratione timemus,*
Aut cupimus? Quid tàm dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatûs non pœniteat, votique peracti?
Evertêre domus totas optantibus ipſis
Dii faciles ——————
Nàm pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dî.
Carior eſt illis homo, quàm ſibi. Nos animorum
Impulſu, & cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti, &c. Sat. X.

(17) *My* powers are *creſcent, and my auguring hope*
Says it *will come to th' full.*]
Thus the editors implicitly one after another, with very peculiar indolence. If one might aſk them a queſtion in grammar, what does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *ſenſe* relate to *hope*, nor in con-

's, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
Ægypt ſits at dinner, and will make
o wars without doors. *Cæſar* gets money, where
e loſes hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,
f both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
or either cares for him.
Mene. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.
Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony:* but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſawce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulneſs.———

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius?*
Var. This is moſt certain, that I ſhall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think,
This am'rous ſurfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war; his ſoldierſhip

concord to *powers.* It is evident beyond a doubt, that the poet's alluſion is to the *Moon*: and that *Pompey* would ſay, he is yet but a half-moon, or *creſcent*; but his hopes tell him, that creſcent will come to a *full* orb. To this effect, therefore, I have ventur'd to reform the text. The poet uſes the word again in *Midſummer Night's Dream.*

Moon. This lanthorn doth the *horned moon* preſent.
Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.
Thef. He is no *creſcent*, and his horns are inviſible within the *circumference.*

Is twice the other twain; but let us rear (18)
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er luſt-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Antony* ſhall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all, [ſelves;
'Twere pregnant, they ſhould ſquare between them-
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords; but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't, as our Gods will have't! it only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

(18) ——————*But let us rear*
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's *widow pluck*
The near *luſt-wearied* Antony.]

Sextus Pompeius, upon hearing that *Antony* is every hour expected in *Rome*, does not much reliſh the news. He is twice the ſoldier, *(ſays he)* that *Octavius* and *Lepidus* are; and I did not think, the petty war, which I am raiſing, would rouze him from his amours in *Ægypt*. ——But why ſhould *Pompey* hold a higher opinion of his own expedition, becauſe it awak'd *Antony* to arms, who was *near* weary, *almoſt* ſurfeited, of laſcivious pleaſures? Indolent and ſtupid editors, that can diſpenſe with words without ever weighing the reaſon of them! How eaſy is the change to the true reading!

The ne'er *luſt-wearied* Antony.

If *Antony*, tho' *never* tired of luxury, yet mov'd from that charm upon *Pompey*'s ſtirring, it was a reaſon for *Pompey* to pride himſelf upon being of ſuch conſequence. I made this emendation in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to correct his laſt edition accordingly.

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, t'entreat your Captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer, like himſelf; if *Cæſar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæſar*'s head,
And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not ſhave't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion;
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to *Parthia*——
Hark, *Ventidius*.
Cæſ. I do not know; *Mecænas*, aſk *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then, noble Partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech)
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well;

Were

Were we before our armies and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. [*Flouriſh.*

Cæſ. Welcome to *Rome.*

Ant. Thank you.

Cæſ. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæſ. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concern you not.

Cæſ. I muſt be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay my ſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' world: More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæſar*, what was't to you?

Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: yet if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. (19) Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theam'd for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs: my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reports

(19) ——————*Your wife and brother*
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theam *for you, you were the word of war.*] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which *Antony*'s wife and brother made upon *Cæſar*, was *theam* for *Antony* too to make war; or was the occaſion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which ſhews, *Antony* did neither encourage them to it, nor ſecond them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the Poet wrote;

——————*and their conteſtation*
Was theam'd *for you*;

i. e. The pretence of their war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theam and ſubject of their inſurrection. Mr. *Warburton.*

That

That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with)
It muſt not be with this.

Cæſ. You praiſe your ſelf,
By laying defects of judgment to me: but
You patch up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo;
I know, you could not lack, (I'm certain on't)
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your Partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would, you had her ſpirit in ſuch another;
The third o'th' world is yours, which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſy; but not ſuch a wife.

Eno. Would, we had all ſuch wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboiles, *Cæſar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: For that you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but, next day,
I told him of my ſelf; which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Left

Cæſ. Not 'till he hears, how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.
Ant. What power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would ſay, "*Agrippa*, be it ſo,")
To make this good?
Cæſ. The power of *Cæſar*, and
His power unto *Octavia*.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment! let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace: and from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!
Cæſ. There is my hand:
A Siſter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen.
Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt *Pom*
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he?
Cæſ. About the Mount *Miſenum*.
Ant. What is his ſtrength by Land?
Cæſ. Great, and increaſing: but by Sea
He is an abſolute maſter..
Ant. So is the fame.
Would, we had ſpoke together! haſte we for it;
Yet, ere we put our ſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my Siſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew
What hoop would hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Speak, *Agrippa.*

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd *Octavia!* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, *Agrippa*;
(21) If *Cleopatra* heard you, your approof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæſar*, let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a Huſband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæſar* ſpeak?

(21) *If* Cleopatra *beard you, your* proof were
Well deſerved *of raſhneſs.*] But was *Agrippa*'s barely ſaying, that *Antony* was a widower, any *proof* that he was ſo? Beſides, will *Well deſerved of raſhneſs* run as the initial part of a verſe, in Mr. *Pope*'s ear? If ſo, emphaſis and cadence are tuned peculiarly, to his ſervice. I make no ſcruple to reſtore,

If Cleopatra *beard you, your* approof
Were well deſerv'd *of raſhneſs.*

I have in a former note juſtified our author's uſage of this word, *approof*, i. e. *allowance, admitting.* And ſo the *French* uſe their *approuver*; i. e. *gréer, trouver bon.*

Cæſ.

The Fancy outwork Nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for *Antony!*

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many Mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their Bends adornings. At the helm,
A ſeeming Mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The City caſt
Her people out upon her; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare *Ægyptian!*

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe entreated. Our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* Woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal Wench!

out of the Seat to which *Ovid* has paid ſo fine a compliment in his third book on the *Art of Love*.

Si Venerem Cous *nunquàm poſuiſſet* Apelles,
Merſa ſub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

Our Poet, ſpeaking of a ſculpture of *Diana* and her *Nymphs* bathing, expreſſes himſelf with the ſame kind of *Hyperbole* as he does here concerning the picture of *Venus*:

——————never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, outwent her,
Motion and breath left out. *Cymbeline.*

She

She made great *Cæſar* lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.
Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſs power breathe forth.
Mec. Now *Antony* muſt leave her utterly.
Eno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy Prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.
Mec. (23) If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A bleſt allott'ry to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good *Enobarbus*, make your ſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Cæſar, Octavia *between them.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them for you.

(23) *If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle*
The heart of Antony, Octavia *is*
A bleſſed lottery *to him.*] Methinks, it is a very indifferent compliment in *Mecænas* to call *Octavia* a *lottery*, as if ſhe might turn up *blank*, as well as prove a *prize* to *Antony*. Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly conjectur'd, that the Poet wrote as I have reform'd the text: there being as much difference between *lottery* and *allottery*, as between a preſent deſignation and a future chance. Our Poet has uſed the word, again, in his *As You like it.*

——therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor *allottery* my father left me by teſtament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule; good night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good night, Sir.

Cæſ. Good night. [*Exeunt* Cæſar *and* Octavia.

Enter Soothſayer.

Ant. Now, ſirrah! do you wiſh your ſelf in *Ægypt?*

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. (24) I ſee it in my Notion, have it not in my tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whoſe fortune ſhall riſe higher, *Cæſar*'s or mine?

Sooth. *Cæſar*'s.——Therefore, oh *Antony*, ſtay not by his ſide.
(25) Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is Noble,

(24) *I ſee it in my* motion, *have it not in my tongue.*] What *motion?* I can trace no ſenſe in this word here, unleſs the author were alluding to that *agitation* of the *divinity*, which diviners pretend to when the fit of foretelling is upon them; but then, I think verily, he ould have wrote, *emotion*. I am perſuaded, *Shakeſpeare* meant that the ſoothſayer ſhould ſay, he ſaw a reaſon in his *thought* or *opinion*, tho' he gave that thought or opinion no utterance. So *Hamlet* ſays to *Horatio* and the watch, when he enjoins them to ſecrecy about his father's apparition;

Give it an *underſtanding*, but no *tongue*.

And *notion* is a word which our author frequently chuſes, to expreſs the *mental* faculties.

Does *Lear* walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his *notion* weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargied, *&c.* *K. Lear.*

——Your judgments, my grave lords,
Muſt give this curr the lie; and his own *notion*,
Who wears my ſtripes impreſs'd upon him, *&c.* *Coriolanus.*

——And all things elſe, that might
To half a ſoul, and to a *notion* craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*. *Macbeth.*

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken *motion*. *Othello.*

(25) *Thy* dæmon] *Shakeſpeare* calls that *dæmon* in one line, which he

Noble, couragious, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæſar*'s is not. But, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd; and therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more. thee.—

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou'rt ſure to loſe: and of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds. Thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him. [*Exit* Sooth.
He ſhall to *Parthia*;——be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he ſpeeds;
His cocks do win the battel ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quailes ever
Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th' eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh, come, *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You muſt to *Parthia*, your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

he calls *angel* in another: and this, I conceive, not accidentally, but knowingly. It is to be obſerv'd, that the antient *Greek* authors always uſed the word *Dæmon* in the ſenſe of *God*, *Demi-god*, or *celeſtial Being*; and that it had not the ſignification of *Devil*, *malignant* or *infernal being*, till after the time of Chriſtianity. Since that period, it has been uſed for both; but by the chriſtian writers moſt commonly in the latter ſenſe. This is the reaſon, why *Apuleius* intitled one of his tracts *De Deô Socratis*, and not, as it ſhould have been more claſſically, *De* Dæmoniô *Socratis*; when the queſtion in the book was whether a *dæmon*, i. e. an inferior or demi-god, did not attend that philoſopher; which he determines in the affirmative. For had he done that, the word *dæmon* being become, ſince the preaching of the Goſpel, ſo odious, *Socrates* would have been eſteem'd a *dæmoniac*, or one poſſeſs'd with an *evil ſpirit*. Mr. *Warburton*.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your ſelves no farther: pray you, haſten
Your Generals after.
Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*
Will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and we'll follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldiers' dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewel.
Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' Mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.
Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Both. Sir, good ſucceſs.
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras *and* Alexas.

Cleo. GIVE me ſome muſick: muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.———
Omnes. The muſick, hoa!

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, *Charmian*.
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian*.
Cleo. As well a Woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a Woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?
Mar. As well as I can, Madam. [ſhort,
Cleo. And when good will is ſhew'd, tho't come too
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there,
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſh; my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And ſay, ah, ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when

You

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!——oh times!——
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, (25) whilſt
I wore his ſword *Philippan.* Oh, from *Italy*;——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Meſ. Madam! Madam!——
Cleo. Antony's dead?——
If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy Miſtreſs:
But well and free,
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs: a hand, that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kiſſing.
Meſ. Firſt, Madam, he is well. [uſe
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark, we
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Meſ. Good Madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will:

(25) ——————*whilſt*
I wore his ſword Philippan.] We are not to ſuppoſe, nor is there any warrant from hiſtory, that *Antony* had any particular ſword ſo call'd. The dignifying weapons, in this ſort, is a cuſtom of much more recent date. This therefore ſeems a compliment *à poſteriori*. We find *Antony* afterwards, in this play, boaſting of his own proweſs at *Philippi*.

Ant. *Yes, my lord, yes; he at* Philippi *kept*
His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius, *&c.*

That was the greateſt action of *Antony*'s life; and therefore this ſeems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that his ſword ought to be denominated from that illuſtrious battle, in the ſame manner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their ſwords pompous names.

But there's no goodneſs in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? if not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.

Meſ. Will't pleaſe you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt;
Yet if thou ſay, *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar*, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Meſ. And friends with *Cæſar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honeſt man.

Meſ. *Cæſar*, and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Meſ. But yet, Madam———

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon *but yet*;
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and thou ſay'ſt, free.

Meſ. (27) Free, Madam! no: I made no ſuch report.
He's bound unto *Octavi*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Meſ. For the beſt turn i'th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Meſ. Good Madam, patience.

(27) *Free, Madam! no; I have made no ſuch* ſport.] I don't know how to account for this odd piece of negligence in Mr. *Pope*. 'Tis true, this is the reading in Mr. *Rowe*'s edition: and there are many inſtances to ſuſpect, that he implicitly follow'd the ſteps of that editor, without collating the copies of better authority. The elder *folio*'s both read plainly, as I have reform'd the text.

Cleo.

Cleo. What ſay you? [*Strikes him.*
Hence, horrible villain, or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thine head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.
Meſ. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not ſo, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou hadſt,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.
Meſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.
[*Draws a dagger.*
Meſ. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*
Char. Good Madam, keep your ſelf within your ſelf,
The man is innocent
Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt—
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nil.*; and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents! call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
Char. He is afraid to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than my ſelf: ſince I my ſelf
Have given my ſelf the cauſe. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Meſſenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Meſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If you again ſay, *Yes.*

Meſ. He's married, Madam. [ſtill!
Cleo. The Gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there
Meſ. Should I lie, Madam?
Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didſt;
So half my *Ægypt* were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! go, get thee hence,
Hadſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldſt appear moſt ugly: he is married?——
Meſ. I crave your Highneſs' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?——
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. Oh, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt ſure of!—Get thee hence,
The merchandiſes, thou haſt brought from *Rome,*
Are all too dear for me:
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!
[*Exit Meſ.*
Char. Good your Highneſs, patience.
Cleo. In praiſing *Antony*, I have diſprais'd *Cæſar.*
Char. Many times, Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras, Charmian*——'tis no matter.——
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,—
Let him for ever go—let him not, *Charmian*;
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars.* Bid you *Alexas*
Bring word, how tall ſhe is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But ſpeak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Coaſt of* Italy, *near* Miſenum.

Enter Pompey *and* Menas, *at one door, with drum and trumpet: At another,* Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. YOUR hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent;
Which, if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know,
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pomp. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould revengers want,
Having a Son and friends; ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
(Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted)
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? and what
Made thee, all-honour'd, honeſt *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, (28) but that they would
Have

(28) ——————*but that they would*

Have but one *man a man?*] What! were the conſpirators preſum'd to have kill'd *Cæſar*, becauſe they would have *but one* man a man? What mock-reaſoning is this? If they would have but one man a man (*i. e.* a man κατ' ἐξοχὴν, eminent above, and overtopping all others;) it was the height of *Cæſar*'s ambition to be ſuch a one, and therefore they ſhould rather have let him live. We find *Caſſius* complaining to *Brutus* of this aſpiring ſpirit, theſe aims at ſupremacy, in *Cæſar*.

When could they ſay till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walls encompaſs'd but ONE man?

ſure, I think, I pointed out before to Mr. *Pope*, in my SHAKES-

Have One man, but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whoſe burthen
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude that deſpiteful *Rome*
Caſt on my noble Father.

Cæſ. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land, thou know'ſt,
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my Father's houſe.
But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent) how you take
The offers we have ſent you.

Cæſ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates; then to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to ſome impatience.——Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, you muſt know,

PEARE *Reſtor'd*, the true reading of this paſſage, from the two elder *folio*'s, would he but have embraced it.

——————but that they would
Have one man *but* a man?

i. e. They would have no one aim at arbitrary power, and a degree of preheminence above the reſt. What did they kill *Cæſar* for, but to prevent his aſpiring above his fellow countrymen?

When

When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i'th' Eaſt are ſoft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpoſe hither:
For I've gain'd by it.
Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hard fortune caſts upon my face;
But in my boſom ſhe ſhall never come,
To make my heart her vaſſal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope ſo, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave, our compoſition may be written
And ſeal'd between us.
Cæſ. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feaſt each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.
Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But, firſt or laſt, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that *Julius Cæſar*
Grew fat with feaſting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried——
Eno. No more of that: he did ſo.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæſar* in a mattreſs.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou, ſoldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,

Four feaſts are toward.

Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
As I have ſaid you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt.* *Manent* Enob. *and* Menas.

Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this treaty.
You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At ſea, I think,

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land-ſervice; but give me your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No ſlander,——they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've ſaid, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra?*

Eno. *Cæſar*'s ſiſter is call'd *Octavia.*

Men.

Men. True, Sir, ſhe was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now ſhe is the Wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not propheſy ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band, that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Ægyptian* diſh again; then ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæſar*, and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will uſe his affection where it is. He married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt*.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *on board* Pompey's *Galley*.

Muſick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* HERE they'll be, man: ſome o' their plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser. Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to th' drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Ser.*

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets. *Enter* Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' *Nile*
By certain ſcale, i'th' pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow. The higher *Nilus* ſwells,
The more it promiſes; as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You've ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your ſerpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun; ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sirrah, ſome wine! a health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be:
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemy*'s Pyramiſis are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, Captain,
And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me, till anon. [*Whiſpers.*
This wine for *Lepidus.*

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, Sir, like it ſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nouriſheth

riſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away! Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me, Riſe from thy ſtool.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? be jolly, Lords.

Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, 'fore you ſink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What ſay'ſt thou? [twice.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's

Pom. How ſhall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove:*
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. Theſe three World-ſharers, theſe Competitors,
Are in thy veſſel. Let me cut the cable:
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt have done,
And not have ſpoken on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good ſervice; thou muſt know,

'Tis

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it: repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him aſhoar, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, *Menas*.—— [*Pointing to* Lepidus.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man! ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; would, it were all, That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* Feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it; ſtrike the veſſels, hoa. Here is to *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. I could well forbear it;
It's monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'th' time.

Cæſ. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer; but I had rather faſt from all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, ſhall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good ſoldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteept our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate *Lethe*.

Eno. All take hands;
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſick,

The

The while I'll place you; then the boy ſhall ſing;
(29) The Holding every man ſhall bear, as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[*Muſick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

The SONG.

Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus *with pink eyne,*
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.

Cæſ. What would you more? *Pompey*, good night. Good Brother,
et me requeſt you off; our graver buſineſs
rowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part;
ou ſee, we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Enobarbus*
s weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks; the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? good night.
Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the ſhoar.

Ant. And ſhall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pom. (30) Oh, *Antony*, you have my Father's houſe. But,

(29) *The holding ev'ry man ſhall* beat *as loud,*
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.] A boy is deſign'd here to ſing a ſong, and all the company are to join in the burthen, which the Poet ſtyles, the holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *ſides*? If they were, at a certain part of the tune, either to have clap'd their hands, or ſtamp'd with their feet, I ſhould have underſtood this as *beating*. I am perſuaded, the Poet wrote:

The holding ev'ry man ſhall bear, *as loud*
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

The breaſt and *ſides* are immediately concern'd in ſtraining to ſing as loud and forcibly as a man can. So, at the huntſman's ſong, in *As You like it*, we find inſerted by way of marginal direction, *The reſt ſhall* bear *this* burthen.

(30) *O* Antony, *you* hate *my father's houſe*;
But, what! we're friends.] This is a reading of Mr. *Pope's*, as I conceive, *ex plenitudine ſuæ poteſtatis*; for none of the copies, that I have ſeen, lend it any ſanction. He imagines, it muſt be *hate*, I preſume, becauſe that is a contraſt to *friends* in the enſuing verſe.

But

But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas.*
Men. I'll not on ſhoar.
No, to my cabin———theſe drums!
Theſe trumpets, flutes! what!
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out. [*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*
Eno. Hoo, ſays 'a! there's my cap.
Men. Hoa!——noble Captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

But I'll be bold to ſay, this is perverting our author's meaning. *Pompey* regretted at *Antony*'s living in his father's houſe: and retorts upon him for it, in a foregoing ſcene.

Pomp. ———at land, indeed,
Thou do'ſt o'ercount me *of my father's houſe:*
But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't as thou may'ſt.

Our Poet is alluding to a witticiſm of young *Pompey*'s, which has deſerv'd the notice of many of the Claſſics. Some readers may not be diſpleas'd to have the fact ſet in a full light. We are to remember, there was a ſtreet in old *Rome* call'd CARINÆ; (or *Galley*-ſtreet, as we might term it;) it is mention'd by *Virgil* in his 8th *Æneid.*

———*paſſimque armenta videbant*
Romano*que Foro, & lautis mugire* Carinis. v. 362.

And it is likewiſe mention'd by *Horace* in his Epiſtles;

———*atque Foro nimium diſtare* Carinas
Jam grandis natu queritur. Lib. I. Ep. 7.

It lay in a quarter of *Rome*, betwixt mount *Eſquilin* and *Porta Capena*: For by a paſſage in *Titus Livius* (as Monſ. *Dacier* has obſerv'd) it is manifeſt, if you enter'd the city at *Porta Capena*, you muſt go through *Carinæ* before you could come to the *Eſquiline* quarter.——Fulvius Flaccus *Portâ* Capenâ *cum exercitu* Romam *ingreſſus, mediâ urbe per* CARINAS Eſquilias *contendit.* The houſes there, as *Servius* tells us, were built in reſemblance of *Gallies.* So much as to the ſituation and reaſon of the name. We are now to remember, that *Pompey* the Great had a fine houſe in this ſtreet; which, after his death, *Antony* got poſſeſſion of, and pretended he would purchaſe, tho' he never paid for it. This was a double heart-burning to young *Pompey.* Wherefore (upon an interview had for accommodation of difference) *Pompey* was to treat *Octavius Cæſar* and *Antony*, he appointed the entertainment on board his veſſels, and ſaid ſarcaſtically, *Theſe are not my* GALLIES; meaning he had loſt his houſe in *Galley*-ſtreet. *Velleius Paterculus* has recorded this ſtory, and explain'd the ſatire.—— CARINIS ſuis ſe cœnam dare. *Referens hoc dictum ad* loci nomen *quo* paterna domus *ab* Antonio *poſſidebatur.* But it is ſtill more plain

to

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Camp in a Part of* Syria.

Enter Ventidius, *as after Conqueſt*; *the dead body of* Pacorus *borne before him*, Silius, Roman *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

VENTIDIUS.

NOW, darting *Parthia*, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus*' death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's ſon's body
Before our hoſt; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus*.

Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow: Spur through *Media*,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I've done enough. (31) A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better

told in a ſupplement to *Aurelius Victor*.——*Pace factâ epulatus in Nevi cum* Antonio & Cæſare, *non invenuſtè ait*, Hæ ſunt meæ CARINÆ: *quid* Romæ *in* CARINIS domum ejus *Antonius* tenebat. *Plutarch* has taken notice of the ſatire, but did not know how to tranſfuſe the equivocal joke, lying in the word *Carinæ*. But *Dion Caſſius*, in the 48th book of his *Roman* hiſtory, has been expreſs in the ſtory, and ventur'd to explain the ambiguity in which the ſatire conſiſted. To this noted witticiſm, I inſiſt, our author is alluding; and it is very artful, as well as natural, in the Poet to make young *Pompey* ſay, conſidering he had this particular injury ſo much at heart,

O Antony, *you* have *my father's houſe.*——

(31) ——*A lower place, note well,*

May make too great an act] *Plutarch* particularly takes notice, that *Ventidius* was careful to act only on lieutenantry; and cautious of aiming at any glory in his own name and perſon. But the ſentiments, he throws in here, ſeems directly copied from *Quintus Curtius*, in *Antipater*'s behaviour with regard to *Alexander*.

——By

Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we ſerve, 's away.
Cæſar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon. *Saſſius*,
One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i'th' wars more than his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain; and ambition,
(The ſoldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. (32) Thou haſt, *Ventidius*, that, without the which
A ſoldier and his ſword grants ſcarce diſtinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony*?

Ven. I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horſe of *Parthia*
We've jaded out o'th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to *Athens*; with what haſte

———*Et quanquàm fortuna rerum placebat, invidiam tamen, quid majores res erant, quàm quas* præfecti modus caperet, *metuebat. Quippe* Alexander *hoſtes vinci voluerat*; Antipatrum *viciſſe ne tacitus quidem indignabatur*; ſuæ demptum gloriæ exiſtimans, quicquid ceſſiſſet alienæ. *Itaque* Antipater, *qui probè noſſet ſpiritum ejus*, non eſt auſus ipſe agere arbitria victoriæ. Lib. VI. cap. 1.

(32) *Thou haſt*, Ventidius, *that, without the which*
A ſoldier and his ſword grants ſcarce diſtinction.]
This is obſcurely expreſſed, but the meaning muſt be this: "Thou "haſt that, *Ventidius*, which, if thou hadſt not, there is ſcarce any "diſtinction betwixt a ſoldier and his ſword: they are equally cut-"ting and ſenſeleſs." But what thing is that here meant? Why, wiſdom, or a knowledge of the world. *Ventidius* had told him the reaſon, why he did not purſue his advantages, upon which his friend pays him this compliment: 'Tis wiſdom makes the man; without that, the ſoldier and his ſword are equally two ſenſeleſs pieces of matter. Mr. *Warburton.*

The

The weight we muſt convey with's will permit,
We ſhall appear before him. On, there;——paſs along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Agrippa *at one door*, Enobarbus *at another.*

Agr. WHAT, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have diſpatch'd with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are ſealing. *Octavia* weeps,
To part from *Rome*: *Cæſar* is ſad: and *Lepidus*,
Since *Pompey*'s feaſt, as *Menas* ſays, is troubled
With the green ſickneſs.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæſar*!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*!

Eno. *Cæſar*? why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Agr. What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter*?

Eno. Speak you of *Cæſar*? oh! the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian* bird!

Eno. Would you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay,——*Cæſar*; go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loves *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loves *Antony*:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, ſcribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho! [not
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæſar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder——

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle; ſo—
This is to horſe; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier, and farewel.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæſ. You take from me a great part of my ſelf:
Uſe me well in't. Sifter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my fartheſt bond

Shall

Shall paſs on thy approof. Moſt noble *Antony*,
(33) Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

Cæſ. I've ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear; ſo the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæſ. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The *April*'s in her eyes; it is love's ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on; be chearful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and—

Cæſ. What, *Octavia?*

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the ſwan's down-feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæſar* weep?

(33) *Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet*
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortune *of it:*———]

There is no conſonance of metaphor preſerv'd in the cloſe of this ſentence; *love* is here preſented under the image of a *fabrick*; and *cement*, *builded*, and the *ram* to *batter*, have all an agreement with this image: but what analogy is there to this, in the word *Fortune?* Or what idea can the *fortune* of a *building* furniſh? I corrected ſome years ago, in print, by conjecture, *fortreſs*: and to my ſatisfaction, ſo ſoon as I was maſter of the firſt *folio* edition, upon conſulting it, I found, I had ſtruck out the true reading.

Agr.

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe; So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, *Enobarbus?* When *Antony* found *Julius Cæſar* dead, He cried almoſt to roaring; and he wept, When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* ſlain. [rheum,
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a What willingly he did confound, he wail'd; Believe't, 'till I wept too. (34)
Cæſ. No, ſweet *Octavia*, You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, Sir, come, I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love. Look, here I have you; thus I let you go, And give you to the Gods.
Cæſ. Adieu, be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light To thy fair way!
Cæſ. Farewel, farewel! [*Kiſſes* Octavia.
Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. WHERE is the fellow?
Alex. Half afraid to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to; come hither, Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger as before.

Alex. Good Majeſty!

(34) *Believe't, till I* weep *too.*] I have ventur'd to alter the tenſe of the verb here, againſt the authority of all the copies. There was no ſenſe in it, I think, as it ſtood before. *Enobarbus* would ſay, "Indeed, *Antony* ſeem'd very free of his tears that year; and believe "me, bewail'd all the miſchiefs he did, till I my ſelf wept too." This appears to me very ſarcaſtical. *Antony*'s tears, he would infer, were diſſembled: but *Enobarbus* wept in real compaſſion of the havock and ſlaughters committed on his countrymen.

Herod

Herod of *Jewry* dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herod*'s head
I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone, [near,
Through whom I might command it:—Come thou
Meſ. Moſt gracious Majeſty,——
Cleo. Didſt thou behold
Octavia?
Meſ. Ay, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where?
Meſ. In *Rome*, Madam.
I lookt her in the face; and ſaw her led
Between her brother and *Mark Antony*.
Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Meſ. She is not, Madam. [low
Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, o
Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak, ſhe is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not ſo good; he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? oh *Iſis!* 'tis impoſſible. [fiſh
Cleo. I think ſo, *Charmian*; dull of tongue and dwar
What Majeſty is in her gait? remember,
If e'er thou look'dſt on Majeſty.
Meſ. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhews a body rather than a life,
A ſtatue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.
Char. Three in *Ægypt*
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't; there's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.
Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a widow.
Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.
Meſ. And I do think, ſhe's thirty. [round
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long, o
Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.

Cleo

Cleo. For th' moſt part too,
They're fooliſh that are ſo. Her hair, what colour?
Meſ. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
Is low as ſhe would wiſh it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo; I repent me much,
That ſo I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.
Char. O, nothing, Madam. [know.
Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome Majeſty, and ſhould
Char. Hath he ſeen Majeſty? *Iſis* elſe defend!
And ſerving you ſo long! [*mian:*
Cleo. I've one thing more to aſk him yet, good *Char-*
It 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Athens.

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. NAY, nay, *Octavia*, not only that, [more
That were excuſable, that and thouſands
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt *Pompey*; made his will and read it
To publick ear; ſpoke ſcantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me;
When the beſt hint was giv'n him, he not took't, (35)
Or did it from his teeth.

(35) *When the beſt hint was giv'n him, he* o'erlook'd,
Or did it from his teeth.]
The firſt folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. *Thirlby* adviſ'd the emenda-
tion which I have inſerted in the text.

Oct. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
When I ſhall pray, "oh, bleſs my Lord and huſband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"Oh, bleſs my brother!" Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe myſelf; better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſted,
Yourſelf ſhall go between's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war,
Shall ſtrain your brother; (36) make your ſooneſt haſte;
So, your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord.
The *Jove* of Power make me, moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you 'twain would be

(36) ——————*The mean time, lady,*
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war,
Shall ſtain *your brother*;]
Thus the printed copies unanimouſly. But, ſure, *Antony*, whoſe buſineſs here is to mollify *Octavia*, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of ſatisfying her, to tell her, the war, he raiſes, ſhall *ſtain*, i. e. caſt an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we muſt read, with the addition only of a ſingle letter,
Shall ſtrain *your brother*.——————
i. e. ſhall lay him under conſtraints; ſhall put him to ſuch ſhifts, that he ſhall neither be able to make a progreſs againſt, or to prejudice, me. And this emendation is preciſely conſonant to what *Plutarch* ſays; that *Octavius*, underſtanding the ſudden and wonderful preparations of *Antony*, was not a little aſtoniſh'd at it; for he himſelf was in many wants; and the people were ſorely oppreſs'd with the great and grievous exactions of money. For every perſon of condition was oblig'd to furniſh the fourth part of his goods and revenues; and the very *Libertines* (i. e. thoſe, whoſe fathers had once been bondmen, and were enfranchiſed) were taxed an eighth part of all their goods to be raiſed at one payment.

As

As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Chuſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros.

Eno. How now, friend *Eros?*

Eros. There's ſtrange news, come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey.*

Eno. This is old; what is the ſucceſs?

Eros. *Cæſar*, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt *Pompey*, preſently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey.* Upon his own appeal, ſeizes him; ſo the poor Third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou hadſt a pair of chaps, no more; and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony?*

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and ſpurns The ruſh that lies before him. Cries, "fool *Lepidus!*" And threats the throat of that his officer, That murder'd *Pompey.*

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæſar*; more, *Domitius*, My Lord deſires you preſently; my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be; bring me to *Antony.*

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæs. CONtemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the manner of it:
I' th' market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet, sat
Cæsario, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' th' common shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she
In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*; and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs.

Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and his meſſenger gone:
I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his Change. For what I've conquer'
I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll ne'er yield to that.

Cæſ. Nor muſt he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, *with Attendants.*

Octa. Hail, *Cæſar*, and my Lord! hail, moſt de
Cæſar!

Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee caſt-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſ

Cæſ. Why haſt thou ſtol'n upon us thus? you come n
Like *Cæſar*'s ſiſter; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come (37

(37) ——————*but you are come*
A market-maid to Rome; *and have prevented*
The Oſtentation *of our love, which left unſhewn,*]
This dragging, inharmonious *Alexandrine*, I am perſuaded, is t
manufacture of our Player-Editors. They lov'd a ſounding wor
and ſeeing one that did not ſo fully anſwer that end, and one th
they, perhaps, were not immediately acquainted with, they, doul
leſs, took it for an abbreviation. I dare ſay, the Poet wrote;
The Oſtent *of our love, which, left unſhewn,*
i. e. the ſhewing, token, demonſtration of our love: and he uſes
both in theſe acceptations, and likewiſe to ſignify oſtentation. T
Alexandrine therefore is wholly unneceſſary.
Merchant of Venice:
Uſe all th' obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad *oſtent*
To pleaſe his grandam.

A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtent of our love; which, left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæſ. (38) Which ſoon he granted,
Being an Obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.

Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.

Cæſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in *Athens*.

Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; *Cleopatra*

And again;

Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair eſſens of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.

And in K. *Henry* V.

Giving full trophy, ſignal, and *oſtent*,
Quite from himſelf to God.

(38) ——— *Which ſoon he granted,*
Being an abſtract *'tween his luſt and him.*]

Antony very ſoon comply'd to let *Octavia* go, at her requeſt, ſays *Cæſar*; and why? Becauſe ſhe was an *abſtract* between his inordinate paſſion and him. If Mr. *Pope*, or any other of the editors underſtand this, I'll willingly ſubmit to be taught the meaning: but till then, I muſt believe, the Poet wrote;

Being an obſtruct *'tween his luſt and him.*

i. e. His wife being an obſtruction, a bar, to the proſecution of his wanton pleaſures with *Cleopatra*. And I am the rather convinc'd that this is the true reading, becauſe Mr. *Warburton* ſtarted the emendation too, unknowing that I had meddled with the paſſage. And the judicious readers of *Shakeſpeare* muſt have obſerv'd, that he is fond of coining ſubſtantives out of verbs without giving them the deflections of nouns: ſo he uſes *affects* for *affections*, *impreſſe* for *impreſſion*, *impoſe* for *impoſition*, *ſollicits* for *ſollicitations*, *compare* for *compariſon*, *proteſt* for *proteſtation*, *depart* for *departure*, *effuſe* for *effuſion*, *prepare* for *preparation*, *accuſe* for *accuſation*, &c. &c.

Hath

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to Destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods, (39)
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,

(39) ——————*and the high Gods,*
To do you justice, make his *ministers*
Of us, and those that love you.]

Why must *Shakespeare* be guilty of such an obvious false concord? *the high Gods make* his *ministers*? He has not writ thus in a parallel passage; and therefore the absurdity ought to be laid to the editors.

——————*Macbeth*

Is ripe for shaking, and the *pow'rs* above
Put on *their* instruments. Macbeth.

And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noſes it againſt us.

Octa. Is it ſo, Sir?

Caſ. It is moſt certain: ſiſter, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'ſt ſiſter! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *near the Promontory of* Actium.

Enter Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I Will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? why ſhould not
we be there in perſon?

Eno. Well, I could reply; if we ſhould ſerve with
horſe and mares together, the horſe were merely loſt;
the mares would bear a ſoldier and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i'th' war;
And, as the preſident of my Kingdom, will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundusium*,
He could ſo quickly cut th' *Ionian* ſea,
And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd

Than

the negligent.
a good rebuke,
ight have well become the beſt of men
at ſlackneſs. *Canidius*, we
t with him by ſea.
y ſea, what elſe?
Why will my Lord do ſo?
or that he dares us to't.
o hath my Lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.
y, and to wage this battle at *Pharſalia*,
æſar fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers,
rve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
ould you.
our ſhips are not well mann'd,
iners are muleteers, reapers, people
ſwift impreſs. In *Cæſar*'s fleet
that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought:
ps are yare, yours heavy: no diſgrace
you for refuſing him at ſea,
par'd for land.
y ſea, by ſea.
loſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
lute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
our army, which doth moſt conſiſt
ark'd footmen: leave unexecuted
a renowned knowledge; quite forego
which promiſes aſſurance, and
ourſelf merely to chance and hazard,
a ſecurity.
ll fight at ſea.
have ſixty fails, *Cæſar* none better.
ur overplus of ſhipping will we burn,
h the reſt full-mann'd, from th' head of *Actium*
pproaching *Cæſar*. But if we fail,
can do't at land.

Enter a Meſſenger.

neſs?
he news is true, my Lord; he is deſcry'd;
taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible.
Strange, that his power ſhould be ſo. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe. We'll to our ſhip;
Away, my *Thetis!*

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy ſoldier?

Sold. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by ſea,
Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? let the *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt* Ant. Cleo. *and* Enob.

Sold. By *Hercules*, I think, I am i'th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: ſo our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Juſteius*,
Publicola, and *Cælius*, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of *Cæſar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in *Rome*,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They ſay, one *Taurus*.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *with his army marching.*

Cæſ. *Taurus?*

Taur. My Lord.

Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not
e have done at ſea. Do not exceed [battle,
reſcript of this ſcroul: our fortune lies
this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Set we our ſquadrons on yond ſide o'th' hill,
of *Cæſar*'s battle; from which place
y the number of the ſhips behold,
proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

us, *marching with his land-army one way over the*
; *and* Taurus, *the lieutenant of* Cæſar, *the other*
: *after their going in, is heard the noiſe of a ſea-*
. *Alarm.* *Enter* Enobarbus.

Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no
tonias, the *Ægyptian* admiral, [longer;
ll their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

. Gods and Goddeſſes,
whole Synod of them!
What's thy paſſion?
. The greater cantle of the world is loſt
ery ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
ms and Provinces.
How appears the fight?
. On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
death is ſure. Your ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
a leproſy o'ertake!) i'th' midſt o'th' fight,
vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
the ſame, or rather ours the elder;)
eeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
ails, and flies.
That I beheld:
yes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
a further view.
. She once being looſe,
ble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,

Claps on his ſea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night, indeed.

Can. Toward *Peloponneſus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſy to't.
And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Cæſar* will I render
My legions and my horſe; ſix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt, ſeverally*

Enter Antony, *with* Eros *and other Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I've a ſhip
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæſar*.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myſelf, and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treaſure's in the harbour. Take it——oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white

Reproves

Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs; take the hint,
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themſelves. To the ſea-ſide ſtraight-way:
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now———
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, I've loſt command.
Therefore, I pray you——I'll ſee you by and by.

[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra, *led by* Charmian *and* Iras, *to* Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, moſt dear Queen.
Char. Do? why, what elſe?
Cleo. Let me ſit down; oh *Juno!*
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, Sir!
Ant. Oh fy, fy, fy.
Char. Madam———
Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſs!
Eros. Sir, Sir,
Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled *Caſſius*; and 'twas I,
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war; yet now—no matter—
Cleo. Ah, ſtand by.
Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen——
Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeak to him,
He is unqualitied with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtain me; oh!
Eros. Moſt noble Sir, ariſe, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving———

Eros.

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither haſt thou led me, *Ægypt*? ſee,
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful ſails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' ſtring,
And thou ſhouldſt towe me after. O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhift of lowneſs; who,
With half the bulk o'th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: give me a kiſs,
Even this repays me.———
We ſent our ſchoolmaſter; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; ſome wine,
Within there, and our viands: Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. [*Exeunt*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Camp*.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, *with other*.

Cæſ. LET him appear, that's come from *Antony*.
Know you him?

Dol. *Cæſar*, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither

H

He ſends ſo poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea.

Cæſ. Be't ſo, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues,
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth,
A private man in *Athens:* this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The Queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From *Ægypt* drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæſ. Bring him through the bands: [*Exit Ambaſſador.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; diſpatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promiſe; [*To* Thyreus.
And, in our name, when ſhe requires, add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

Thyr. *Cæſar*, I go.

Cæſ. Obſerve, how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. *Cæſar*, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. WHAT ſhall we do, *Enobarbus?*
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow you?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nickt his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion. 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, *with the Ambaſſador.*

Ant. Is that his anſwer?
Amb. Ay, my Lord.
Ant. The Queen ſhall then have courteſy,
So ſhe will yield us up.
Amb. He ſays ſo.
Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy *Cæſar* ſend this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With Principalities.
Cleo. That head, my Lord?
Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular; his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's, whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i'th' command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit* Antony.

Eno.

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battled *Cæſar* will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to th' ſhew
Againſt a ſworder.——I ſee, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſs!——*Cæſar*, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A meſſenger from *Cæſar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? ſee, my women,—
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. (40) Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare;
Tho' loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n Lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i'th' ſtory.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæſar's* will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; ſay boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæſar* has:
Or needs not us. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our maſter

(40) *Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare;*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: &c.]
If I ſee any thing of the Poet's ſentiment in this paſſage, both the text and pointing are ſlightly deprav'd; and, I think, I have reform'd both juſtly. After *Enobarbus* has ſaid, that his honeſty and he begin to quarrel, (i. e. that his reaſon ſhews him to be miſtaken in his firm adherence to *Antony*;) he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Tho' loyalty, ſtubbornly preſerv'd to a Maſter in his declin'd fortunes, ſeems folly in the eyes of fools; (i. e. men, who have not honour enough to think more wiſely;) yet he, who can be ſo obſtinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror."

Will

Will leap to be his friend; for, as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar*'s.
Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd, *Cæsar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæsar*.
Cleo. Go on;——right royal.
Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. Oh! [*Aſide.*
Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.
Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. To be ſure of that,——
I will aſk *Antony*——Sir, thou'rt ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* Eno
Thyr. Shall I ſay to *Cæsar*
What you require of him? he partly begs,
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon. But it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put yourſelf under his ſhroud, the univerſal landlor
Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.
Cleo. (41) Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæsar* this; in deputation

I k

(41) *Moſt kind meſſenger;*
Say to great Cæſar *this in* diſputation,
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:]
Again, the pointing and text muſt be corrected. If the ſagaci Editors can reaſonably expound *Diſputation*, here, I allow them to farther into a millſtone than I pretend to do. The Poet certai wrote, (as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſaw, we muſt reſtore;)
Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar *this*; *in* deputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:

kiſs his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
o lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
ell him, that from his all-obeying breath
hear the doom of *Ægypt*.
Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe:
iſdom and fortune combating together,
that the former dare but what it can,
o chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
y duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your *Cæſar*'s father oft,
hen he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
ſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Antony, *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove*, that thunders.——
[*Seeing* Thyreus *kiſs her hand.*
hat art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
he bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
o have command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach there——ah, you kite! now, Gods and Devils!
uthority melts from me of late.—When I cry'd, hoa!
ike boys unto a muſs, Kings would ſtart forth,
nd cry, your will? have you no ears?
m *Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

e. by *Proxy*; I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name.
ur Author has employ'd this word in ſeveral other paſſages.

Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love,
And giv'n his *deputation* all the organs
Of our own pow'r. *Meaſ. for Meaſ.*

And that his friends by *deputation*
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn. 1 *Henry* IV.

Of all the fav'rites, that the abſent King
In *deputation* left behind him here, *Ibid.*

——Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs *deputation* he puts on. *Troilus*, &c. &c.

Enter

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and ſtars!———
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I find them
So ſaucy with the hand of She here, (what's her name,
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?*)—whip him, fellows——
Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony———

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this *Jack* of *Cæſar*'s ſhall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with* Thyreus.
You were half blaſted, ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord,———

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
(O miſery on't!) the wiſe Gods ſeal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
Dead *Cæſar*'s trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*'s; beſides what hotter hours,
Unregiſter'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pickt out For, I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!———O that I were

Upon

Upon the hill of *Baſan*, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have ſavage cauſe!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Serv. Soundly, my Lord.
Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?
Serv. He did aſk favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow *Cæſar* in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake to look on't.——Go, get thee back to *Cæſar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou ſay,
He makes me angry with him: For he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And, at this time, moſt eaſy 'tis to do't:
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:——
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thyreus.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.
Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.——
Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heav'n engender hail,
And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone

Drop

Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! the next *Cæſario* ſmite;
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Egyptians* all,
(42) By the diſcandying of this pelletted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm ſatisfied;
Cæſar ſets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhould return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn my chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when my hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſome lives

(42) *By the* diſcattering *of this pelletted ſtorm,*] This reading we owe firſt, I preſume, to Mr. *Rowe*: and Mr. *Pope* has very faithfully fallen into it. The old *folio*'s read, *diſcandering*; from which corruption both Dr. *Thirlby* and I ſaw, we muſt retrieve the word with which I have reform'd the text. *Cleopatra*'s wiſh is this; that the Gods would ingender hail and poiſon it; and that as it fell upon her and her ſubjects, and melted, their lives might determine, as that diſſolved and diſcandied: the congealing of the water into hail he metaphorically calls *candying*; and it is an image he is fond of, in ſeveral other paſſages. So, in the next Act of this very Play;

——————The hearts,
——————to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do *diſcandy*, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*.

Ten conſciences, that ſtand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candied be they, and *melt* ere they moleſt. *Tempeſt.*
——————will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taſte
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? *Timon of Athens.*
No, let the *candied* tongue lick abſurd pomp. *Hamlet.*
Why, what a deal of *candied* courteſie
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! 1 *Henry IV.*

Of

me for jeſts; but now I'll ſet my teeth,
nd ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
et's have one other gaudy night: call to me
ll my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
et's mock the midnight bell.
Cleo. It is my birth-day;
ad thought t' have held it poor: But ſince my Lord
Antony again, I will be *Cleopatra*.
Ant. We will yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.
Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them, and to-night I'll force
e wine peep through their ſcars. Come on, my Queen;
ere's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
make death love me; for I will contend
n with his peſtilent ſcythe. [*Exeunt.*
Cleo. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning; to be furious,
o be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
e dove will peck the eſtridge; and, I ſee ſtill,
liminution in our captain's brain
tores his heart; when valour preys on reaſon,
ats the ſword it fights with: I will ſeek
ne way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Cæſar's *Camp*.

ter Cæſar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas, *with their Army.* Cæſar *reading a Letter.*

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My meſſenger
hath whipt with rods, dares me to perſonal combat,
ſar to *Antony*. Let the old ruffian know,
ave many other ways to die: mean time,

Laugh

Laugh at his challenge.
Mec. *Cæſar* muſt think,
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his diſtraction: never anger
Made good guard for itſelf.
Cæſ. (43) Let our beſt heads
Know, that to-morrow the laſt of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of thoſe that ſerv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done;
And feaſt the army; we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor *Antony!* [*Exeunt*

SCENE, *the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *with others.*

Ant. HE will not fight with me, *Domitius.*
Eno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll ſtrike, and cry, "take all."
Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my houſhold ſervants, let's to-night

(43) ——*Let our beſt heads know,*
That to-morrow the laſt of battles
We mean to fight.] I might very reaſonably return Mr. *P.* one of his own civilities here, and ſay, the intermediate line *is in ear a verſe.* But I have a better opinion of his *ear* than I have his *induſtry*, one of the qualifications neceſſary to a good *Editor.* ſmall obſervation of the *meaſure*, mixed with a little diligence in *c lating*, might have taught him to regulate the lines, and to h avoided this hobbling, inharmonious, monſter of a verſe.

En

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt; ſo haſt thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've ſerv'd me well,
And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks, which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,——
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance, to-morrow
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the Gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this diſcomfort? look, they weep,
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow, where thoſe drops fall! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;
I ſpake t' you for your comfort, did deſire you

To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt*

SCENE, *a Court of Guard before the Palace.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* BRother, good-night: to-morrow is the day
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?
2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour; good-night to you
1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good-night.
[*They meet with other Soldiers*
2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
1 *Sold.* And you, good-night, good-night.
[*They place themſelves on every corner of the ſtage*
2 *Sold.* Here, we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of the hautboys is under the ſtage*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?
1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* (44) Muſick i'th' air.——
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.——
It ſignes well, does it not?

(44) 1 Sold. *Muſick i'th' air.*——
3 Sold. *Under the earth.*——
It ſings well, does it not?] *Sings* well? Though this may poſſibly be a technical term, ſometimes apply'd to inſtrumental muſick; yet we owe it here, as we do ſo many other abſurdities, to the indolence or ignorance of our modern editors. The old impreſſion concur in reading, as I have reſtor'd the text;
It ſignes well, does it not?
i. e. Is it a good omen? Does it portend well to our general?

2 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I ſay: what ſhould this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*, Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk, let's ſee if other watchmen Do hear what we do.

2 *Sold.* How now, maſters? [*Speak together.*

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Is't not ſtrange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter, Let's ſee how 'twill give off.

Omnes. Content: 'tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with others.*

Ant. EROS, mine armour, *Eros.*

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck: *Eros*, come, mine armour, *Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on;
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony.*
What's this for? ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart;—falſe, falſe; this, this;—
Sooth-la, I'll help: thus it muſt be.

Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now;
Seeſt thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.

Eno. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt, *Eros*; and my Queen's a ſquire
More tight at this than thou; diſpatch. O love!

That thou couldſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation; thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good-morrow to thee, welcome;
Thou look'ſt like him, that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair; good-morrow, General!

All. Good-morrow, General!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo; come, give me that,—this way—well ſaid:
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel. You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Char. Pleaſe you to retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, *Antony*—but now,—well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Camp.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony, *and* Eros; *a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. (45) THE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony!* [vail'd

Ant. 'Would, thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once pre-
To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that have revolted, and the Soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from *Cæſar*'s camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with *Cæſar*.

Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Moſt certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, ſend his treaſure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will ſubſcribe gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a maſter. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men! diſpatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt.*

(45) Eros. *The Gods make this a happy day to* Antony!] 'Tis evident, as Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe conjectur'd, by what *Antony* immediately replies, that this line ſhould not be placed to *Eros*, but to the ſoldier, who, before the battle of *Actium*, advis'd *Antony* to try his fate at land.

Sold. *Oh, noble Emperor, do not fight by ſea;*
Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds?

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *with* Enobarbus, *and* Dolabella.

Cæſ. GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it ſo known.

Agr. *Cæſar*, I ſhall.

Cæſ. The time of univerſal peace is near;
Prove this a proſp'rous day, (46) the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Mark Antony* is come into the field.

Cæſ. Go, charge, *Agrippa*;
Plant thoſe, that have revolted, in the van,
That *Antony* may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did perſuade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelf to *Cæſar*,
And leave his maſter *Antony*. For this pains,
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Canidius*, and the reſt,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſar's.

Sold. *Enobarbus*, *Antony*
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure, with
His bounty over-plus. The meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

(46) ——— *the* three-nook'd *world*
Shall bear the olive freely.] The Poet makes *Cæſar* ſpeak according to the geography of thoſe days; *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Africk* making but three angles of the globe: and the *American* parts not being then diſcover'd.

Sold.

Sold. Mock me not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true; beſt, you ſee ſafe the bringer
Out of the hoſt: I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done't myſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a *Jove*. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am ſo moſt. O *Anton*,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! this bows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee!——no, I will go ſeek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Alexandria.

Alarm. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. RETire, we have engag'd ourſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarm. Enter Antony, *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought indeed;
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. *Enter* Antony *again in a March,* Scarus *with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; (47) run one before,
And let the Queen know of our Geſts; to-morrow,
Before the ſun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as't had been [*tors.*
Each man's like mine; you've ſhewn yourſelves all Hec-
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole. Give me thy hand,
[*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great faiery I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee. O thou day o'th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare, uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale!
We've beat them to their beds. What! girl, though gray

(47) ——————*run one before,*
And let the Queen know of our Gueſts.] What *Gueſts* was the Queen to know of? *Antony* was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet ſaid a word of marching to *Alexandria*, and treating his officers in the palace. We muſt reſtore, as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe preſcribes;
And let the Queen know of our Geſts.
i. e. *res geſtæ*; our feats, our glorious actions. It is a term, that frequently occurs in *Chaucer*; and, after him, in *Spencer*; nor did it ceaſe to be current for ſome time after our Author's days.

To

Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'we
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
(48) Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;
Kiſs it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day,
As if a God in hate of mankind had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy *Phœbus'* Car.——Give me thy hand;
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we all would ſup together;
And drink carowſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter a Centry, and his Company. Enobarbus *follows.*

Cent. IF we be not reliev'd within this hour, [night
We muſt return to th' court of guard; the
It ſhiny, and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By th' ſecond hour i'th' morn.

(48) *Commend unto his lips thy* favouring *hand.*] *Antony* is here recommending one of his captains, who had fought valiantly, to *Cleopatra*; and deſires, he may have the grace of kiſſing her hand. But why, *favouring* hand? He did not want his captain to grow in love with his miſtreſs, on account of the flavour and luſciouſneſs of her hand; but only to have a reward of honour from the Queen for his good ſervice. I therefore believe, the Poet wrote;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring *band.*

Tho' none of the printed copies countenance this reading, yet nothing is more common at preſs than for an *ſ* to uſurp the place of an *ſ*, and ſo *vice verſa*.

1 *Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to's.
Eno. O bear me witneſs, night!
2 *Watch.* What man is this?
1 *Watch.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed Moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. Enobarbus?
3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.
Eno. O ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
Which, being dried to grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!* [*Dies.*
1 *Watch.* Let's ſpeak to him.
Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern *Cæſar*.
2 *Watch.* Let's do ſo, but he ſleeps.
Cent. Swoons rather, for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.
1 *Watch.* Go we to him.
2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, ſpeak to us.
1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?
Cent. The hand of death has raught him.
[*Drums afar off.*
Hark, how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.
2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE, *between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony, *and* Scarus, *with their Army.*

Ant. THeir preparation is to-day by ſea,
We pleaſe them not by land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would, they'd fight i'th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall ſtay with us. Order for ſea is given;
They have put forth the haven: further on,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *and his Army.*

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take't, we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum afar off, as at a ſea-fight.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond' pine ſtands, I ſhall diſcover all,
I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s ſails their neſts. The Augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected; and by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL's loſt! this foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder

They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt. I riple-turn'd whore! 'tis tho
Haſt ſold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
(49) Oh, Sun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we ſhake hands——all come to this!——the he
(50) That pantler'd me at heels, to whom I gave
T

(49) *Oh, Sun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:*] *Ajax* in *Soph* when he is on the point of killing himſelf, addreſſes to the S a manner not much unlike this.

Σὲ δ' ὦ φαεννῆς ἡμέρας τὸ νῦν σέλας,
Καὶ τὸν διφρευτὴν ἥλιον προσεννέπω,
Πανύστατον δὴ, κοὐπ' αὖθις ὕστερον.

(50) ——————*The hearts,*
That pannell'd *me at heels,* &c.] *Pannelling at heels* muſt n here, *following:* but where was the word ever found in ſuch a ſen *Pannell* ſignifies but three things, that I know, in the *Engliſh* tong none of which will ſuit with the alluſion here requiſite; *viz.* T roll, or ſchedule of parchment on which the names of a jury are e ter'd, which therefore is call'd *empanelling*; a pane, or ſlip of wai ſcot; and a packſaddle for beaſts of burthen. The text is corru and *Shakeſpeare* muſt certainly have wrote;

That pantler'd *me at heels*;

i. e. run after me like footmen, or *Pantlers*; which word originally ſignified, the ſervants who have the care of the bread; but is uſed by our Poet for a menial ſervant in general, as well as in its native acceptation.

——————a baſe ſlave;
A hilding for a liv'ry, a ſquire's cloth:
A *pantler.* *Cymbeline.*
————when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, ſhe was both *pantler*, butler, cook,
Both dame and ſervant. *Winter's Tale.*

He would have made a good *pantler*, he would have chip'd bread well. 2 *Henry* IV.

Mr. *Warburton.*

To ſtrengthen my friend's ingenious emendation, I'll throw in a paſſage, or two, where our Poet has expreſs'd himſelf in a ſimilar manner.

Gave him their heirs; as *pages following him*
Ev'n at the heels, in golden multitudes. 1 *Henry* IV.

And there is another paſſage, in which, as here, he has turn'd the *ſubſtantive* into a *verb.*

——will

ir wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
bloſſoming *Cæſar:* and this pine is bark'd,
at over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
, this falſe ſoul of *Ægypt!* this gay charm,
ioſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
ioſe boſom was my Crownet, my chief end,
ce a right Gipſy, hath at faſt and looſe
guil'd me to the very heart of loſs.
What, *Eros! Eros!*

Enter Cleopatra.

ih! thou ſpell! avant.———

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his love?

Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh *Cæſar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting *Plebeians;*
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex. (51) Moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for dolts; and let

Patient

———will theſe moiſt trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, *page thy heels,*
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? *Timon of Athens.*

(51) ———*Moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn*
For poor'ſt diminutives, for dolts:]

Both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* have ſuſpected, that *Shakeſpeare* wrote———*for* doits: i. e. for that ſmall piece of money, ſo call'd. I ſhould not be ſtagger'd at the tranſgreſſion againſt chronology in this point, the coin being of much more recent date than the time of the *Romans*; becauſe I find him in another *play* make a *Roman* of an earlier period mention it:

See here theſe movers! that do prize their honours
At a crack'd drachm; cuſhions, leaden ſpoons,
Irons of a *doit,*———

But I have not diſturb'd the text for another reaſon; becauſe, perhaps, the Poet's meaning may be, that *Cleopatra* ſhould become a ſhow, a ſpectacle to the ſcum and rabble of *Rome*; to blockheads, and people of the loweſt rank. *Cleopatra* ſpeaks twice afterwards to the ſame effect, in this play.

———Shall they hoiſt me up,
And *ſhew* me to the ſhouting *varlotry*
Of cenſuring *Rome?*

itient *Octavia* plough thy viſage up
'ith her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thou'rt gone;
[*Exit* Cleopatra.
it be well to live. But better 'twere,
hou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
light have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa!
he ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me; (52) teach me,
lcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage.
et me lodge *Lichas* on the horns o'th' Moon,
nd with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt club,
ıbdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;

nd, again;

Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, ſhalt be *ſhewn*
In *Rome* as well as I: *mechanick ſlaves*
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers ſhall
Uplift us to the *view*.

, in *Macbeth*;

——————Then yield thee, coward;
And live to be the *ſhew* and *gaze* o'th' time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer *monſters* are,
Painted upon a pole, *&c.*

nd, beſides, our Author uſes both the words *dolts* and *diminutives* in her places, ſpeaking in contempt of the rabble.

Creſ. Here come more.

Pand. Aſſes, fools, *dolts*, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge :er meat. *Troilus and Creſſida.*

Ah! how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies, *diminu-ves* of Nature. *Ibid.*

(52) ——————*teach me*,
Alcides, *thou mine anceſtor, thy rage*;
Let me *lodge* Lichas *on the horns o'th' moon*,
And with thoſe hands that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue my *worthieſt ſelf.*] I have long ſuſpected this paſſage being faulty: for, ſuppoſe, *Hercules* could make *Antony* as mad as mſelf, could he make him lodge *Lichas* too on the moon? Nay, d could he make him ſubdue himſelf too, with *Hercules*'s hands? hen, why ſhould *Antony* give himſelf that complimental title of worthieſt *ſelf*? If the text be indeed genuine, as it now ſtands, wants to be help'd out with a comment; and *Antony* would ſay, Teach me thy rage, O *Hercules*, that I may take the ſame vengeance on *Cleopatra* for injuring me, as thou did'ſt on *Lichas*; and then that I may imitate thee too in deſtroying myſelf with my own hands."——But the words do not of themſelves import this: d *my worthieſt ſelf* I cannot but think liable to exception. Tho' have not diſturb'd the text, I ſhould chuſe to read;

——*teach*

To the young *Roman* boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot: ſhe dies for't. *Eros*, hoa! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his ſhield; the boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.
Char. To th' Monument,
There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you're dead:
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.
Cleo. To th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Antony*;
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th' Monument.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Antony, *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me.
Eros. Ay, noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, a blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou'ſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black Veſper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my Lord.
Ant. That, which is now a horſe, even with a thought

———————*teach me,*
Alcides, *thou mine anceſtor, thy rage*;
Help'd thee *lodge* Lichas *on the horns o'th' moon,*
And with thoſe hands, that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue thy *worthieſt ſelf.*

i. e. "Inſpire me with that rage, *which* aſſiſted thee both to deſtroy "*Lichas*, and to ſubdue thy moſt worthy ſelf with thy own hands." This ſenſe the words carry naturally; and the complimental epithet is with great juſtneſs and propriety apply'd to *Hercules*, whom *Antony* was fond to eſteem his anceſtor.

The

The rack diſlimns, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is
Ev'n ſuch a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, (for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now loſt!) ſhe, *Eros*, has
Pack'd cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph——
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my ſword.

Mar. No, *Antony*.
My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortune's mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, ſaucy Eunuch, peace, ſhe hath betray'd me,
And ſhe ſhall die the death.

Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; ſhe rendred life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep; that thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit* Mardian.
Off, pluck off;——
The ſeven-fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,

Crack

Crack thy frail caſe! apace, *Eros*, apace.
No more a ſoldier——bruiſed pieces, go;
[*Unarming himſelf.*
You have been nobly borne;——from me a while——
[*Exit* Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So't muſt be, for now
All length is torture; ſince the torch is out,
Lie down and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength; (53) ſeal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my Queen—*Eros!*—ſtay for me,
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze;
(54) *Dido* and her *Æneas* ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, *Eros*, *Eros!*

(53) Seal *then, and all is done.*] *Antony* had offended *Cleopatra* with his ſuſpicions; he is here about doing ſomething to deſerve her pardon: and he thinks, ſtabbing himſelf will *ſeal* that pardon.

(54) Dido *and her* Æneas *ſhall want troops,*
And all the haunt be ours.——] Tho' I have not alter'd the text, I muſt ſubjoin Mr. *Warburton*'s ingenious conjecture and comment on this paſſage. "*Virgil* was the inventor of the amours "of *Dido* and *Æneas*; (who, by the bye, wrote this tale after *An-*"*tony*'s death) but the ſame *Virgil* tells us, her fondneſs did not "reach to the other world. She there deſpis'd *Æneas*, and return'd "to her old affection for *Sichæus*.

Tandem corripuit ſeſe, atque inimica refugit
In Nemus umbriferum: Conjunx ubi priſtinus illi
Reſpondet curis, æquatque Sichæus *amorem.* Æneid. VI.

"I ſay therefore, *Shakeſpeare* wrote;

Dido *and her* Sichæus——

"And the alluſion of *Antony* to *Sichæus* is perfectly juſt and fine: "*Sichæus* was murther'd by his brother *Pygmalion* for his wealth, on "which, his wife *Dido* fled. So *Antony* was fought and defeated at "*Actium* by his brother *Octavius* for his ſhare of the maſterſhip of "the world: whereon, *Cleopatra* fled from the victor's rage into "*Ægypt.*" However, on the other hand, perhaps *Shakeſpeare* might have no intention of copying *Virgil*, in making *Dido* return to her affection for her huſband: perhaps, he might chuſe to make *Antony* mention *Æneas*, as an anceſtor: and I obſerve beſides, that *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*, (a play, in which, it is ſaid, our author had a ſhare) ſuppoſe *Dido* to have retain'd her affection for *Æneas* after death.

For in the next world will *Dido* ſee *Palamon*, and then will ſhe be out of love with *Æneas*.

Enter

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I've liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune*'s back,
With ſhips, made cities; condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble-minded
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our *Cæſar* tells,
"I'm conqueror of myſelf." Thou art ſworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed, when I ſhall ſee behind me
Th' inevitable proſecution of diſgrace
And horror, that on my command thou then
Wouldſt kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do that, which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame: whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæſar*, drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued?

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? do it at once,
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.——— [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My ſword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
he thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Eros. My dear Maſter,
ly Captain, and my Emperor! Let me ſay,
efore I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man,——and farewel.
Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, *Eros.*
Eros. Why, there then—— [Eros *kills himſelf.*
hus do I eſcape the ſorrow
f *Antony*'s death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice-nobler than myſelf!
hou teacheſt me, oh, valiant *Eros*, what
hould, and thou couldſt not; my Queen and *Eros*
ave by their brave inſtruction got upon me
nobleneſs in record. But I will be
Bridegroom in my death, and run into't
s to a Lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*,
hy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his ſword.*
learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead?—
he Guard—ho!——oh, diſpatch me.

Enter Dercetas, *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?
Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:
, make an end of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The ſtar is fall'n.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him, that loves me, ſtrike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
his ſword but ſhewn to *Cæſar*, with this tidings,
hall enter me with him.

Enter

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not anſwer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed?* draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord,
My Miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe?

Dio. Lock'd in her Monument. She had a propheſy-ing fear
Of what hath come to paſs; for when ſhe ſaw,
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead.
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's guard. The guard, what, hoa!
Come, your Lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, were *Cleopatra* 'bides,
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.

All. Moſt heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* Antony

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a magnificent Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras, *above.*

Cleo. O H *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other ſide your Monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O thou Sun,
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!—darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o'th' world! O *Antony!*
Help, *Charmian*; help, *Iras*, help; help, friends,
Below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace.
Not *Cæſar*'s valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumph'd on himſelf.
Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*; but, woe, 'tis ſo!
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
(55) I here importune Death a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.——Come down.

Cleo.

(55) *I here importune Death a while, until*
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. *I dare not, dear,*
Dear my Lord, pardon; I dare not,
Leſt I be taken.] What curious hobbling verſification do we encounter

Cleo. I dare not,
(Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon, that I dare not;)
Leſt I be taken; not th' imperious ſhew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæſar* ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe:
Your wife *Octavia*, with her modeſt eyes
And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But, come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my women; we muſt draw thee up——
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone. [Lo

Cleo. Here's ſport indeed!—how heavy weighs
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The ſtrong'd-wing'd *Mercury* ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by *Jove*'s ſide. Yet come a little,——
Wiſhers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come——
[*They draw* Antony *up to* Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou haſt liv'd;
Quicken with kiſſing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy ſight!

encounter here in the laſt line but one? Beſides, how inconſiſtently is the lady made to reply? *Antony* ſays, he only holds life, till he can give her one laſt kiſs: and ſhe cries, ſhe dares not: what dares ſhe not do? Kiſs *Antony*? But how ſhould ſhe? She was above lock'd in her Monument; and he below, on the outſide of it. With a very ſlight addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a ſort of warrant from *Plutarch* for it into the bargain.

I here importune Death awhile, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.—Come down.
Cleo. *I dare not,*
(Dear, *dear my Lord*, your *pardon*, that *I dare not*;)
Leſt I be taken.

Now *Plutarch* ſays, that "*Antony* was carried in his men's arms *into* "*the entry* of the *Monument*: notwithſtanding, *Cleopatra* would not "*open the gates*, but *came to the high windows*, and caſt out certain "chains and ropes, *&c.*"——So that *Antony* might very reaſonably deſire her to come down; and ſhe as reaſonably excuſe herſelf, for fear of being inſnared by *Cæſar*.

Ant.

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.
Cleo. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, ſweet Queen.
Of *Cæſar* ſeek your honour, with your ſafety—oh—
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.
Cleo. My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt;
None about *Cæſar*.
Ant. The miſerable change, now at my end,
Lament, nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greateſt prince o'th' world,
The nobleſt once; and do not now baſely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman: A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more—— [Antony *dies.*
Cleo. Nobleſt of men!——woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye? O ſee, my women!
The crown o'th' earth doth melt——my Lord!——
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faints.*
Char. Oh, quietneſs, Lady!
Iras. She's dead too, our ſovereign.
Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——
Iras. Royal *Ægypt!* Empreſs!
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*.
Cleo. No more but a mere woman, and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,

And does the meaneſt chares!——It were for me
To throw my ſcepter at th' injurious Gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but naught:
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
What, what, good cheer! why, how now, *Charmian?*
My noble girls?——ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out—good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's nobl
Let's do it after the high *Roman* faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off* Antony's *body.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Cæſar's *Camp.*

(56) *Enter* Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, *and Train.*

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabello*, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauſes that he makes.

Dol.

(56) *Enter* Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, *and* MENAS.] But *Menas* and *Menecrates*, we may remember, were the two famous pirates link'd with *Sextus Pompeius*, and who aſſiſted him to infeſt the *Italian* coaſt. We no where learn, expreſly in the Play, that *Menas* ever attach'd himſelf to *Octavius*'s party. Notwithſtanding the old *folio*'s concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the ſcene, where this character is made to ſpeak, they have mark'd in

Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall. (57) [*Exit* Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, *with the ſword of* Antony.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
ppear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;
lark *Antony* I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
eſt to be ſerv'd; whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
le was my maſter, and I wore my life
o ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
o take me to thee, as I was to him
'll be to *Cæſar*: If thou pleaſeſt not,
yield thee up my life.

Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?

Der. I ſay, oh, *Cæſar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
greater crack. The round world ſhould have ſhook
ions into civil ſtreets, and citizens
nto their dens.——The death of *Antony*
s not a ſingle doom, in that name lay
moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, *Cæſar*,
ot by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
or by a hired knife; but that ſelf-hand,
hich writ his honour in the acts it did,
ath with the courage, which the heart did lend it,
litted the heart. This is his ſword,
robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
ith his moſt noble blood.

the margin MEC. ſo that, as Dr. *Thirlby* ſagaciouſly conjectur'd, e muſt caſhier *Menas*, and ſubſtitute *Mecænas* in his room. *Menas*, deed, deſerted to *Cæſar* no leſs than twice, and was preferr'd by m. And *Horace* has left one Ode, a virulent invective on *Menas* r his ſhifting and treachery.

(57) Dol. Cæſar, *I ſhall.*] I make no doubt, but it ſhould be ark'd here, that *Dolabella* goes out. 'Tis reaſonable to imagine, ſhould preſently depart, upon *Cæſar*'s command; ſo that the eeches, placed to him in the ſequel of this ſcene, muſt be transferr'd *Agrippa*, or he is introduced as a mute. Beſides, that *Dolabella* ould be gone out, appears from this, that when *Cæſar* aſks for m, he recollects that he had ſent him on buſineſs.

Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends:——— (58)
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tiding
To waſh the eyes of Kings!
Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.
Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.
Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.
Cæſ. O *Antony!*
I've follow'd thee to this—but we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in Empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our ſtars,
Unreconcileable, ſhould have divided
Our equalneſs to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon.———

(58) *Look you, ſad friends.*] I obſerv'd in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, that it was requiſite to tranſpoſe the comma. *Octavius*'s friends probably would avoid ſhewing any concern on the news of *Antony*'s death, leſt it ſhould give diſpleaſure to *Cæſar*: which *Cæſar* obſerving, it ſhews a noble humanity in him to bid them ſhare in ſuch a ſorrow, and to tell them it is a calamity that ought to draw tears even from the eyes of princes. Young prince *Henry*, upon his father's death, ſpeaks juſt in the ſame manner to his brothers; and tho' he would not have them mix ſet with their affliction, he encourages them in their ſorrow.

Yet be *ſad*, good brothers;
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you. *a Henry IV*

The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays. Whence are you?

Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my miſtreſs,
Confin'd in all ſhe has, (her monument)
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the Gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame; give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along;—where's *Dolabella*,
To ſecond *Proculeius*. [*Exit* Gallus.

All. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone; for I remember now,
How he's employ'd: he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, *and* Seleucus, *above.*

Cleo. MY deſolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæſar:*
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will, and it is great
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dug:—(59)
The beggar's nurſe, and *Cæſar*'s.——

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Cæſar ſends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt,*
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius.*

(59) *Which ſleeps, and never palates more the* dung,
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.]
Our Poet has made *Antony* ſay, at the beginning of this tragedy, that
——————the *dungy* earth alike
Feeds beaſt, as man:
but how are we to underſtand here, *palating the* dung? the text is certainly corrupt, and muſt be ſlightly help'd; and tho' then we can't make it ſtrictly grammatical, we ſhall come at the Poet's detach'd and ſeparate alluſions. I read,
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dug:
I'll explain the whole of *Cleopatra*'s reflections, as they lie, by a ſhort paraphraſe. "'Tis great in us to do that action, (i. e. give ourſelves "death) which puts an end to all other actions; and which pre-"vents and diſappoints accidents and change of fortune. While in "life, like ſlumbering children, we *palate* and *tamper for the* dug; "but in the ſleep of death, we hone no more after tranſitory enjoy-"ments. Death rocks us all into a faſt and unbroken ſleep; and "is equally a nurſe to the beggar, in this reſpect, as it is to *Cæſar.*" The cloſe of this reflection is juſt what *Horace* has expreſs'd by a different image.
Pallida Mors æquo *pulſat* pede pauperum *tabernas,*
Regumque *turres.* Lib. I. Od. 4.
Mr. *Warburton*
Cleo

Cleo. *Antony*
Did tell me of you, bade me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a Queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That Majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſs beg than a kingdom; if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my ſon,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A conqu'ror that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Here* Gallus, *and Guard, aſcend the Monument by a ladder, and enter at a back window.*

Gall. You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd. (60)
Pro. Guard her, till *Cæſar* come.

(60) Char. *You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd.*] Here *Charmian*, who is ſo faithful as to die with her miſtreſs, by the ſtupidity of the editors is made to countenance and give directions for her being ſurpriz'd by *Cæſar*'s meſſengers. But this blunder is for want of knowing, or obſerving, the hiſtorical fact. When *Cæſar* ſent *Proculeius* to the queen, he ſent *Gallus* after him with new inſtructions: and while one amuſed *Cleopatra* with propoſitions from *Cæſar*, thro' crannies of the monument; the other ſcaled it by a ladder, enter'd at a window backward, and made *Cleopatra*, and thoſe with her, priſoners. I have reform'd the paſſage therefore, (as, I am perſuaded, the Author deſign'd it) from the authority of *Plutarch*.

Iras. O Royal Queen!

Char. Oh *Cleopatra!* thou art taken, Queen.——

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

[*The Monument is open'd*; Proculeius *ruſhes in, and diſarms the Queen.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languiſh!

Pro. Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court,
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia.* Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cens'ring *Rome?* rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on *Nilus'* mud
Lay me ſtark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in *Cæſar.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter *Cæſar* knows,

And

Hyrwelot in Vol: 7. P: 199.

And he hath ſent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt; be gentle to her;
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'll employ me to him.
Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exit* Proculeius.
Do'. Moſt noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Aſſuredly, you know me.
Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?
Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreamt, there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!
Dol. If it might pleaſe ye———
Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein ſtuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted (61)
The little O o'th' Earth.

(61) *A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted The little o'th' Earth.*
Dol. ———*Moſt ſov'reign creature!*]
What a bleſſed limping verſe theſe two *Hemiſtichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? 'Tis true, there is but a ſyllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a ſingle letter; which the firſt editors not underſtanding, learnedly threw it out as a redundance. I reſtore,
The little O o'th' Earth.
i. e. the little orb or circle. And, 'tis plain, our poet in other paſſages chuſes to expreſſes himſelf thus.
Roſ. O, that your face were not ſo full of O's.
Love's Lab. loſt.
i. e. of round dimples, pitts with the ſmall-pox.
———Can this cockpit hold
The vaſty field of *France?* or can we cram,
Within this wooden *O*, the very caſques,
That did affright the air, at *Agincourt?* *Prol.* to *Henry V.*
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery *O*'s and eyes of light.
Midſummer Night's Dream.
i. e. the circles, orbs, of the ſtars.

Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature!———

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Creſted the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the Orb,
He was as rattling thunder. (62) For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: An autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets, realms and iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra———

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one ſuch,
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuff

(62)———*For his bounty,*
There was no winter in't: an Antony *it was,*
That grew the more by reaping.]

There was certainly a contraſt, both in the thought and terms, deſign'd here, which is loſt in an accidental corruption. How could an *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very eaſy change, to reſtore an exquiſite fine alluſion: and which carries its reaſon with it too, why there was no *Winter* (i. e. no want, bareneſs) in his bounty.

———*For his bounty,*
There was no Winter *in't: an* Autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe ſtarted this very emendation, and had mark'd it in the margin of his book. The reaſon of the depravation might eaſily ariſe from the great ſimilitude of the two words in the old way of ſpelling, *Antonie* and *Automne*. Our Author has employ'd this thought again in a poem, call'd, *True Admiration.*

Speak of the *Spring* and *Foyzen* of the year,
The *one* doth ſhadow of your *beauty* ſhew;
The *other* as your *bounty* doth appear;
And you in ev'ry bleſſed ſhape we know.

For 'tis plain, that *Foyzen* means *Autumn* here, which pours out its profuſion of fruits bountifully; in oppoſition to *Spring*, which only ſhews the youthful beauty, and promiſe of that future bounty.

To

To vye ſtrange forms with Fancy, yet t' imagine
An *Antony*, were Nature's prize 'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite. (63)
Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loſs is as yourſelf, great; and you bear it,
As anſwering to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what *Cæſar* means to do with me?
Dol. I'm loth to tell you, what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.
Dol. Though he be honourable——
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.
All. Make way there,——*Cæſar*.

(63) ——————*Nature wants ſtuff*
To vie ſtrange forms with fancy; yet t'imagine
An Antony *were Nature's* piece, *'gainſt fancy,*
Condemning ſhadows quite.]
This is a fine ſentiment, but unintelligible in the preſent falſe reading and pointing: and, even when ſet right in theſe particulars, is ſtill obſcure enough. I'll firſt reform the text, and then ſubjoin the interpretation.

——————*Yet t'imagine*
An Antony, *were Nature's* prize *'gainſt fancy,*
Condemning ſhadows quite.

The ſenſe is this: "*Nature* in general has not materials ſufficient "to furniſh out real forms, for ev'ry model that the boundleſs power "of the *imagination* can ſketch out." [This is the meaning of the words, *Nature wants matter to vie ſtrange forms with Fancy.*] "But "yet, tho' in general this be true, that *Nature* is more poor, narrow, "and confin'd than *Fancy*; yet it muſt be own'd, that when *Nature* "preſents an *Antony* to us, ſhe then gets the better of *Fancy*, and "makes even the *imagination* appear poor and narrow; or, in our "Author's words, *condemns ſhadows quite.*" The word *prize*, which I have reſtored, is the pretieſt word in the world in this place; as figuring a contention between *Nature* and *Imagination* about the larger extent of their powers; and Nature gaining the prize by producing *Antony*. And ſure, nothing could be ſaid more advantagious for *Antony*, than this; *that* imagination *came ſhort of his* perfections.
Mr. *Warburton*.

Enter Cæſar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, *and Attendants.*

Cæſ. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt?*
Do. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. *kneels*
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel:
I pray you, riſe, riſe, *Ægypt.*
Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my Lord
I muſt obey.
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' world,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well
To make it clear, but do confeſs, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.
Cæſ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourſelf to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are moſt gentle) you ſhall find
A benefit in this change; but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.———
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good Lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for *Cleopatra.* (64)
Cleo.

(64) *You ſhall adviſe me* of all, *Cleopatra.*] This I preſume to be a reading ſolely of Mr. *Pope*'s. But what an harmonious verſe has he given us, in point of *emphaſis?* And how has he diſgraced the poet and his emperor, in point of ſentiment? What a ſneaking figure does *Cæſar* make, in ſaying, "You ſhall confeſs your whole ſubſtance; you ſhan't ſecrete one penny;" before he knows what the

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am poſſeſt of—'tis exactly valued, (65)
Not petty things omitted——where's *Seleucus?*
Sel. Here, Madam.
Cleo. This is my treaſurer, let him ſpeak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To myſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus.*
Sel. Madam, I had rather ſeal my lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, *Cæſar!* Oh, behold,
How Pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* does
Ev'n make me wild. Oh ſlave, of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd—What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt

the paper is, that *Cleopatra* puts into his hand? But I have reſtor'd the reading of the old books, which carries a dignity ſuitable to the ſubject. *Cæſar* takes pains to comfort her; and tells her, that ſhe herſelf ſhall direct him in every thing for her own relief and ſatisfaction. He repeats the ſame conſolation to her in other terms when he leaves her:

——Therefore, be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your priſons: no, dear Queen;
For we *intend* ſo to *diſpoſe* you, as
Yourſelf ſhall *give* us *counſel.*

(65) ——*'Tis exactly valued,*
Not petty things admitted.]

Sagacious editors! *Cleopatra* gives in a liſt of her wealth, ſays, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty things are not *admitted* in this liſt: and then ſhe appeals to her treaſurer, to vouch, that ſhe has reſerv'd nothing to herſelf. Nay, and when he betrays her in this point, ſhe is reduced to the ſhift of exclaiming againſt the ingratitude of ſervants to a prince in his decline, and of making apologies for having ſecreted certain trifles. What conſiſtency is there in ſuch a conduct? And who does not ſee, that we ought to read?

——*'Tis exactly valued;*
Not petty things omitted.

For this declaration lays open her falſhood; and makes her angry, when her treaſurer detects her in a direct lie.

Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe!——

Cæſ. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
(66) Doing the honour of thy Lordlineſs
To one ſo weak, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæſar*,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods!——it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;——
(67) Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
Through

(66) *Doing the honour of thy Lordlineſs*
To one ſo meek.]

Theſe editors, like Sir *Martin Mart-all*, are perpetually plunging into freſh abſurdities. Surely, *Cleopatra* muſt be bantering *Cæſar*, to call herſelf *meek*, when he had the moment before ſeen her fly at her *treaſurer*, and wiſhing to tear out his eyes. I correct,

To one ſo weak;

i. e. ſo ſhrunk in fortune and power: vanquiſh'd, and ſpoil'd of her kingdom. Beſides, ſhe might alude to her bodily decay. For *Plutarch* tells us, that ſhe receiv'd *Cæſar*, as ſhe was lying on a poor pallat-bed; that ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, in her ſhift; that her hair was torn off, and her face mangled; that her voice was low and trembling, and her eyes ſunk into her head with continual weeping: ſo that ſhe was in a *pitiful ſtate*. And notwithſtanding all theſe concurring ſymptoms of weakneſs and decay, there is no inconſiſtency in her flying at her *treaſurer*: for, on any ſudden provocation, the agonies of reſentment will exert againſt the loweſt infirmity, and put Nature on the ſtrain.

(67) *Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits*
Through th' aſhes of my chance.]

If the text be genuine, this muſt be the alluſion; ſhe conſiders herſelf, in her downfall, as a fabrick deſtroy'd by fire: and then would intimate, that the ſame fire has reduc'd her ſpirits too to cinders; i. e.

ough th' aſhes of my chance: wert thou a man,
u would'ſt have mercy on me.
Cæſ. Forbear, *Seleucus.* [thought
Cleo. Be't known, that we the greateſt are miſ-
things that others do; and, when we fall,
anſwer others' merits, in our names
e therefore to be pitied.
Cæſ. Cleopatra,
ot what you have reſerv'd nor what acknowledg'd,
ut we i'th' roll of conqueſt, ſtill be't yours;
eſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore, be cheer'd:
Make not your thoughts your priſons; no, dear Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel: feed, and ſleep.
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and ſo, adieu.
Cleo. My maſter, and my Lord!
Cæſ. Not ſo:—adieu. [*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his train.*
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me,
That I ſhould not be noble to myſelf.
But hark thee, *Charmian.* [*Whiſpers* Charmian.
Iras. Finiſh, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again.———(68)
I've ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit* Char
E

i. e. conſum'd the ſtrength and dignity of her ſoul and mind. *Warburton* thinks, the Poet wrote;

Through th' aſhes of my cheeks.

And, indeed, our Poet has an image in *Othello*, that ſeems to countenance this correction.

I ſhould make very *forges* of my *cheeks*,
That would to *cinders burn up* modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds.

(68) ———*Hie thee again.*
I've ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haſte.]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?
Char. Behold, Sir.
Cleo. Dolabella!
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before;
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good Queen; I muſt attend on *Cæſar.* [*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'ſt [thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The Gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras:* ſaucy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and ſcall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-o'-tune. The quick comedians
Extemp'rally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatneſs,
I'th' poſture of a whore.

Freinſhemius has obſerv'd, upon a paſſage of *Quintus Curtius*, that your beſt writers very often leave ſome things to be underſtood from the conſequence and implication of words, which the words themſelves do not expreſs. *Ità ſæpiſſimè optimi quique Scriptores volunt quædam intelligi ex conſequentiâ Verborum, quæ ipſi non aperte dixerunt.* Our author obſerves this conduct here. *Cleopatra* muſt be ſuppos'd to mean, ſhe has ſpoke for the aſp, and it is provided, tho' ſhe ſays not a word of it in direct terms.

Iras.

Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay, that's certain.
Iras. I'll never ſee it; for, I'm ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. (69) Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt aſſur'd intents. Now, *Charmian:*

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My beſt attires. I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go ——
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll diſpatch indeed;
And when thou'ſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day——bring our Crown, and all.
[*A noiſe within.*
Wherefore this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument
[*Exit Guardſman.*
May do a noble deed!—he brings me liberty.

(69) ——————*Why, that's the way*
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd *intents.*]
As plauſible as this epithet may at firſt glance appear, I have great ſuſpicions of it. Why ſhould *Cleopatra* call *Cæſar*'s deſigns abſurd? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, ſuch; with regard to his own glory: and her finding an expedient to diſappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think, the Poet wrote;
——————*and to conquer*
Their moſt aſſur'd *intents.*
i. e. the purpoſes, which they are moſt determin'd to put in practice; make themſelves moſt ſure of accompliſhing. So, in *Lear*:
——————All, that offer to defend him,
Stand in *aſſured* loſs.
So, before in this play, by an equivalent epithet;
That Nature muſt compell us to lament
Our moſt *perfifted* deeds.

My

My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman, *and* Clown *with a baſket.*

Guardſ. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lie, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty. How ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt! truly, ſhe makes a very good report o'th' worm: but he, that will believe half that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by all that they do: (70) but this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted but in the keeping of wiſe people; for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

(70) *But he that will believe* all *that they ſay, ſhall never be ſav'd by* half *that they do.*] *Shakeſpeare*'s clowns are always jokers, and deal in ſly ſatire. 'Tis plain, this muſt be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places with one another. Mr. *Warburton.*

Cleo.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think, I am ſo ſimple, but I know, the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whore-ſon devils do the Gods great harm in their women! for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

Clown. Yes, forſooth, I wiſh you joy o'th' worm. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt*'s grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick——methinks, I hear
Antony call, I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act. (71) I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæſar*, which the Gods give men
T'excuſe their after-wrath. Huſband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life. So——have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewel.
[*Applying the aſp.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? doſt fall? [*To* Iras.
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras *dies.*

Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may ſay,
The Gods themſelves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me baſe——

(71) ——————*I hear him mock*
The luck of Cæſar, *which the Gods give men*
T' excuſe their after-wrath.]
This, poſſibly, might have been ſhadow'd out from *Claudian*
——————*Jàm non ad* culmina *rerum,*
Injuſtos creviſſe queror: *tolluntur in altum,*
Ut lapſu graviore ruant. *In* Rufinum. *lib.*
Mr. *Warbur*

'ſhe firſt meet the curled *Antony*,
[e'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs,
Vhich is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
Vith thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
[*To the ſerpent.*
)f life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
e angry, and diſpatch. Oh, couldſt thou ſpeak,
'hat I might hear thee call great *Cæſar* aſs,
Inpolicied!
Char. Oh eaſtern ſtar!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
)oſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
'hat ſucks the nurſe aſleep?
Char. O break! O break!
Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,
) *Antony!*——Nay, I will take thee too.——(72)
[*Applying another Aſp to her arm.*
What

(72) *O* Antony! *nay I will take* thee *too.*] As there has been hi-herto no break in this verſe, nor any marginal direction, *thee* neceſ-rily muſt ſeem to refer to *Antony*. But 'tis certain, *Cleopatra* is ere deſign'd to apply one aſpick to her arm, as ſhe had before clap'd ne to her breaſt. And the laſt ſpeech of *Dolabella* in the play is a nfirmation of this.

Here, on her *breaſt*,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown;
The like is on her *arm*.

Dion-Caſſius, in the 51ſt book of his *Roman* hiſtory, is expreſs as to nall punctures of the aſp being diſcover'd only on her arm. σύριμαλα γὰρ λεπτὰ περὶ τὸν βραχίονα αὐτῆς ΜΟΝΑ εὑρέθη. And *Plutarch* ſays, towards the concluſion of *M. Antony*'s life, that ſhe nd two marks imprinted by the ſting of the aſp: and that *Cæſar* rried a ſtatue of her in triumph, with an aſp fixed to her arm. lowever, the application of the aſpick to her breaſt is not the in-ention of our Poet. *Virgil*, who ſays nothing of the locality of er wounds, plainly intimates that ſhe applied two of theſe veno-ous creatures.

Necdum etiam geminos *à tergo reſpicit* Angues. Æneid. VIII.

trabo, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Eutropius*, and *Lucius Florus*, leave thi matter as much at large. But I remember to have ſeen pictures of *Cleopatra* (of what age, I can't ſay) with the aſpick on her boſom, nd her breaſt bloody. Beſides, *Leonardo Auguſtini*, among his an-que gemms, exhibits one of *Cleopatra* upon an agot, with an aſpick iting her right breaſt. And *Strada*, the *Mantuan* antiquary, who

What ſhould I ſtay——— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world? ſo, fare thee well:
Now, boaſt thee, Death, in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd——Downy windows, cloſe;
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play———

Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæſar* hath ſent———

[Charmian *applies the Aſp.*

Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger.
Oh, come apace, diſpatch, I partly feel thee. [guil'd.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well. *Cæſar*'s be-

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian?* is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal Kings.
Ah, ſoldiers!——— [Charmian *dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead!

Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyſelf art coming

gives us a medal of this princeſs, ſays, that ſhe dy'd by ſerpents apply'd to her breaſts. And *Domitius Calderinus*, upon the 59th epigram of the IVth book of *Martial*, ſays preciſely, that ſhe procur'd her own death by applying aſps to her breaſt and arm. *Nam* Cleopatra *admotâ aſpide* & Mamillæ & Brachio *ſibi mortem conſcivit.* Had *Shakeſpeare* invented the circumſtance, poetic licence, and the delicacy of his imagery, had been a ſufficient plea: but we find him true to authority, as well as to himſelf, in turning an occaſional hint into an unexpected beauty.

Doſt thou not ſee my *baby* at my *breaſt*,
That *ſucks* the nurſe *aſleep*?

For this has a double elegance; not only as it preſents us with an amiable picture, but as it expreſſes too the benumning effects of the aſp ſtealing faſt upon her.

To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar *and Attendants.*

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæſar.*

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Cæſ. Braveſt at laſt:
She levell'd at our purpoſe, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths? —
I do not ſee them bleed.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his baſket.

Cæſ. Poiſon'd then!

1 *Guard.* Oh *Cæſar!*
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.

Cæſ. Oh noble weakneſs!
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling; but ſhe looks like ſleep; (73)
As

(73) ——————*But ſhe looks like* ſleep.]
The Poet has made *Cleopatra* herſelf, above, ſpeaking of the operation of the aſpick, give us this fine image;

Do'ſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe *aſleep?*

And in this deſcription he is preciſely juſt to hiſtory. *Lucius Florus*, lib. iv. c. 11. (and *Jornandes* literally from him) ſpeaks of her diſſolution, as of a falling into a ſlumber. *Admotiſq; ad Venas ſerpentibus, ſic* mortem, *quaſi* ſomno, ſoluta *eſt.* And *Solinus*, deſcribing the different ſorts of aſpicks, ſays, two particularly were employ'd to give death; that call'd *dipſas*, which kill'd by exceſſive thirſt; and the *hypnale*, which deſtroys by *ſleep*, of which *Cleopatra* is a teſtimony. And to this eaſy method of her dying, *Propertius* has likewiſe alluded;

Brachia ſpectavi ſacris admorſa Colubris,
Et trahere occultum *Membra* ſoporis iter. Lib. iii. Eleg. 10.

Lucan, in the IXth book of his *Pharſalia*, where he expatiates on the multitude and diverſity of *African* ſerpents, remembers, among the reſt, the ſtupifying quality of the aſpick;

Aſpida ſomniferum *tamidâ cervice levavit,*

and

As ſhe would catch another *Antony*
In her ſtrong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail;
And theſe fig-leaves have ſlime upon them, ſuch
As th' aſpick leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.
Cæſ. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd; for her phyſician tells me,
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the Monument:
She ſhall be buried by her *Antony*.
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them; and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And then to *Rome*: come, *Dolabella*, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

and deſcribes one bit by it, who confeſs'd no pain, but died inſtantly, as of a lethargy.

——————*nulloque dolore*
Teſtatus morſus, ſubitam caligine mortem
Accipis, & Stygias ſomno deſcendis ad umbras.

Ovid likewiſe mentions this *hypnotick* quality of the aſpick, and calls it the *foreign ſerpent*.

Plenaque ſomniferis *ſerpens peregrina Venenis.*

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britaine.
Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Huſband.*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a Gentleman in love with the Princeſs, and privately married to her.*
Guiderius, } *Diſguis'd under the names of* Paladour *and*
Arviragus, } Cadwal, *ſuppoſed Sons to* Belarius.
Belarius, *a baniſh'd Lord, diſguis'd under the name of* Morgan.
Philario, *an* Italian, *Friend to* Poſthumus.
Iachimo, *Friend to* Philario.
Caius Lucius, *Ambaſſador from* Rome.
Piſanio, *Servant to* Poſthumus.
A French *Gentleman, Friend to* Philario.
Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
Helen, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Ghoſts, a Soothſayer, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Britaine; *ſometimes in* Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britaine.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENTLEMAN.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, (whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow

1) CYMBELINE.] That part of the fable, on which the ress of this play is built, (viz. *Posthumus*'s jealousy of his wife, from own indiscretion) is borrow'd, as Mr. *Gildon* and others have ob- 'd, from *Boccace*, Day 2d, Novel 9th. And the *Italian* novelist ns to me to have founded his tale on *Collatinus*'s extravagant ses of his wife to young *Tarquin* and others: to which idle con- t the rape of *Lucrece* was solely owing. Mr. *Pope* has remark'd, t little, besides the names, is historical in this play. On the con- y, it appears to me, that the Author has taken pains to insert nts of history, both *British* and *Roman*, in the detail of his sce- y. Indeed, he sometimes puts a change upon *facts*, as well as verts the *chronology* of actions; of which I shall take particular ice in the proper places. So, with like licence, amongst names y *British* and *Roman*, he jumbles such as these, *Iachimo*, *Syenne*, *ard du Champ*, *Fidele*, *Philario*, and *Pisanio*; all of a more mo- n origin and deflection.

That late he married) hath referr'd herſelf
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.
She's wedded;———
Her huſband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd: All
Is outward ſorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath loſt her, too: ſo is the Queen,
That moſt deſir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they ſcoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why ſo?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miſs'd the Princeſs, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and, he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack, good man!
And therefore baniſh'd) is a creature ſuch,
As, to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You ſpeak him farr. (2)

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himſelf;
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did join his honour (3)
Againſt

(2) 2 Gent. *You ſpeak him* fair.
1 Gent. *I do* extend *him, Sir, within himſelf.*]
I don't know what conſonance our modern editors could find betwixt *ſpeaking fair* and *extending*: no more, I believe, than they have authority for the reading. I have reſtor'd with the old books;
You ſpeak him farr.
i.e. You ſpeak widely, with latitude, in his praiſes: and then the other anſwers with great propriety; "Sir, as *widely* as I ſpeak of "him, I *extend* him within the lifts and compaſs of his own merit."

(3) ———*who did join his honour*
Againſt the Romans, *with* Caſſibelan;]
Lud, (from whom, as ſome ſuppoſe, *Ludgate* deriv'd its name) began
to

Againſt the *Romans*, with *Caſſibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, (4) whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, *Leonatus*:
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who, in the wars o'th' time,
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand: For which, their father
(Then old and fond of iſſue) took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred.
His ſpring became a harveſt: liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to th' more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them; and to the graver,

to reign over the ſouthern parts of our iſle about 70 years before the *Chriſtian Æra*. He reign'd but eleven years; and, upon his demiſe, (or, rather, his murder; for the hiſtorians are expreſs, and concur in this point) *Caſſibelan*, his brother, uſurp'd the government from *Lud*'s two ſons then in their minority. About the 9th year of *Caſſibelan*'s reign, *Julius Cæſar* made his firſt deſcent upon *Britaine*, and met with repulſe. The next ſeaſon, he again invaded us; and then, after ſeveral ſkirmiſhes and ſome pitch'd battles waged with the *Romans*, the *Britons* being worſted, and revolting by degrees from *Caſſibelan*, he was oblig'd to ſue to *Cæſar* for terms, and to yield to the payment of an annual tribute to the *Romans* as conquerors. POLYÆNUS (in his *Stratagemata*) tells us, that the *Britons* fled, thro' the terror they conceiv'd at ſight of *Cæſar*'s elephants. *Cæſar*, in his *Commentaries*, mentions not one word of elephants employ'd in this ſervice: it muſt be look'd upon therefore as an idle fable, and of no credit.

(4) TENANTIUS.] *Tenantius* (or *Theomantius*) who was the younger ſon of *Lud*, and who had aided *Julius Cæſar* againſt *Caſſibelan*, upon his uncle's death, about 45 years before *Chriſt*, recover'd the domonions that had been uſurp'd from his brother and him by *Caſſibelan*. He reign'd 22 years; and in his 10th year happen'd the aſſaſſination of *Julius Cæſar*. Our Author hints here at this prince having war with the *Romans*: and the queſtion of his refuſing the *tribute*, agreed to by his uncle, will be canvaſs'd in a ſubſequent note.

A child that guided dotards. To his miſtreſs,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her own price
Proclaims, how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is ſhe ſole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two ſons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it;) the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I'th' ſwathing clothes the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtol'n; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children ſhould be ſo convey'd,
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them,———

1 *Gent.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We muſt forbear. Here comes the Gentleman
The Queen, and Princeſs. [*Exeunt*

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, *and attendants.*

Queen. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daughter
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
I'll-ey'd unto you: You're my priſ'ner, but
Your gaoler ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock up your reſtraint. For you, *Poſthumus*,
So ſoon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his ſentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.

Poſt. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying

Th

ıgs of barr'd affections; though the King
ıarg'd, you ſhould not ſpeak together. [*Exit.*
Diſſembling courteſy! how fine this tyrant
kle, where ſhe wounds! My deareſt huſband,
hing fear my father's wrath, but nothing
s reſerv'd my holy duty) what
e can do on me. You muſt be gone,
hall here abide the hourly ſhot
ry eyes: not comforted to live,
t there is this jewel in the world,
may ſee again.
My Queen! my Miſtreſs!
, weep no more, leſt I give cauſe
ſuſpected of more tenderneſs
loth become a man. I will remain
yall'ſt huſband, that did e'er plight troth;
idence in *Rome*, at one *Philario*'s;
› my father was a friend, to me
but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
ith mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,
ı ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

r. Be brief, I pray you;
King come, I ſhall incur I know not
uch of his diſpleaſure—yet I'll move him [*Aſide.*
k this way; I never do him wrong,
does buy my injuries; to be friends,
:ar for my offences. [*Exit.*
Should we be taking leave,
ı a term as yet we have to live,
thneſs to depart would grow:—adieu!
Nay, ſtay a little———
'ou but riding forth to air yourſelf,
arting were too petty. Look here, love,
iamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
ep it till you woo another wife,
Imogen is dead.
How, how? another!
:ntle Gods, give me but this I have,

And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While ſenſe can keep thee on! and ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you. For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this faireſt priſ'ner.

Imo. O, the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

Enter Cymbeline, *and Lords.*

Poſt. Alack, the King!———

Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid; hence, from my ſight:
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt. Away!
Thou'rt poiſon to my blood.

Poſt. The Gods protect you,
And bleſs the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.

Cym. O diſloyal thing, (5)
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yare age on me.

Imo.

(5) ———*O diſloyal thing,*
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A year's *age on me.*]
The King lov'd his daughter, and was much vex'd and diſappointed at her having marr.ed againſt his conſent. But, ſurely, his ſorrow was not very extreme, if the effects of it only added one year to his age. Others have complain'd, of bringing their grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave. Our *Cymbeline* ſeems a more temperate mourner. But we muſt correct, as my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to me,
A yare *age on me.*
i. e. a ſudden, precipitate, old age. For the word ſignifies not only *nimble, dextrous*, as it is many times employ'd in our Author; but likewiſe, as SKINNER expounds it, *fervidus, promptus*, præceps, *impatiens.*

Imo. I beſeech you, Sir.
Harm not yourſelf with your vexation;
I'm ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grace.
Cym. Thou might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my Queen.
Imo. O, bleſt, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. [throne
Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my
A ſeat for baſeneſs.
Imo. No, I rather added
A luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.
Cym. What!——art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt, Sir; heav'n reſtore me! 'would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-ſhepherd's ſon!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing;——
They were again together, you have done
[*To the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beſeech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,

patient. The miſtake might ariſe, in the firſt editors, from the bad orthography of thoſe days, they writing *yeare* for *yare*. And ſo, in ſome editions of CHAUCER, in his Legend of *Philomela*, we find it ſpelt.

This Tereüs *let him make his ſhippés* yeare,
And into Greece *himſelf is forthe yfare.*

Shippes yeare, *i. e.* yare, nible, light veſſels, fit for ſailing.

Leave us t' ourſelves, and make yourſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fy, you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant. How now, Sir? what news?
Piſ. My Lord your ſon drew on my maſter.
Queen. Hah!
No harm, I truſt, is done?
Piſ. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd, than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I'm very glad on't.
Imo Your ſon's my father's friend, he takes his part,
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir!——
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
Myſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your maſter?
Piſ. On his command; he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.
Piſ. I humbly thank your Highneſs.
Queen. Pray, walk a while. [with me;
Imo. About ſome half hour hence, pray you, ſpeak
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice. Where

: air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad
oleſome as that you vent.
if my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it——
I hurt him?
rd. No, faith: Not ſo much as his patience.
[*Aſide.*
rd. Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carcaſs, if
not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for ſteel, if it be
rt.
rd. His ſteel was in debt, it went o'th' backſide
vn. [*Aſide.*
. The villain would not ſtand me.
rd. No, but he fled *forward* ſtill, toward your
[*Aſide.*
rd. Stand you? you have land enough of your
but he added to your Having, gave you ſome
l.
rd. As many inches as you have oceans, pup-
[*Aſide.*
I would, they had not come between us.
rd. So would I, till you had meaſur'd how long
you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*
And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and re-
e!——
rd. If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe's
l. [*Aſide.*
rd. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
ain go not together. She's a good ſign, but I
en ſmall reflection of her wit.
rd. She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection
hurt her. [*Aſide.*
Come, I'll to my chamber: 'would, there had
me hurt done!
rd. I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of
which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*
You'll go with us?
rd. I'll attend your Lordſhip.
Nay, come, let's go together.
rd. Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Imogen's *Apartments*.

Enter Imogen, *and* Piſanio.

Imo. I Would, thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o'th' haven,
And queſtion'd'ſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is. What was the laſt
That he ſpake with thee?

Piſ. 'Twas, "His Queen, his Queen!"

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Piſ. And kiſs'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senſeleſs linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Piſ. No, Madam; (6) for ſo long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhouldſt have made him

(6) ——————*for ſo long*
As he could make me with his *eye or ear*
Diſtinguiſh him from others,] But how could *Poſthumus* make himſelf diſtinguiſh'd by his *ear* to *Piſanio*? By his tongue he might, to the other's ear: and this was certainly *Shakeſpeare*'s intention. We muſt therefore read, as Mr. *Warburton* hinted to me;
As he could make me with this *eye, or ear,*
Diſtinguiſh him from others.
The expreſſion is διὰ λιτῶς, as the *Greeks* term it: the party ſpeaking points to the part ſpoken of. So *Polonius* in *Hamlet*;
Take *this* from *this*, if this be otherwiſe.
i. e. take my head from my neck; both which *Polonius* points to whilſt he ſpeaks. So, *Hector* to *Æneas*, in *Virgil*:
——————*Si Pergama dextrâ*
Defendi poſſent, etiàm hâc *defenſa fuiſſent.* Æneid. II.
And ſo, in *Terence*;
Sof. *Satin' hoc certum eſt?*
Ge. *Certum*; hiſce *oculis egomet vidi, Softrata.* Adelph. *A.* 3. *S.* 2.
And a multitude of inſtances might be quoted to prove this uſage.

As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.
Piſ. Madam, ſo I did. ['em, but
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt
To look upon him; 'till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?
Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or, I could make him ſwear,
The She's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T'encounter me with oriſons; (for then
I am in heaven for him;) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Deſires your Highneſs' company.
Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.
Piſ. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *and a* French *man.*

Iach. BElieve it, Sir, I have ſeen him in *Britaine*; he was then of a creſcent note; expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he has been allowed the

name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *Items*.

Phil. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, (wherein he muſt be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of thoſe, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which elſe an eaſy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were ſoldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the *Briton*. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Poſt. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you over-rate my poor kindneſs; I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a pur-

a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay, it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fal'n both.

Iach. Can we with manners aſk, what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our country miſtreſſes: This Gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſte, conſtant, qualified, and leſs attemptable than any of the rareſt of our ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Poſt. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Poſt. Being ſo far provoked, as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing; tho' I profeſs myſelf her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany*. If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſtres many I have beheld, I could not believe, ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her; ſo do I my ſtone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Poſt.

Poſt. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken; the one may be ſold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you:———

Poſt. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtol'n too; ſo, of your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail and the other caſual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accompliſh'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your *Italy* contains none ſo accompliſh'd a courtier to convince the honour of my miſtreſs; if in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt, you have ſtore of thieves, notwithſtanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair miſtreſs; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.———

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation: And to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſuaſion; and, I doubt not, you'd ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſt.

Poſt. A repulſe; though your attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would, I had put my eſtate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; who in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: (7) my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies' fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But, I ſee, you have ſome religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my ſpeeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

(7) Poſt. ——————*my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.*

Iach.] *You are* a friend, *and therein the wiſer.*] I am ſure, *Iachimo* talks like none of the *wiſeſt*, in this kind of reaſoning. But what ideas, in the name of Nonſenſe, could the editors entertain of *Poſthumus* being *a friend*, becauſe he would not venture to wager his ring? I correct, with certainty;

You are afraid, *and therein the wiſer.*

What *Iachimo* ſays, in the cloſe of his ſpeech, determines this to have been our Poet's reading.

But, I ſee, you have ſome religion in you, that you fear.

Iach.

Iach. By the Gods, it is one. If I bring you not ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are yours: ſo is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you ſhall anſwer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate. If ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe; for your ill opinion, and th' aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for *Britaine*, leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Poſth. *and* Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britaine.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius *with a Phial.*

Queen. WHILE yet the dew's on ground, gather thoſe flowers:
Make haſte.——Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, Madam.

Queen. Diſpatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, maſter Doctor, have you brought thoſe drugs?

Cor. Pleaſeth your Highneſs, ay; here they are,
But I beſeech your Grace, without offence, [Madam;
(My conſcience bids me aſk) wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt pois'nous compounds?

Which

are the movers of a languiſhing death;
ough ſlow, deadly.
ı. I do wonder, Doctor,
ſk'ſt me ſuch a queſtion; have I not been
ıpil long? haſt thou not learn'd me how
ce perfumes? diſtil? preſerve? yea, ſo,
ur great King himſelf doth woo me oft
confections? having thus far proceeded,
thou think'ſt me dev'liſh) is't not meet,
did amplify my judgment in
:onclufions? I will try the forces
e thy compounds on ſuch creatures as
ınt not worth the hanging, (but none human;)
the vigour of them, and apply
ients to their act; and by them gather
ev'ral virtues and effects.
Your Highneſs
om this practice but make hard your heart;
, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
oiſome and infectious.
n. O, content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

omes a flatt'ring raſcal, upon him [*Aſide.*
firſt work; he's for his maſter's ſake
my to my ſon. How now, *Piſanio?*
, your ſervice for this time is ended;
our own way.
I do ſuſpect you, Madam: [*Aſide.*
u ſhall do no harm.
n. Hark thee, a word.—— [*To* Piſanio.
I do not like her. She doth think, ſhe has
e ling'ring poiſons; I do know her ſpirit,
ill not truſt one of her malice with
; of ſuch damn'd nature. Thoſe, ſhe has,
upify and dull the ſenſe a while;
firſt, perchance, ſhe'll prove on cats and dogs,
afterwards up higher; but there is
nger in what ſhew of death it makes,
han the locking up the ſpirits a time,

To

To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.

Queen. No further ſervice, Doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? doſt thou think in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my ſon,
I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter; greater; for
His fortunes all lie ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'ſt up
[Piſanio *looking on the Phial.*
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't, as from thyſelf:
(8) Think, what a change thou chanceſt on; but think;—

(8) *Think what a* chance *thou* chanceſt *on,*——] I hardly think, our Author would have expreſs'd himſelf thus badly, on no neceſſity. Both the old *folio*'s read,

Think what a chance thou changeſt *on,*

But I ſuſpect, there is ſtill a ſlight error made by the firſt tranſcriber. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

Think what a change *thou chanceſt on,*

i. e. if you will fall into my meaſures, do but think how you will chance to change your fortunes for the better, in the conſequences that will attend your compliance.

Thou

Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my ſon;
Who ſhall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then myſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women—[*Exit* Piſa.
Think on my words.——A ſly and conſtant knave,
Not to be ſhak'd; the agent for his maſter;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her Lord.——I've giv'n him that,
Which, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of leidgers for her ſweet; and which ſhe, after,
Except ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, *and Ladies.*

So, ſo; well done, well done;
The violets, cowſlips, and the primroſes,
Bear to my cloſet; fare thee well, *Piſanio*,
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Piſ. And ſhall do:
But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myſelf; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A Father cruel, and a ſtepdame falſe,
A fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her huſband baniſh'd——O, that huſband!
My ſupreme crown of grief, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it—Had I been thief-ſtol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! (9) but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire, that's glorious. Bleſs'd be thoſe,
How

(9) ——————*but moſt miſerable*
Is the deſire, that's glorious.] Tho' this connects perfectly well both with what goes before, and what follows, yet it is obſcure enough to deſerve a ſhort comment. "Her huſband, *ſhe ſays*, proves her "ſupream grief. She had been happy, had ſhe been ſtol'n as her "brothers were; but now ſhe is moſt miſerable, as all thoſe are, who "have

low mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
/hich ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? fy!

Enter Piſanio, *and* Iachimo.

Piſ. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*
'omes from my Lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam?
'he worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
nd greets your Highneſs dearly.
Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
'ou're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich!
f ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare, [*Aſi*
he is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
lave loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
rm me, audacity, from head to foot:
)r, like the *Parthian*, I ſhall flying fight,
ather directly fly.

Imogen *reads.*

He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt.

Leonatus.

o far I read aloud:
lut even the very middle of my heart
s warm'd by th' reſt, and takes it thankfully.——
'ou are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
lave words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
n all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, faireſt Lady——
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes

' have a ſenſe of worth and honour ſuperiour to the vulgar: for this
' occaſions them infinite vexations, with the worthleſs and envious
' part of mankind. Had ſhe not had ſo refin'd a taſte, as to be only
' contented with the ſuperior merits of a *Poſthumus*; but could have
' taken up with a *Cloten*; ſhe might have eſcaped all theſe vexations.
' This elegance of taſte, that always diſcovers an excellence, and
' chuſes it, ſhe calls with the utmoſt ſtretch of the ſublime,——*the*
' *deſire that's glorious.*'' Mr. *Warburton.*

To

ee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
ea and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
: fiery orbs above, (10) and the twinn'd ſtones
)n th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not
rtition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
wixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye; (for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhe's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other:) Nor i'th' judgment;
(For Ideots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite:) Nor i'th' appetite:
(Slutt'ry, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
(11) Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.)

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire, (that tub,
Both fill'd and running;) ravening firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage———

(10) ———*and the twinn'd ſtones*
Upon the number'd *beach.*] I have no idea, in what ſenſe the beach, or ſhore, ſhould be call'd *number'd.* I have ventur'd, againſt all the copies, to ſubſtitute
Upon th' unnumber'd *beach.*
i. e. the infinite, extenſive beach, if we are to underſtand the epithet as coupled to that word. But I rather think, the Poet intended an *hypallage*, like that in the beginning of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*:
(In nova *fert Animus* mutatas *dicere formas*
Corpora.)
And then we are to underſtand the paſſage thus; *and the infinite number of twinn'd ſtones upon the beach.* The Poet has given them the ſame epithet before, in his *Lear.*
———The murm'ring ſurge,
That on th' *unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo far.

(11) *Should make deſire vomit* ev'n *emptineſs.*] None of the old books acknowledge this monoſyllable, *ev'n*; and therefore I have caſhier'd it. Mr. *Pope* inſerted it; and thought, no doubt, he was doing eminent ſervice to the verſe. He did not know, or obſerve, that the Poet intended here to make *deſire* a *triſyllable*; as he perpetually almoſt extends *fire* and *hour*, in ſcanſion, to *two ſyllables.*

Imo.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?
Iach. Thanks, Madam, well—'Beſeech you, Sir,
[*To* Piſanio.
Deſire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's ſtrange, and peeviſh.
Piſ. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.
Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there
So merry and ſo gameſome; he is call'd
The *Britaine* Reveller.
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one,
An eminent Monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home. He furnaces
The thick ſighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*
(Your Lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries Oh!
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be, will his free hours languiſh out
For aſſur'd bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman:* but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rds him [might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf, 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his, beyond all talents;
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck diſcern you in me,
Deſerves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I'th' dungeon by a ſnuff?
Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your—but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.
Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born;) diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe ev'ry touch would force the feeler's ſoul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes priſ'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; ſhould I, (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips, as common as the ſtairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood, as with labour;
Then glad myſelf by peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrous as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britaine.*
Iach. And himſelf. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce

The

The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearеſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my hea
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!—with diſeas'd venture
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon Poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd, if this be true?
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe;) if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana*'s prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? Revenge it:—
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.

Imo. What ho, *Piſanio!*——

Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!——I do condemn mine ears, that hav
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt; as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'ſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Piſanio!*——
The King my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,

A ſaucy

icy ſtranger in his court to mart
a *Romiſh* ſtew, and to expound
eaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
ttle cares for, and a daughter whom
ot reſpects at all. What ho, *Piſanio!*
b. O happy *Leonatus*, I may ſay;
redit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
ves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
ſſured credit! bleſſed live you long,
dy to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
try call'd his! and you his miſtreſs, only
ie moſt worthieſt fit! Give me your pardon.
e ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
deeply rooted; and ſhall make your Lord,
which he is, new o'er: and he is one
rueſt-manner'd, ſuch a holy witch,
he inchants ſocieties into him:
all men's hearts are his.
. You make amends.
b. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a deſcended God;
ith a kind of honour ſets him off,
than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
mighty Princeſs, that I have adventur'd
y your taking of a falſe report; which hath
ur'd with confirmation your great judgment,
election of a Sir, ſo rare,
h, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
me to ſan you thus; but the Gods made you,
e all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon.
. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i'th' court for yours.
b. My humble thanks, I had almoſt forgot
treat your Grace but in a ſmall requeſt,
et of moment too, for it concerns
Lord; myſelf, and other noble friends
artners in the buſineſs.
. Pray, what is't?
. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
eather of our wing) have mingled ſums
y a preſent for the Emperor:

Which I, the factor of the reſt, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquiſite form, their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: may it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety. Since
My Lord hath intereſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;
I muſt aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word,
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,
I croſt the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for you pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I muſt, Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our preſent.

Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſs'd the Jack upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! had an hundred pound on't; and then a whoreſon jack-a-apes muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I borrowed ine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my leaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his ate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it ould have run all out. [*Aſide.*

Clot. When a gentleman is diſpos'd to ſwear, it is not or any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my Lord; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Whoreſon dog! I give him ſatisfaction? 'would, e had been one of my rank.

2 *Lord.* To have ſmelt like a fool.——— [*Aſide.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth,—pox on't! I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they are not fight with me, becauſe of the Queen my mo-ier; every Jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, nd I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can atch.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too; and you row, cock, with your comb on. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Say'ſt thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your Lordſhip ſhould undertake very companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I ſhould commit ffence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your Lordſhip only.——

Clot. Why, ſo I ſay.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A ſtranger, and I know not on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus*'s friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your Lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian:* what I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip. [*Exit* Clot.

That ſuch a crafty devil, as his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs!——a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.——Alas, poor Princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
(12) More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act

Of

(12) *More hateful than the foul expulſion is*
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce——be'll make the Heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, &c.] What perpetual proofs occur of theſe editors' ſtupid indolence! They cannot afford even to add, or tranſpoſe, a ſtop, tho' the ſenſe be never ſo much concern'd in it. How would *Cloten*'s ſollicitations, if I might aſk theſe wiſe gentlemen, make the Heavens keep firm *Imogen*'s honour? Would the ſpeaker imply, that this wooer was ſo hateful, worthleſs a creature, the Heavens would purpoſely keep her honeſt in contempt of him? The Author meant no ſuch abſurd ſtuff. I dare be poſitive, I have reſtor'd

Of the divorce he'ld make.——The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unſhak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd Lord, and this great land!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it, a large trunk.*

Imogen *is diſcover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.*

Imo. WHO's there? my woman *Helen?*
Lady. Pleaſe you, Madam——
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed——
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o'th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me——ſleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beſeech ye. [*Sleeps.*
[Iachimo *riſes from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: our *Tarquin* thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded. *Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lily,
And whiter than the ſheets! that I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs——rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!——'tis her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,

reform'd his pointing, and by that retriev'd his true ſenſe. "This "woo'r, *ſays the ſpeaker*, is more hateful to her than the baniſhment "of her lord; or the horrid attempt of making that baniſhment "perpetual, by his marrying her in her lord's abſence." Having made this reflexion, he ſubjoins a virtuous wiſh, that Heaven may preſerve her honour unblemiſh'd, and her to enjoy her huſband back, and her rights in the *kingdom.*

To ſee th' incloſed lights, now canopy'd
Under theſe windows: white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct.——But my deſign's
To note the chamber——I will write all down,
Such, and ſuch, pictures—there, the window,—ſuch
Th' adornment of her bed——the arras, figures——
Why, ſuch, and ſuch—and the contents o'th' ſtory——
Ah, but ſome nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtify, t'enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!——Come off, come off.——
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As ſlipp'ry as the *Gordian* knot was hard.——
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I'th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock; and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more—to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where *Philomele* gave up——I have enough.——
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it. [ing
(13) Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night! that dawn-
May

(13) *Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night! that dawning*
May ope *the raven's eye.*] Mr. *Pope* has profeſs'd, that, in his editions, "the *various readings* are fairly put in the margin, ſo that "every one may compare them; and thoſe he has prefer'd into the "text are CONSTANTLY *ex fide codicum*, upon authority." I muſt own, I can't help ſuſpecting a little the veracity of this aſſertion; and I challenge him to produce any authentick copy of *Cymbeline*, that gives us this reading;

——*that dawning*
May ope *the raven's eye.*

From the firſt *folio*'s down to Mr. *Rowe*'s impreſſion, we find it conſtantly;

——*that*

May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene cl ſes.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the Palace, facing* Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter Cloten, *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* YOur Lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

——*that dawning*
May bear *the raven's eye.*

If I agreed with Mr. *Pope* in the meaning of this expreſſion, I could help him to an emendation, with a very minute change of the letters:

——*that dawning*
May bare *the raven's eye.*

i. e. make *bare, naked:* and this would be a much more poetical word than *ope.* Beſides, moſt birds, as well as many quadrupeds, have a membrane for nictation, call'd περιοφθάλμιον, which they can at pleaſure draw over their eyes, to defend them from too ſtrong a light: and when this membrane is withdrawn, the eye may very properly be ſaid to be *bared.*——But, notwithſtanding all this, the old books give us the genuine reading; which, I'll be bold to ſay, Mr. *Pope* has rejected, becauſe he did not underſtand. Why ſhould the dawn be ſaid peculiarly to open the raven's eye? The lark has always been counted the earlieſt ſtirrer amongſt the feather'd kind. For the dawn to *bear the raven's eye,* is, as Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly obſerv'd to me, a very grand and poetical expreſſion. It is a metaphor borrow'd from *heraldry*; as, again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

So that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him *bear* it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe.

That the dawn ſhould *bear the raven's eye,* means, that it ſhould riſe, and ſhew that colour. Now the raven's eye is remarkably *grey*: and *grey-ey'd,* 'tis known, is the epithet univerſally join'd to the morning. Nor has our *Shakeſpeare* forgot to allude to the morning being grey in other paſſages.

——and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus,* round about
Dapples the drowſy Eaſt with ſpots of *grey.* *Much Ado,* &c.
The hunt is up; the morn is bright and *grey.* *Tit. Andron.*
O, pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon *grey* lines,
That fret the clouds, are meſſengers of day. *Jul. Cæſ.*
And ſee, the morn, in *ruſſet* mantle clad. *Hamlet.*

For *ruſſet* is *dark-brown, grey.*

The *grey-ey'd* morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light.
&c. &c. &c. *Rom. and Jul.*

Clo. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 *Lord*. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordſhip; you are moſt hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould have gold enough: It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 *Lord*. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would, this muſick would come: I am advis'd to give her muſick o'mornings; they ſay, it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus *'gins ariſe,*
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-*buds begin*
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady ſweet, ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone—— if this penetrate, I will conſider your muſick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horſe-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Muſicians.*

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord*. Here comes the King.

Clo. I am glad I was up ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: he cannot chuſe but take this ſervice I have

have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cymb. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Encrease your services; so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties, which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness fore-spent on us,
We must extend our notice:——Our dear son,
When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
T'employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen.
[*Exeunt.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho!
[*Knocks.*
I know, her women are about her——what,
If I do line one of their hands?——'tis gold,

Which buys admittance, (oft it doth,) yea, makes
Diana's rangers falſe themſelves, yield up
Their deer to th' ſtand o'th' ſtealer: and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometimes, hangs both thief and true-man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not underſtand the caſe myſelf.
By your leave.—— [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?
Clot. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.
Lady. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe taylors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: what's your lordſhip's pleaſure?
Clot. Your lady's perſon; is ſhe ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.
Clot. There is gold for you, ſell me your good report.
Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good? The princeſs——

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, faireſt: ſiſter, your ſweet hand.
Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.
Clot. Still, I ſwear, I love you.
Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.
Clot. This is no anſwer.
Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me——'faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin; (14)
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners (15)
By being ſo verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am ſo near the lack of charity
T' accuſe myſelf, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boaſt.

Clot. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,

(14) *To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin;*
I will not.
Imo. *Fools* are *not mad folks.*
Clot. *Do you call me fool?*
Imo. *As I am mad, I do.*]

But does ſhe really call him fool? The ſoundeſt logician would be puzzled to find it out, as the text ſtands. The reaſoning is perplex'd in a ſlight corruption; and we muſt reſtore, as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſaw,

Fools cure *not mad folks.*

You are mad, ſays he, and it would be a crime in me to leave you to yourſelf.——Nay, ſays ſhe, why ſhould you ſtay? A fool never cur'd madneſs.——Do you call me fool? replies he, &c. All this is eaſy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the Poet's word, I think is very evident from what *Imogen* immediately ſubjoins.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures *us both.*

i. e. If you'll ceaſe to torture me with your fooliſh ſollicitations, I'll ceaſe to ſhew towards you any thing like madneſs: ſo a double cure will be effected, of your folly, and my ſuppos'd frenzy.

(15) *You put me to forget a lady's manners*
By being ſo verbal.]

This reflexion of *Imogen* upon her own ſex, that it ill becomes a lady to be loquacious, might very well be borrow'd from what *Ajax* ſays to *Tecmeſſa*, in *Sophocles*;

Γύναι, γυναιξὶ κόσμον ἡ σιγὴ φέρει. Ajac. Flagell. v. 295.
Woman, to women ſilence adds a grace.

(One, bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'th' court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties, (16)
(Yet who than he, more mean?) to knit their ſouls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary,) in ſelf-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The conſequence o'th' crown; and muſt not foil
The precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
A hilding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth;
A pantler; not ſo eminent.———

Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the ſon of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art beſides, thou wert too baſe
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be ſtil'd
The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd ſo well.

Clot. The ſouth-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment,
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made ſuch men. How now, *Piſanio?*

Enter Piſanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil———

(16) *And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,*
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their ſouls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary;) in ſelf-figur'd knot;]

Tho' I have not diſturb'd the text, Mr. *Warburton* and I have both concurr'd in ſuſpecting that the Poet wrote

———*in ſelf-finger'd knot:*

i. e. a match made up without more ceremony, than barely the parties ſtriking hands. It is our Author's mode of expreſſion. So in *Troil.* and *Creſſida:*

The bonds of Heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot five-*finger*-tied, &c.

And ſo, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*;

No, he ſhall not *knit* a *knot* in his fortunes with the *finger* of my ſubſtance.

Imo.

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hie thee preſently.
Clot. His garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worſe—go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too caſually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy maſter's. 'Shrew me,
If I would loſe it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think,
I ſaw't this morning; confident I am,
Laſt night 'twas on my arm; I kiſſed it.
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiſs ought but him.
Piſ. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo; go, and ſearch.
Clot. You have abus'd me——
His meaneſt garment?——
Imo. Ay, I ſaid ſo, Sir;
If you will make't an action, call witneſs to't.
Clot. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too;
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd,——
His meaneſt garment?——well. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* ROME.

Enter Poſthumus, *and* Philario.

Poſt. FEar it not, Sir; I would, I were ſo ſure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phil. What means do you make to him?
Poſt. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh,
That warmer days would come; in theſe fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodneſs, and your company,

O'er-

O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Auguſtus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commiſſion throughly. And, I think, (17)
He'll grant the tribute; ſend th' arrearages,
E'er look upon our *Romans*, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.
Poſt. I do believe,
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this ſhall prove a war; and you ſhall hear (18)
The legions, now in *Gallia*, ſooner landed

(17) ——————*And, I think,*
He'll grant the tribute, ſend th' arrearages,
Or *look upon our* Romans, *whoſe remembrance*
Is yet freſh in their grief.]

What a ſtrange looſe inference do the editors here make *Phillario* guilty of, that *Cymbeline* would do one thing, or t'other; either ſubmit to pay tribute, or diſpute the demand at ſword's point? Who doubts it? But this was none of the ſpeaker's meaning: he would give it as his thought, that the *Britains* would pay, *e'er* they would conteſt the matter: and ſo I have reform'd the text. I have ſhewn in my 21ſt note on *Titus Andronicus*, from CHAUCER, and the old gloſſaries, that *or* was formerly us'd for *e'er*, *before*: but this uſage, as I there obſerv'd, was become too obſolete for *Shakeſpeare*'s days.

(18) ——————*And you ſhall hear*
The legion *now in* Gallia *ſooner landed*
In our not-fearing Britaine, &c.]

Poſthumus is ſaying, that the *Britons* are much ſtrengthen'd ſince the time of *Julius Cæſar*'s attack upon them: would then the *Romans* think now of invading them with a *ſingle legion*? The Poet certainly wrote;

The legions *now in* Gallia, &c.

So, in four ſeveral paſſages afterwards:

The *pow'rs*, that he already hath in *Gallia*,
Will ſoon be *drawn*, &c.

To them, the *legions* garriſon'd in *Gallia*,
After your will, have *croſs'd* the *ſea*;

And that the *legions* now in *Gallia* are
Full-weak to undertake our *war* againſt
The fall'n-off *Britains*; that we do incite
The *gentry* to this buſineſs.

So pleaſe your Majeſty,
The *Roman legions*, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt, with *large ſupply*
Of *Roman gentlemen*.

our not-fearing *Britaine*, than have tidings
f any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
re men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæſar*
mil'd at their lack of ſkill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their diſcipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people ſuch
As mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See, *Iachimo.*——

Poſt. Sure, the ſwift harts have poſted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Poſt. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the faireſt I e'er look'd upon.

Poſt. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Poſt. Their tenour good, I truſt.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britaine* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Poſt. All is well yet.
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in *Britaine*; for the ring is won.

Poſt. The ſtone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſy.

Poſt. Make not, Sir,
Your loſs your ſport; I hope, you know, that we
Muſt not continue friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant,
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſs myſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Poſt. If you can make't apparent
That you have taſted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. (19) If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loſes
Your ſword or mine; or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumſtances
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber,——
(Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not; but profeſs,
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her *Roman*,
And *Cydnus* ſwell'd above the banks, or for
The preſs of boats, or pride:——A piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,

(19) ——*If not, the foul opinion*
You had of her poor *honour*, &c.]
Thus, Mr. *Rowe*; and thus, Mr. *Pope* as judiciouſly, as ſervilely, after him: and yet he pretends to have collated the old copies. But the two elder *folio*'s read, as I have reſtor'd,
You had of her pure *honour*.

Could

Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was———
Poſt. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More particulars
Muſt juſtify my knowledge.
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaſt *Diana*, bathing: never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb, out-went her;
Motion and breath left out.
Poſt. (20) This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The roof o'th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Poſt. What's this t' her honour? (21)

Let

(20) *This is a thing,*
Which you might from relation likewiſe read,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.]
To *read* from *relation*, i. e. from men's reports *vivâ voce*, is a figure, I am ſure, never us'd by *Shakeſpeare*; whatever, *reading* in any one's *eyes*, might have been: but this again is the manufacture of our modern editors. The old editions read, as I have reform'd the text.

(21) ———This is *her honour?*
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this, &c.]
Iachimo impudently pretends to have carried his point; and, in confirmation, is very minute in deſcribing to the huſband all the furniture and adornments of his wife's bedchamber. But how is fine furniture any ways a princeſs's honour? It is an *apparatus* ſuitable to her dignity, but certainly makes no part of her character. It might have been call'd her father's honour, that her allotments were proportion'd to her rank and quality. I am perſuaded, the Poet intended *Poſthumus* ſhould ſay; "This particular deſcription, which "you make, can't convince me that I have loſt my wager: your "memory

Let it be granted you have ſeen all this,
Praiſe be to your remembrance, the deſcription
Of what is in her chamber nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel; ſee!——
And now 'tis up again; it muſt be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Poſt. *Jove!*
Once more let me behold it: Is it that,
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She ſtripp'd it from her arm, I ſee her yet,
Her pretty action did out-ſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.

Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.

Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?

Poſt. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
It is a baſiliſk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above meaſure falſe!——

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable, ſhe loſt it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath ſtol'n it from her.

Poſt. Very true,

" memory is good; and ſome of theſe things you may have learned " from a third hand, or ſeen yourſelf; yet I expect proofs more di- " rect and authentick." I think, there is little queſtion but we ought to reſtore the place thus:

——————What's this t' *her honour?*

I propos'd this emendation in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to embrace it in his laſt edition.

And

And ſo, I hope, he came by't;—back my ring;—
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her,
More evident than this; for this was ſtole.
Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.
Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears; by *Jupiter* he ſwears.
'Tis true——nay, keep the ring—'tis true; I'm ſure,
She could not loſe it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to ſteal it!
And, by a ſtranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: ſhe hath bought the name of whore thus dearly;
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you!
Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perſuaded well of.——
Poſt. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying, under her breaſt,
Worthy the preſſing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiſt it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?
Poſt. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Poſt. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the turns: once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be ſworn——
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Poſt. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i'th' Court before
her father——I'll do ſomething—— [*Exit.*
Phil.

Phil. Quite beſides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers? we are baſtards all;
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was ſtampt. Some coyner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time; ſo doth my wife
The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*—that I thought her
As chaſte, as unſunn'd ſnow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour——was't not?——
Or leſs: at firſt? perchance, he ſpoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one, (22)
Cry'd, oh! and mounted; found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me—for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,

(22) *Like a full-acorn'd boar*, a churning *on*,]
This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading, without any authority. *A* Jermen one *in the firſt editions*; (ſays he) *ſince alter'd to a* German one.——And why not, pray? Is not *Weſtphalia* a part of *Germany*? And where are boars more delicately fed, or more likely to be rank and hot after female, than *German* ones?

Why

, hers, in part, or all; but rather all.——For even to vice
/ are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
vice, but of a minute old, for one
half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
ſt them, curſe them;——yet 'tis greater ſkill,
true hate, to pray, they have their will;
very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Palace.*

ter, in State, Cymbeline, *Queen,* Cloten, *and Lords at ne door; and at another,* Caius Lucius *and attendants.*

CYMBELINE.

NOW ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Cæſar*, (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this *Britaine*,
And conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan*, thine uncle, (23)
(Famous

(23) ——————Caſſibelan, *thine uncle,*
\- - - - - - - - -
\- - - - - *for him,*
And his ſucceſſion, granted Rome *a tribute,*
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee *lately*
Is left untender'd.]

The Poet muſt mean, *thy* great *uncle*, or uncle once remov'd: for *Cymbeline* was the ſon of *Tenantius*, who was the ſon of *Lud:* and *Lud* and *Caſſibelan* were brothers. But, I have hinted in the firſt note to this play, that our Author frequently has made bold with his hiſtory. The paſſage before us furniſhes more than one inſtance. It was in the 20th year of *Tenantius*'s reign, that *Auguſtus Cæſar* had a deſign, for the ſecond time, of invading us; and ambaſſadors came to him at *Ariminum* from *Britaine* to ſollicit a peace. So that it was *Tenantius* more probably, who had withheld the payment of the tribute granted by *Caſſibelan*. *Cymbeline*, on the other hand, 'tis ſaid,

was

(Famous in *Cæſar*'s praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it) for him,
And his ſucceſſion, granted *Rome* a tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Julius:* (24) *Britaine* is

was ſent over in his youth to *Rome*, received his education there, was careſs'd by *Auguſtus*, and called the *Friend* of the *Roman* people. Beſides, that *Cymbeline* acquieſced to this tribute, (as we have no vouchers to the contrary in hiſtory) may be gather'd from the old coin with his head on one ſide, and CUNOBELIN inſcrib'd round it; and TASCHIA, on the reverſe, i. e. an *impoſt*, or *tribute*. For *taſcu*, in the old *Britiſh*, means to *lay any burthen*. So *teſka*, among the *Sarmatians* and old *Celts*, ſignified an *impoſition* or *grievance*; and from the old *Taſcia* we derive our words uſed at this day, *tax* and *taſk*. ——But I ſhall have occaſion in the ſequel of this ſcene to inquire into the preciſe time, when our Poet ſuppoſes this war on *Britaine*: and from thence we ſhall eaſily glean his treſpaſs on chronology.

(24) ——————Britaine *is*
A world by't ſelf.]

In like manner, almoſt, has *Virgil* ſpoken of our *Britaine*;

Et penitùs toto diviſos orbe *Britannos.* Ecl. I.

And *Lucius Florus*, I obſerve, where he is mentioning what conqueſts are reſerv'd for *Julius Cæſar*, ſeems purpoſely to have copied this deſcription of the above quoted poet; *Et quamvis* toto orbe diviſa, *quî vinceret, habuit* Britannia. *Lib.* 3. *cap.* 10. *Claudian* likewiſe ſpeaks of us as divided from the *Roman* world;

——————Germanaque *tethys*
Paruit & noſtro diducta *Britannia* mundo. *In Paneg.* Theod.

And *Horace* calls us a people ſituated in the extremity of the creation:

Serves iturum Cæſarem *in* ultimos
Orbis *Britannos.* Lib. I. Ode 35.

And *Servius*, upon the paſſage in *Virgil*, has remark'd, that *Britaine* was called by the poets *alter Orbis terrarum*. But our Poet, perhaps, might have none of theſe claſſical paſſages in view, but be alluding to what is recorded of *Caſſibelan* in the chronicles. When *Comius* of *Arras* came to him with a meſſage from *Julius Cæſar*, in which homage, and ſubjection, and a tribute, were demanded, *Caſſibelan* reply'd; "That the ambition of the *Romans* was inſatiable, who "would not ſuffer *Britaine*, a *new world*, placed by Nature in the "ocean, and beyond the bounds of their empire, to lie unmoleſted."

A world

A world by't ſelf; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noſes.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your anceſtors: together with
The nat'ral brav'ry of your Iſle; which ſtands,
As *Neptune*'s park, ribbed and paled in
With oaks unſkaleable, and roaring waters;
With ſands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But ſuck them up to th' top-maſt. A kind of conqueſt
Cæſar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*. With ſhame,
(The firſt, that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaſt, 'twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point (25)
(Oh, giglet Fortune!) to maſter *Cæſar*'s ſword,
Made *Lud*'s town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britons* ſtrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our Kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*; other of them may have crook'd noſes, but to own ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*; I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a

(25) *The fam'd* Caſſibelan, *who was once at point (Oh, giglet Fortune!) to maſter* Cæſar's *ſword.*]
The Poet is here alluding to a private matter of fact, tho' he takes the liberty to put a change on the parties concern'd in it. The *Britiſh* hiſtory (as *Holingſhead* lets us know) has recorded, that *Nenius*, the brother of *Caſſibelan*, in one engagement fought hand to hand againſt *Cæſar*; who driving a furious blow at him, fix'd the blade of his ſword in *Nenius*'s ſhield: by which, *Cæſar* was in very imminent danger: but he happily diſengaged his weapon, and acquitted himſelf ſo manfully, that *Nenius* dy'd within 15 days of the wounds receiv'd in that encounter.

hand.—

hand.——Why, tribute? why ſhould we pay tribute? if *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from us with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. *Cæſar*'s ambiti
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th' world, againſt all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off,
Becomes a warlike people (which we reckon
Ourſelves to be) to do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, who (26)
Ordain'd our laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
Who was the firſt of *Britaine*, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.

Luc. I'm ſorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar*, that hath more Kings his ſervants, than

(26) *Our anceſtor was that* Mulmutius, *who Ordain'd our laws*, &c.] *Mulmutius Dunwallo*, (or *Dunvallo Molmutius*, as he is otherwiſe call'd) obtain'd the dominion of *Britaine* about 436 years before the birth of *Chriſt*, and 414 before the beginning of *Cymbeline*'s reign. He is ſaid to have held his government 40 years: and built the temple of *Peace*, where he was afterwards buried, in *London*, (then *Troynovant*) ſo often quoted by *Britiſh* chronologers. He compiled a ſet of wholeſome laws, that took their general name from him; which were ſaid to have been turn'd out of the *Britiſh* ſpeech into *Latin* by *Gildas*; (who was born, A. D. 493) and, long after, out of *Latin* into the *Saxon* idiom by King *Alfred*. He made himſelf of ſuch reverence and authority, that, by the conſent of the grandees of the land, he obtain'd a crown of gold; and caus'd himſelf with great ſolemnity to be crown'd, according to the cuſtom of the *Pagan* laws then in uſe. And becauſe he was the firſt, who wore a regal crown here, he is by ſome writers nam'd the firſt King of *Britaine*: all before him being ſtiled only rulers, dukes, or governors, ſaith HOLINGSHEAD.

Thyſelf

Thyſelf domeſtick officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then.——War and confuſion
In *Cæſar*'s name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myſelf.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
Thy *Cæſar* knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to ſeek of me again perforce, (27)
Behooves

(27) ——————*Of him I gather'd honour,*
Which he to ſeek of me again perforce,
Behoves me keep at variance.]

This is ſenſe, but it is one of thoſe ſophiſtications of the text, which Mr. *Pope*, notwithſtanding his aſſertions to the contrary, has obtruded upon us, without any countenance or authority from the old books. And why, forſooth, but becauſe he did not underſtand the genuine reading? All the copies, that I have ſeen, read;

Behoves me keep at utt'rance.

i. e. at all hazards, at the utmoſt extremity of peril. *Utterance*, extremity; ſays the old Gloſſary to CHAUCER: ſo, in a poem prefix'd to that Poet's works, and addreſs'd to the King and Knights of the Garter;

Ye lordis eke, ſhining in noble fame,
To which appropred is the maintenaunce
Of Chriſt's cauſe, in honour of his name,
Shove on, and put his foes to *utteraunce.*

i. e. extremity, *utter* deſtruction. So in the *Three Sieges of* Troy, printed by *Winken de Werde*;

His dolour and pain grew and enlarged to the *utterance.*

So Sir *Robert Dimock*, the champion at K. *Richard* the 3d's coronation, made proclamation, as *Holingſhead* tells us;

Whoever ſhall ſay, that King *Richard* is not lawful King, I will fight with him *at the utterance.*

i. e. to the hazard of death. So, likewiſe, elſewhere in our own Author;

——————But he has a merit
To choak it in the *utterance.* *Coriol.*

i. e. in the extreameſt point.

Rather than ſo, come *Fate* into the liſt,
And challenge me to th' *utt'rance.* *Macb.*

i. e. to the utmoſt peril, death itſelf. And our Author frequently gives us the ſame image, with a variation in the expreſſion.

——————There I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to th' *extreameſt point*
Of *mortal breathing.* *Richard* II.

Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect, (28)
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would ſhew the *Britons* cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.
Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

For I will throw my glove to *Death himſelf*. *Troil. and Creſſ.*
————————will you, the knights
Shall to the *edge* of all *extremity*
Purſue each other, *&c.* *Ibid.*
So be it, either to the *uttermoſt*,
Or elſe a *breath*. *Ibid.*

(28) ————————*I am perfect*,
That the Pannonians *and* Dalmatians, *for*
Their liberties, are now in arms.]

This circumſtance is again repeated afterwards by a *Roman* ſenator in this *Act*.

This is the tenour of the Emp'rour's writ;
That ſince the common men are now in action
'Gainſt the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, *&c.*

From this particularity we may preciſely fix the ſuppos'd date of this war on *Britaine*, for the recovery of tribute in arrear to *Rome*; and, at one view, ſee how our Author has jumbled facts againſt the known tenour of chronology. In the 10th year after the aſſaſſination of *Julius Cæſar*, (Anno U. C. 719) *Auguſtus* had a deſign of making a deſcent on *Britaine*: but was diverted from it by an inſurrection of the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, in order to ſhake off their ſubjection to *Rome*. Now this period of time was coincident with the 13th year of *Tenantius*'s reign, who was the father of *Cymbeline*: and *Tenantius* reign'd nine years after this.

Again, we find, from the very opening of our play, that *Cymbeline* had been at leaſt 23 years on the throne: for it was 20 years ſince his two ſons were ſtolen, and the eldeſt of them then was at leaſt 3 years old. Now the 23d of *Cymbeline* falls in with the 42d of *Auguſtus*, the very year in which *Chriſt* was born. So that our Author has confuſedly blended facts at 32 years diſtance from each other. Whether he was aware of, or neglected, this diſcordance in time, it has contributed to another abſurdity. It is ſaid more than once in our Play, *That the remembrance of the* Romans *is yet freſh in the* Britains' *grief*: i. e. that they ſtill felt the ſmart of their overthrow. Now *Julius Cæſar* ſubdued *Britaine*, 11 years before his aſſaſſination, in the year of *Rome* 698. This war on *Cymbeline* cannot be before the 42d year of *Auguſtus*: (U. C. 751) ſo that here is an interval of 53 years, a time ſufficient to eraſe the memory of the moſt dreadful enemy; eſpecially in a people, who are boaſting of the ſtrength they have acquir'd ſince their defeat.

Clot.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day or two, or longer: If you ſeek us afterwards on other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.———

Cym. I know your maſter's pleaſure, and he mine: All the remain is, welcome, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Piſanio, *reading a Letter.*

Piſ. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not, What monſters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!* Oh maſter, what a ſtrange infection Is fall'n into thy ear? what falſe *Italian*, (As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd On thy too ready hearing!—Diſloyal? no, She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes More goddeſs-like, than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults As would take in ſome virtue. Oh, my maſter! Thy mind to her is now as low, as were Thy fortunes. How? that I ſhould murder her? Upon the love and truth and vows, which I Have made to thy command!—I, her!—her blood! If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never Let me be counted ſerviceable.——How look I, That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity, So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter,* [*Reading.*

That I have ſent her, by her own command Shall give thee opportunity.——Damn'd paper! Black as the ink that's on thee: ſenſeleſs bauble! Art thou a fœdarie for this act, and look'ſt So virgin-like without? Lo, here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Piſanio?*

Piſ. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus:*

Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that aſtronomer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the future open.——You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my Lord's health, of his content;——(yet not
That we two are aſunder; let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them, (2
For it doth phyſick love;)——of his content,
All but in that.——Good wax, thy leave.—Bleſt be
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young *Cupid*'s tables: good news, Gods!

[*Reads*

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me; you, oh the dearſt of creatures, would even renew with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, Milford-Haven: *what your own love will out of this adviſe you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increaſing in love;*

Leonatus Poſthum

(29) *Some griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,*
For it doth phyſick love *of his content,*
All but in that.]

Thus Mr. *Pope* has wiſely pointed this paſſage in his 4to editio our Poet: by which it is demonſtrable, he did not underſtand it. grief *phyſicks love of his content*, then it purges his content a which is by no means our Author's meaning. All the editions confounded the ſenſe by a bad pointing: I have reform'd the w context; and will ſubjoin a ſhort paraphraſe by way of explana "*Imogen*, before ſhe opens the letter, prays, that the contents "may ſhew that her lord ſtill loves her; that he is in health; "that he taſtes content. Yet (ſays ſhe, as it were correcting "ſelf) let him not taſte a full and abſolute content; let it give "ſome grief that Fate has divided him and me; for that's a g "which will be medicinable, will exerciſe and ſupport his l "but in every other circumſtance let him enjoy content at hea ——I gave this explanation, and reform'd the pointing, in the *pendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has vouch to embrace my correction in his laſt edition.

Oh, for a horſe with wings! hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven:* read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Piſanio,*
Who long'ſt like me to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt,
(Oh, let me 'bate) but not like me; yet long'ſt,——
But in a fainter kind——oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond——Say, and ſpeak thick;
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing
To th' ſmoth'ring of the ſenſe——how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford:* and, by th' way,
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
T' inherit ſuch a haven. But, firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence? and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going
Till our return, t'excuſe——but firſt, how get hence?
Why ſhould excuſe be born, or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs; ſay,
She'll home t' her father: and provide me, preſent,
A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A *Frankin*'s houſewife.

Piſ. Madam, you'd beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here, (30)
Not

(30) *I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here,*
Nor what enſues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'.]

Where is the ſubſtantive, to which this relative plural, *them*, can poſſibly have any reference? There is none; and the ſenſe, as well as grammar, is defective. I have ventur'd to reſtore, againſt the authority of the printed copies,

Nor what enſues, but have a fog in ken,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Foreſt with a Cave, in* Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. A Goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys! this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the ſun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We houſe i'th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain ſport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which leſſens and ſets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war;
That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,

———————*but have a fog in* ken,
That I cannot look thro'.

Imogen would ſay, "Don't talk of conſidering, man; I neither ſee "preſent events, nor conſequences; but am in a miſt of Fortune, "and reſolv'd to proceed on the project determin'd." *In Ken*, means, in proſpect, within ſight, before my eyes. So, afterwards, in this play;

———————*Milford*,
When from the mountain-top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a *ken*.

So, in 2d *Henry* IV.

For, lo! within a *ken* our army lies.

And in many other paſſages.

But

But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold,
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'th' neſt; nor know,
What air's from home. Haply, this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known: well correſponding
With your ſtiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of,
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December*? how,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing;
We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb,
Is certain falling; or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I'th' name of fame and honour; which dies i'th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,

Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
Muſt curt'ſy at the cenſure:——Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With *Roman* ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
And when a ſoldier was the theam, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains (whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans*: ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, theſe twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the Lord o'th' feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate:
I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* Guid. *and* Arvir.
How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little, they are ſons to th' King;
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams, that they are alive.
They think, they're mine; tho' trained up thus meanly(31)
I'th'

(31) ——— ——— *tho' trained up thus meanly*
Here *in the cave*, wherein *their thoughts do hit*
The roof of palaces.]

Thus Mr. *Pope*; but the ſentence breaks off imperfectly. The old editions read,

I'th' cave, whereon the bow *their thoughts do hit*, &c.

Mr. *Rowe* ſaw, this likewiſe was faulty; and therefore amended it thus;

I'th' cave, where, on *the bow*, *their thoughts do hit*, &c.

I think,

I'th' cave, there, on the brow, their thoughts do hit
The roof of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*, (32)
(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britaine*, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*) *Jove!*——
When on my three-foot-stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, "thus mine enemy fell,
"And thus I set my foot on's neck"—— even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words—— The younger brother *Cadwall*,
(Once, *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd.——
Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conscience know,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou wast their nurse; they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy grave;
Myself *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit*.

think, it should be only with the alteration of one letter, and the addition of another;

I'th' cave, there, *on the* brow,——

And so the grammar and syntax of the sentence is compleat. We call the *arching* of a *cavern*, or *overhanging* of a *hill*, metaphorically, the *brow*; and in like manner the *Greeks* and *Latines* used ὀφρὺς, and *supercilium*.

(32) *This* Polydore,] Tho' the name be several times writ thus in the old books, I am persuaded it is not as the Author intended. It is a compound purely *Greek*, without the turn or foundation of a *British* name. The first time this name is mention'd in both the old *folio*'s, it is written *Paladour*, as I have reform'd the text; because this, as well as *Cadwal*, is of the *British* cast. What *Pala* in the first name, or *Wal* in the other, may signify, I am not deep enough in *Cambrian* to know; but *dour*, or *dhür*, means, *profluens aquæ*; as *Câd*, does *Caput*.

Enter Piſanio, *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now——*Piſanio*,
Where is *Poſthumus?* What is in thy mind,
That makes thee ſtare thus? wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication. Put thyſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtaider ſenſes—— what's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be ſummer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill. My huſband's hand?
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

Piſ. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

THY miſtreſs, Piſanio, *hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed: the teſtimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes, but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou*, Piſanio, *muſt act for me. If thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers, let thine own hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven. *She hath my letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.*

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out-

Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What chear, Madam?
Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that false to's bed!
Pis. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, *Iachimo*,——
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy* (33)
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors.——All good seeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought

(33) ——————*Some Jay of* Italy
(*Whose* mother *was her* painting) *hath betray'd him.*]
This passage has strongly lain under my suspicion, tho' I have not ventur'd to give it an emendation. If the text be genuine as it stands, it seems to me to have this sense, *whose mother was a bird of the same feather*; i. e. such another gay strumpet: which is severe enough. I have imagin'd, the Poet might have wrote;
(*Whose* mother *was her* planting)
i. e. was *bawd* to her, and *planted* her on *Posthumus*: which is still more sarcastical. Again, Mr. *Rowe* gives us a reading, which I should very eagerly espouse, were I sure the word were standard, and that it were not coin'd by the casual inversion of an *M.* into a *W*:
(Whose *wother* was her *painting*)
i. e. whose chief beauty was her artificial face, her false complexion. For Mr. *Gildon*, in his short glossary prefix'd to *Shakespeare*'s poems, comes and boldly tells us, *wother* signifies *merit*, *beauty*, &c. But I shrewdly suspect, he struck out these interpretations to sort with the sense of the reading he found in Mr. *Rowe*; and trusted implicitly to his theme being genuine. But I have search'd in vain, and can find no such word as *wother*. SPELMAN in his Glossary has ꝑcð, (i. e. *woth*) which he expounds, *eloquentia*, *facundia*, eloquence. But this, I am afraid, in no kind will serve our turn.

Put on for villany: not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pif. Madam, hear me———

Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Simon*'s weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy tear; took pity
From moſt true wretchedneſs. So thou, *Poſthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword myſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy maſter is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike;
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.

Pif. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's. 'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine,
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart—
(Something's afore't—ſoft, ſoft, we'll no defence;)
[*Opening her breaſt.*
Obedient as the ſcabbard!——What is here?
The ſcriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*
All turn'd to hereſy? away, away,
[*Pulling his letters out of her boſom.*
Corrupters of my faith! you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: tho' thoſe, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou, *Poſthumus*,
That ſet my diſobedience 'gainſt the King,
And made me put into contempt the ſuits
Of princely fellows, ſhalt hereafter find,

It

It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve myſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſ-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, diſpatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.

Piſ. O gracious Lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Piſ. I'll break mine eye-balls firſt.

Imo. Ah, wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horſes' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being abſent? whereunto I never
Purpoſe return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent, when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Piſ. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak,
I've heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But, ſpeak.

Piſ. Then, Madam,
I thought, you would not back again.

Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Piſ. Not ſo neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd; ſome villain,
And ſingular in his art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.

Imo.

And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble *Lucius*
Preſent yourſelf, deſire his ſervice, (36) tell him
Wherein you're happy; (which will make him ſo,
If that his head have ear in muſick;) doubtleſs,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad,
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm ſoldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pif. Well, Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel;
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble Miſtreſs,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're ſick at ſea,

(36) ——— *tell him,*
Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his head have ear in muſick, doubtleſs
With joy he will embrace you;] Thus, all the editions; but ſurely, the paſſage is faulty both in the text and pointing. *Which will make him know*, what? What connection has this with the reſt of the ſentence? *Shakeſpeare* can't be ſuſpected, certainly, of ſo bald a meaning as this; *If you'll tell him wherein you are happy, that will make him know wherein you're happy*: and yet this is the only meaning, I think, the words can carry, as they now ſtand. I take the Poet's ſenſe to be this. *Piſanio* tells *Imogen*, if ſhe would diſguiſe herſelf in the habit of a youth, preſent herſelf before *Lucius* the *Roman* general, offer her ſervice, and tell him wherein ſhe was *happy*, i. e. what an excellent talent ſhe had in ſinging; this would make him happy, if he had an ear for muſick, and he would gladly receive her. For, afterwards, *Belarius* and *Arviragus*, talking of *Imogen*, give this deſcription of her, whom they take for a boy:

Bel. This youth, howe'er diſtreſt, ſeems to have had
Good anceſtors.

Arv. How *angel-like* he *ſings!*

I reform'd the text in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to embrace my correction in his laſt edition.

Or

Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper—To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace of* Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, Cloten, Lucius, *and Lords.*

Cym. THUS far, and ſo farewel.
Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence;
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.
Cym. Our ſubjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourſelf
To ſhew leſs ſovereignty than they, muſt needs
Appear un-kinglike.
Luc. So, Sir: I deſire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befal your Grace, and you!
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:
So farewel, noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have croſt the *Severn.* Happineſs! [*Exit* Lucius, *&c.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant *Britons* have their wiſhes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs;

The

The powers, that he already hath in *Gallia*,
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britaine*.

Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.

Cym. Our expectation, that it ſhould be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in ſufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. 'Beſeech your Majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is ſhe, Sir? how
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?

Serv. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be given to th' loudeſt noiſe we make.

Queen. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe;
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer; this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? grant heav'ns, that, which I fear,
Prove falſe! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I ſay, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old ſervant,
I have not ſeen theſe two days. [*Exit.*

Queen.

Queen. Go, look after——
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus!*——
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that; for he believes,
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? haply, deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus*; gone ſhe is
To death, or to diſhonour; and my end
Can make good uſe of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *Britiſh* crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my ſon?
Clot. 'Tis certain, ſhe is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-ſtall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*
Clot. I love, and hate her;—for ſhe's fair and royal,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out-ſells them all: I love her therefore;—but,
Diſdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her judgment,
That what's elſe rare, is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall——

Enter Piſanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, ſirrah?
Come hither; ah! you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or elſe
Thou'rt ſtraightway with the fiends.
[*Drawing his Sword.*
Piſ. Oh, my good Lord!
Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not aſk again. Cloſe villain,

The [illegible] from thy heart, or rip
Will [illegible] it. Is she with *Posthumus?*
His [illegible] many weights of baseness cannot
[illegible] be drawn.
Bu[illegible] my Lord,
[illegible] with him? when was she miss'd?
Ha[illegible]
W[illegible] she, Sir? come nearer;
B[illegible]; satisfy me home,
T[illegible] of her.
A[illegible] worthy Lord!
W[illegible] villain!
V[illegible] thy mistress is, at once,
[illegible]; no more of *worthy Lord.*
[illegible] on the instant is
[illegible] and thy death.
[illegible]
I[illegible] history of my knowledge
[illegible]
A[illegible]; I will pursue her
[illegible] throne.
[illegible] perish.
[illegible] and what he learns by this, } *Asi*
[illegible] not her danger.
C[illegible]
I[illegible] my Lord, she's dead. Oh, } *Asi*
T[illegible] safe return again!
[illegible] letter true?
S[illegible]
W[illegible]'s hand, I know't. Sirrah,
Sh[illegible] but do me true servi[illegible]
[illegible] wherein I should h[illegible]
[illegible] industry; that is, w[illegible]
[illegible] to perform it directly a[illegible]
[illegible] honest man; thou shou[illegible]
[illegible] thy relief, nor my voice

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve me? for ſince patiently and ſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that eggar *Poſthumus*, thou can'ſt not in the courſe of ratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt ou ſerve me?

Piſ. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any f thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Piſ. I have, my Lord, at my lodging, the ſame ſuit e wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clot. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit ither; let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Piſ. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*?——(I forgot to ſk him one thing, I'll remember 't anon;) even there, hou villain *Poſthumus*, will I kill thee. I would, theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart) that ſhe held he very garment of *Poſthumus* in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back will I raviſh her; firſt kill him, and in her eyes—(there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.) He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body;——and when my luſt hath dined, (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that ſhe ſo prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpiſed me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Piſanio, *with a ſuit of clothes.*

Be thoſe the garments?

Piſ. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't ſince ſhe went to *Milford-Haven*?

Piſ. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thy wilt be a voluntary mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and due preferment ſhall tender itſelf to thee.

thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, 'would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit,*

Piſ. Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To him that is moſt true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly bleſſings, on her! this fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with ſlowneſs; labour be his meed! [*Exit,*

SCENE *changes to the Foreſt and Cave.*

Enter Imogen, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I See, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me. *Milford*,
When from the mountain top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken.—O *Jove*, I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch, I mean,
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? yes; no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fullneſs
Is ſorer, than to lie for need; and falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord!
Thou'rt one o'th' falſe ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to't—'tis ſome ſavage hold;
'Twere beſt, not call; I dare not call; yet famine
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or lend—ho! no anſwer? then I'll enter,
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy

But

But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Grant ſuch a foe, good heav'ns! [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt; *Cadwal* and I
Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavoury; wearineſs
Can ſpore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!
Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.
Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.
Guid. There is cold meat i'th' cave, we'll brouze on that,
Whilſt what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in—— [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think,
It were a fairy.
Guid. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy.——

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,
I have ſtol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th' floor. Here's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board, ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal; and parted thence
With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty Gods.
Imo. I ſee, you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould

Have

Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven.*

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. *Fidele*, sir; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy:* he embark'd at *Milford*;
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I'm fal'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor meaſure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould wooe hard, but be your groom in honeſty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long abſence, ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome!
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt friends,

Imo. (37) 'Mongſt friends,
If brothers;—Would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons! then had my prize
Been leſs, and ſo more equal ballaſting
To thee, *Poſthumus.* *Aſide.*

(37) Imo. ——————*Mongſt friends?*
If brothers,—would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons.] I cannot think this the Poet's pointing, and therefore have ventur'd to reform it. *Arviragus* had ſaid, he would love *Imogen* as a brother, gives her a welcome as ſuch, and tells her, ſhe is fal'n among friends.——Among friends, indeed, replies ſhe very naturally, if I am to ſtand in the rank of a brother. Then ſtriking into a private reflexion on having loſt her own brothers, ſhe wiſhes, theſe two kind youths were but her father's ſons. This ſenſe is plainly confirm'd by what ſhe ſays in the laſt ſcene of the play, where they are diſcover'd to be really her brothers.

——————You call'd me *brother*,
When I was but your ſiſter; I, you *brothers*;
When ye were ſo, indeed.

Bel.

Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
Guid. Would I could free't!
Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger, Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whiſpering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them; (38) laying by
That nothing-gift of defering multitudes,
Could not out-peer theſe twain.——Pardon me, Gods!
I'd change my ſex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we've ſupp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak.
Guid. I pray, draw near. [welcome!
Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, leſs
Imo. Thanks, Sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

(38) ——————*laying by*
That nothing-gift of differing *multitudes,*
Could not out-peer theſe twain.] The only idea, that *differing* can here convey, is, variable, changing multitudes; as in the prologue to 2 *Henry* IV.
The *ſtill-diſcordant, wav'ring* multitude.
But then what is the nothing-gift which they are ſuppos'd to beſtow? The Poet muſt mean, that court, that obſequious adoration, which the ſhifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. So in K. *Henry* V.
O *Ceremony*, ſhew me but thy *worth*;
Art thou *aught* elſe, but *place, degree*, and *forme*?
I am perſuaded therefore, our Poet coin'd this participle from the *French* verb, and wrote
That nothing-gift of defering *multitudes,*
i. e. obſequious, paying deference.——Deferer, *Ceder par reſpect à quelcun, obéir, condeſcendre*, &c. RICHELET.

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter two Roman *Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* THIS is the tenor of the Emperor's writ;
That ſince the common men are now in action
'Gainſt the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the legions now in *Gallia* are
Full weak to undertake our war againſt
The fall'n-off *Britons*; that we do incite
The gentry to this buſineſs. He creates
Lucius Pro-conſul; (39) and to you, the tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commends
His abſolute commiſſion. Long live *Cæſar!*
Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia?*
1 *Sen.* With thoſe legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your commiſſion
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their diſpatch.
Tri. (40) We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

(39) ——— *And to you, the tribunes*
For this immediate levy, he commands
His abſolute commiſſion.] Commands *his commiſſion* is ſuch a phraſe as *Shakeſpeare* would hardly have us'd. I have, by Mr. *Warburton*'s advice, ventur'd to ſubſtitute;
——— *he* commends
His abſolute commiſſion.
i. e. he recommends the care of making this levy to you; and gives you an abſolute commiſſion for ſo doing.

(40) Tri. *We will diſcharge our duty.*] Here the third act ends in the old copies; and Mr *Rowe* has follow'd that diviſion. Mr. *Pope* has not only thought fit to degrade the preceding ſhort ſcene; but alſo to tranſpoſe hither a ſcene (lying in *Cymbeline*'s palace) towards the concluſion of the *fourth* act; and with that finiſhes the *third*. This is done, without any authority from the copies; tacitly, and without any reaſon aſſign'd for it: and, indeed, without any thing in the diſpoſition of the ſcenary requiring it. If the bringing the acts to more regular equality was the ground of this change, that's a point

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Foreſt, in* Wales.

Enter Cloten *alone.*

I AM near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (ſaving reverence of the word) becauſe, 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman; I dare ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glaſs to confer in his own chamber) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this imperſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! *Poſthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off, thy miſtreſs enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage; but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe: out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! Fortune put them into my hand; this is the very deſcription of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

point we are not to tie our poet up to. As the liberty taken, therefore, is both needleſs and arbitrary, I have choſe to follow the order of more authentick copies. Had Mr. *Pope* ſpar'd us a critical note, to juſtify his conduct in this tranſpoſition; I might, perhaps, have ſubmitted to the ſagacity and weight of it.

SCENE *changes to the Front of the Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen, *from the Cave.*

Bel. YOU are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come t'you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, ſtay here: [*To* Imogen.
Are we not brothers?———
Imo. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you, truſt me here,
I'll rob none but myſelf; and let me die,
Stealing ſo poorly.
Guid. I love thee: I have ſpoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love reaſons without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
"My father, not this youth."
Bel. O noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature, breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire the baſe:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me!———
'Tis the ninth hour o'th' morn.

Arv.

Brother, farewel.
I wiſh ye ſport.
You health ——— ſo pleaſe you, Sir. [heard!
Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've
ırtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at court:
nce, oh, how thou diſprov'ſt report. ———
›erious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
butary rivers as ſweet fiſh;
k ſtill, heart-ſick ——— *Piſanio*,
taſte of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*
I could not ſtir him;
, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
ſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
Thus did he anſwer me; yet ſaid, hereafter
know more.
To th' field, to th' field:
:ave you for this time; go in and reſt.
We'll not be long away.
Pray, be not ſick,
muſt be our houſewife.
Well or ill,
und to you. [*Exit* Imogen, *to the Cave.*
And ſhalt be ever.
uth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears to have had
nceſtors.
How angel-like he ſings!
But his neat cookery!
He cut our roots in characters;
ıc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been ſick,
her dieter.
Nobly he yokes
ng with a ſigh, as if the ſigh
at it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile:
ile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
› divine a temple, to commix
inds that ſailors rail at.
(41) I do note,

That

———— *I do note,*
hat grief and patience, rooted in him both,
ſingle their pow'rs together.] Thus Mr. Pope in his Quarto edition,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their ſpurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the ſtinking elder, grief, untwine
His perifhing root, with the encreaſing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away: who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find thoſe runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.——I am faint.
Bel. Thoſe runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the ſon o'th' Queen; I fear ſome ambuſh—
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he: we're held as out-laws; hence.
Gui. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch
What companies are near; pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt* Belarius *and* Arviragus.
Clo. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? ſome villain-mountaineers——
I've heard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
Gui. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?

edition, contrary to the authority of all the copies. And for what reaſon? *He did not know there was any ſuch word in* Engliſh, *as* ſpurs, in the ſignification here requir'd. But *ſpurs*, among other acceptations, means, thoſe hair-like *fibres* or *ſtrings*, which ſhoot out from the roots of *plants* and *trees*, and give them a ſtrength and firmneſs in the earth. Our Author has uſed the word again in this ſenſe, in his *Tempeſt*.

——The ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the *ſpurs* pluck'd up
The pine and cedar.

I reſtor'd the reading of the old copies in the *Apperdix* to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has ſuffer'd himſelf to be inform'd, in his laſt edition.

Th/

rds, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
ger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
ſhould yield to thee?
Thou villain baſe,
t me not by my clothes?
. No, nor thy taylor, raſcal,
thy grandfather; he made thoſe clothes,
, as it ſeems, make thee.
Thou precious varlet!
lor made them not.
. Hence then, and thank
in that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
1 to beat thee.
Thou injurious thief,
ut my name, and tremble.
. What's thy name?
Cloten, thou villain.
. *Cloten*, then, double villain, be thy name,
t tremble at it; were it toad, adder, ſpider,
d move me ſooner.
To thy further fear,
) thy mere confuſion, thou ſhalt know
to th' Queen.
. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
thy as thy birth.
Art not afraid?
. Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear; the wiſe:
s I laugh, not fear them.
Die the death!———
I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
ow thoſe that even now fled hence,
the gates of *Lud*'s town ſet your heads;
ruſtick mountaineer. [*Fight, and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius *and* Arviragus.

No company's abroad.
None in the world; you did miſtake him, ſure.
I cannot tell: long is it ſince I ſaw him,
ie hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour
then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,

And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I'm abſolute,
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my brother make good time with him,
You ſay, he is ſo fell.

Bel. (42) Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of fear. But ſee, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, *with* Cloten's *Head.*

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purſe,
There was no money in't; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect, what; cut off one *Cloten*'s head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and ſwore
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in;
Diſplace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And ſet them on *Lud*'s town.

Bel. We're all undone!

(42) ——————*Being ſcarce made up,*
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for defect *of judgment*
Is oft the cauſe of fear.] If I underſtand this paſſage, it is mock-reaſoning as it ſtands, and the text muſt have been ſlightly corrupted. *Belarius* is giving a deſcription of what *Cloten* formerly was; and in anſwer to what *Arviragus* ſays of *his being ſo fell*. "Ay, ſays "*Belarius*, he was ſo fell, and being ſcarce then at man's eſtate, he "had no apprehenſion of roaring terrors, i. e. of any thing that "could check him with fears." But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? *For* defect *of* judgment *is oft the cauſe of fear.* I think, the Poet meant to have ſaid the meer contrary. *Cloten* was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehenſions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very eaſy change, from the traces of the letters, gives us this ſenſe, and reconciles the reaſoning of the whole paſſage.

——————*For* th' effect *of judgment*
Is oft the cauſe of fear.

Guid.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe,
But what he ſwore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf?
For we do fear the law. What company
Diſcover you abroad?

Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on; but, in all ſafe reaſon,
He muſt have ſome attendants. (43) Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worſe; yet not his frenzy,
Not abſolute madneſs, could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, haunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and ſwear,
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he ſo undertaking,
Nor they ſo ſuffering; then on good ground we fear,
If I do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foreſay it; howſoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele*'s ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own ſword,

(43) ——————*Tho' his* honour
Was nothing but mutation, &c.] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this ſort? in his acting as a madman, or not? I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *humour*, againſt the authority of the printed copies; and the meaning ſeems plainly this. "Tho' he was always fickle to the laſt degree, and govern'd by "*humour*, not ſound ſenſe; yet not madneſs itſelf could make him "ſo hardy to attempt an enterpriſe of this nature alone, and unſeconded." The like miſtake, of *honour* for *humour*, had taken place in a paſſage of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, which I corrected from the ſanction of the old *Quarto* impreſſions.

Which he did wave againſt my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the Queen's ſon, *Cloten*.
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, *Paladour*, thou hadſt not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone purſu'd me! *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou'ſt robb'd me of this deed; I would, revenges,
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us thro',
And put us to our anſwer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee, to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll ſtay
'Till haſty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.

Arv. Poor ſick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praiſe myſelf for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature! how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys! they are as gentle,
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
(Their royal blood enchaf'd,) as the rud'ſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to th' vale.——'Tis wonderful,
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them; but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
ave ſent *Cloten*'s clot-pole down the ſtream,
embaſſy to his mother; his body's hoſtage
r his return. [*Solemn muſick.*
Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
ırk, *Paladour!* it ſounds: but what occaſion
ith *Cadwal* now to give it motion? hark!
Guid. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now. [mother,
Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'ſt
did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
ould anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter?——
iumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Cadwal mad?

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes!
ıd brings the dire occaſion, in his arms,
what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead,
ıat we have made ſo much on! I had rather
ıve ſkipt from ſixteen years of age to ſixty,
ıd turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
ıan have ſeen this.
Guid. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lily!
r brother weans thee not one half ſo well,
when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.
Bel. (44) Oh melancholy!

Who

44) *Oh, melancholy!*
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?] But as plauſible as this at firſt may ſeem, all thoſe, who know any thing of good writing, will be that our Author muſt have wrote;
——*to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh* carrack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?

Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh carrack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?—thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows, what man thou might'ſt have made; but ah!
Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!
How ſound you him?

Arv. Stark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber;
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O'th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd; I thought, he ſlept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but ſleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.

Arv. With faireſt flow'rs,
Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave. Thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primroſe*; nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of *Eglantine*; which not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath. (45) The Raddock would,
With

Carrack is a ſlow, heavy-built veſſel of burthen. This reſtores the uniformity of the metaphor, compleats the ſenſe, and is a word of great propriety and beauty to deſign a melancholic perſon.
Mr. *Warburton.*

The word is us'd again by our Author in his *Othello*;
Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land *carrack*;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
And we meet with it likewiſe in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*;
But here's the wonder, tho' their weight would ſink
A *Spaniſh carrack*, without other ballaſt, &c. *Elder Brother.*
Carraca, *Navis oneraria ingens.* SKINNER.
Carraque, *Navis ampliſſima.* RICHELET.

(45) ——————*The Raddock would,*
With charitable bill, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides. When flow'rs are none
To winter-ground thy coarſe——] Here, again, the metaphor is

With charitable bill, (oh bill, ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
To winter-gown thy coarſe.———
Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.——To th' grave.
Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.
Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have not the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' ground,
As, once, our mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele*.
Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than Prieſts and Fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's ſon, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember,
Was paid for that: the mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as *Ajax*,

is ſtrangely mangled. What ſenſe is there in *winter-grounding* a coarſe with *moſs*? A coarſe might indeed be ſaid to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moſs* directs us plainly to another reading.

*To winter-*gown *thy coarſe.*

i. e. Thy ſummer habit ſhall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moſs*. Mr. *Warburton.*

When

When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt: Brother, begin.

Guid. Nay, *Cadwal*, we muſt lay his head to th' Eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o'th' ſun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all muſt,
As chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.
Arv. *Fear no more the frown o'th' great,*
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſcepter, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.
Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh.*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-ſtone.*
Guid. *Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh.*
Arv. *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers muſt*
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *No exorciſer harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guid. *Ghoſt, unlaid, forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
And renowned be thy Grave!

Enter Belarius, *with the body of* Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obſequies, come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'th' night,
Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for graves.——Upon their faces——

You

You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even ſo
Theſe herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees ———
The ground, that gave them firſt, has them again:
Their pleaſure here is paſt, ſo is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen, *awaking.*

Imo. Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?—
I thank you ———by yond buſh? ———pray, how far thither? ———
'Ods pittikins ——can it be ſix mile yet? ——
I've gone all night ——'faith, I'll lie down and ſleep.
But, ſoft! no bedfellow. ——Oh Gods, and Goddeſſes!
[*Seeing the body.*
Theſe flow'rs are like the pleaſures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't. ——I hope, I dream;
For, ſure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honeſt creatures. But 'tis not ſo:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble ſtill with fear; (46) but if there be

(46) ——————*but if there be*
Yet left in Heav'n as ſmall a drop *of pity*
As a wren's eye, oh, Gods! a part of it!]

So again, in *Othello*;

I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A *drop* of patience.

Tho' this expreſſion is very pathetic and fine in both theſe places of our Author, it brings to my mind a very humorous paſſage in the *Acharnenſes* of *Ariſtophanes*. An *Athenian* ruſtick, in time of war, is robb'd of a yoke of oxen by the *Bœotians*; he has almoſt cry'd his eyes out, he ſays, for the loſs of his cattle; and he comes to beg for a *drop* of *peace* in a quill, to anoint his eyes with.

Σὺ δ' ἀλλά μοι ϛαλαγμὸν εἰρήνης ἴνα
Εἰς τὸν καλαμίσκον ἐγϰάλαξον τωτοί.

Tho' I have tranſlated καλαμίσκον (which is a diminutive from κάλαμος) a quill: I know, it ſignifies, among the ſurgeons, a *probe*; an *inſtrument* to convey balſam into wounds; *ſpecillum*. I am ſurpriz'd that neither *Heſychius* nor *Suidas* acknowledge the word, which has ſo good an authority as *Ariſtophanes*. ——But *Julius Pollux* quotes it; and brings the paſſage from our *comic* poet in confirmation.

Yet

Yet left in heav'n as ſmall a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
The dream's here ſtill; ev'n when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs man!——the garments of *Poſthumus?*
I know the ſhape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot *mercurial*, his *martial* thigh,
The brawns of *Hercules:* but his *jovial* face——
Murder in heaven?—how!—'tis gone!—*Piſanio!*—
All curſes madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'Twas thou, conſpiring with that devil *Cloten*,
Haſt here cut off my Lord. To write, and read
Be henceforth treach'rous!—Damn'd *Piſanio*
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd *Piſanio!*——
From this the braveſt veſſel of the world
Struck the main-top! oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's that?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on. How ſhould this be, *Piſanio?*—
'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he ſaid, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' ſenſes? that confirms it home:
This is *Piſanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, *Captains, and a Soothſayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garriſon'd in *Gallia*,
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea, attending
You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your ſhips:
They are in readineſs.

Luc. But what from *Rome?*

Cap. The Senate hath ſtirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of *Italy*, moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice: and they come

Under

ıder the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
nna's Brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind.
Luc. This forwardneſs
ıkes our hopes fair. Command, our preſent numbers
muſter'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, Sir,
hat have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpoſe?
Sooth. Laſt night, the very Gods ſhew'd me a viſion,
faſt, and pray'd for their intelligence)
aw *Jove*'s bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
om th' ſpungy ſouth, to this part of the weſt,
ıere vaniſh'd in the ſun-beams; which portends
nleſs my ſins abuſe my divination)
cceſs to th' *Roman* hoſt.
Luc. Dream often ſo,
ıd never falſe!——Soft, ho, what trunk is here
ithout his top? the ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
was a worthy building. How! a page!——
dead, or ſleeping on him? but dead, rather:
r Nature doth abhor to make his couch
ith the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead.
t's ſee the boy's face.
Cap. He's alive, my Lord.
Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of this body. Young one,
form us of thy fortunes, for, it ſeems,
ıey crave to be demanded: who is this,
ıou mak'ſt thy bloody pillow? (47) who was he,

47) ——————*who was he,*
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?] This is far from being ſtrictly mmatical. For the conſtruction of theſe words is this; *who has* r'd *that good picture, otherwiſe than Nature* alter'd *it?* But that is the Poet's meaning. He deſign'd to ſay, if the text be genuine; *o hath* alter'd *that good picture* from what *noble Nature at firſt* made By the change of a ſingle letter, we come at another ſentiment, ich, I think, much ennobles the paſſage; and which, I have ſuſted, was our Author's reading.

——————*who was he,*
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature bid,
Hath alter'd that good picture?

The laws of Nature being againſt murther. But I ſubmit the jecture to judgment.

That

That, otherwiſe than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy intereſt
In this ſad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant *Britan*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies ſlain: alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters: I may wander
From eaſt to occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many, all good, ſerve them truly, never
Find ſuch another maſter.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter in bleeding: ſay his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do [*Aſide.*
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope,
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name,

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou doſt approve thyſelf the very ſame;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but, be ſure,
No leſs belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters,
Sent by a conſul to me, ſhould no ſooner
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But firſt, an't pleaſe the Gods,
I'll hide my maſter from the flies as deep
As theſe poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' ſtrew'd his grave,
And on it ſaid a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and ſigh;
And, leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettieſt daizied-plot we can,

And

l make him with our pikes and partizans
rave; come, arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
thee to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
ſoldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes:
ne falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *changes to* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords, and* Piſanio.

r. AGain; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
dneſs, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
w deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
e great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
on a deſperate bed, and in a time
ien fearful wars point at me! her ſon gone,
needful for this preſent! it ſtrikes me, paſt
e hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
io needs muſt know of her departure, and
ſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll force it from thee
a ſharp torture.
Pif. Sir, my life is yours,
:t it at your will: but, for my miſtreſs,
othing know where ſhe remains; why, gone;
r when ſhe purpoſes return. 'Beſeech your Highneſs,
ld me your loyal ſervant.
Lord. Good my Liege,
e day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here;
are be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
parts of his ſubjection loyally. For *Cloten,*
ere wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
d will no doubt be found.
Cym. The time is troubleſome;
:'ll ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our jealouſy
es yet depend.
Lord. So pleaſe your Majeſty,
e *Roman* legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
: landed on your coaſt, with large ſupply
Roman gentlemen, by th' ſenate ſent.

Cym.

Cym. Now for the counſel of my Son and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.
Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs [ready;
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put theſe powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.— [*Exeunt.*
Piſ. I heard no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him, *Imogen* was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange;
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betide to *Cloten*; but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work;
Wherein I'm falſe, I'm honeſt: not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find, I love my country,
Ev'n to the note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them;
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in ſome boats, that are not ſteer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Foreſt.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Guid. THE noiſe is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleaſure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Muſt or for *Britons* ſlay us, or receive us.
For barb'rous and unnatural revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there ſecure us.
To the King's party there's no going; newneſs
Of *Cloten's* death (we being not known, nor muſter'd

Among

Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In ſuch a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you ſee) not wore him
From my remembrance. And, beſides, the King
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſy your cradle promis'd;
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.

Guid. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; yourſelf
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'er-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.

Arv. By this ſun that ſhines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die, ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon?
Never beſtrid a horſe ſave one, that had
A rider like myſelf who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy ſun, to have
The benefit of his beſt beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
If you will bleſs me, Sir, and give me leave,

I'll

I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans!*

Arv. So ſay I, *Amen.*

Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation) ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long: their blood thinks ſcorn
'Till it fly out, and ſhew them Princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Field between the* Britiſh *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Poſthumus, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wiſh't,
Thou ſhouldſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murder wives much better than themſelves,
For wrying but a little? oh, *Piſanio!*
Every good ſervant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do juſt ones.——Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I ne'er
Had liv'd to put on this; ſo had you ſav'd
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more:——you ſome permit (48)

To

(48) ——————*you ſome permit*
To ſecond ills with ills, each worſe than other,
And make them dread it, *to the* doer's *thrift.*] The divinity-ſchools have not furniſh'd juſter obſervations on the conduct of Providence,

ɔ second ills with ills, each worse than other,
ıd make them dreaded to the doers' thrift ——
ıt *Imogen*'s your own: do your best wills,
ıd make me blest t'obey! I am brought hither
nong th' *Italian* gentry, and to fight
gainst my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough,
ıat, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy mistress: Peace!
l give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
ear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
: these *Italian* weeds, and suit myself
; does a *Briton* peasant; so I'll fight
gainst the part I come with; so I'll die
r thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
tied, nor hated, to the face of peril
yself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
ore valour in me, than my habits shew;
ɔds, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me!

ence, than *Posthumus* gives us here in his private reflections. You
ds, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more.

is seems a fine short comment on what St. *Paul* says to the *He-*
ws, Ὃν ἀγαπᾷ Κύριος, παιδεύει. *The Lord chasteneth whom he*
eth. The philosopher *Seneca* is more ample upon the same sub-
: ; *Hos Deus, quos* probat, *quos* amat, *indurat, recognoscit, exercet.*—
hers, says our Poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and in-
ase in crimes,

And make them dread it, *to the* doer's *thrift.*

re's a relative without an antecedent substantive; and a genitive
e singular, when all the other members of the sentence run in the
ral. Both which are a breach of grammar. We must certainly
d,

And make them dreaded, *to the* doers' *thrift.*

. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more: which
ırmities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other
ıds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them
n crimes committed with impunity.

——————*multi*
Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato:
Ille Crucem precium sceleris *tulit, hic* diadema. Juven. *Sat.* 13.
Criminibus debent *hortos, prætoria, mensas,*
Argentum vetus, & stantem extrà pocula caprum. Idem. *Sat.* 1.

To

To ſhame the guiſe o'th' world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *army at one door; and the* Britiſh *army at another:* Leonatus Poſthumus *following like a poor ſoldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in ſkirmiſh* Iachimo *and* Poſthumus; *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs, and guilt, within my boſom,
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
The Princeſs of this country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods, and honours borne,
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn;
If that thy gentry, *Britaine*, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly,* Cymbeline *is taken; then enter to his reſcue,* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand, and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, *and ſeconds the* Britons. *They reſcue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf;
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Part of the Field of Battle.*

Enter Poſthumus, *and a* Britiſh *Lord.*

Lord. CAm'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
Poſt. I did.
Though you, it ſeems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: the King himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britains* ſeen; all flying
Through a ſtraight lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Merely through fear, that the ſtraight paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Poſt. Cloſe by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,
(An honeſt one, I warrant) who deſerv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads, more like to run
The country baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame)
Made good the paſſage, cry'd to thoſe that fled;
" Our *Britaine*'s harts die flying, not our men; (49)
" To darkneſs fleet ſouls, that fly backwards! ſtand;

(49) *Our* Britaines hearts *die flying, not our men*;] Thus all the editions, and thus Mr. *Pope* in his *Quarto* edition, moſt implicitly obſequious to nonſenſe. I corrected the paſſage in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, as I have now reform'd it in the text, (and as Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe ſaw, it ſhould be) and Mr. *Pope* has follow'd my correction in his laſt edition of our Author.

" Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that (50)
" Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
" But to look back in frown: ſtand, ſtand."—Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many;
(For three performers are the leaſt, when all
The reſt do nothing) with this word, " Stand, ſtand,"
Accommodated by the place, (more charming
With their own nobleneſs, which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance) gilded pale looks; [coward
Part, ſhame, part, ſpirit-renew'd; that ſome, turn'd
But by example, (oh, a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began
A ſtop i'th' chaſer, a retire; anon,
A rout, confuſion thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles: ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o'th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
Some ſlain before, ſome dying; ſome, their friends
O'er-born i'th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty;
Thoſe, that would die or ere reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs o'th' field.

(50) ——————*and will give you that*
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly and may ſave
But to look back in front:]

Looking back in front is a phraſe, which *Mr. Pope*, if he pleaſes, may reſerve for his own collection of elegancies: but I can't admit it to be palm'd upon our editor. We muſt read with the old copies,

But to look back in frown.

i. e. If you will but turn upon the enemy, and ſhew them you can look angry. So, in the *Tempeſt*;

——————They being penitent,
The ſole driſt of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a *frown* further.

And ſo, in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*;

Good brother,
Let me requeſt you off: our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity.

Lord.

H. Gravelot in Vol: 7. P: 315. G. V.^rd Gucht Scul.

Lord. This was ſtrange chance,
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!
Poſt. (51) Nay, do but wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhime upon't?
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
"*Two boys, an old man, (twice a boy,) a lane,*
"*Preſerv'd the* Britons, *was the* Romans' *bane.*"
Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.
Poſt. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhimes.
Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [*Exit.*
Poſt. This is a Lord——oh noble miſery,
To be i'th' field, and aſk what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've ſav'd their carcaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he ſtruck. This ugly monſter,—
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we,
That draw his knives i'th' war——Well, I will find
him: (52)

For

(51) *Nay, do* not *wonder at it; you are made*
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any.]
Sure, this is mock-reaſoning with a vengeance. What! becauſe he was made fitter to wonder at great actions, than to perform any, is he therefore forbid to wonder? I corrected the paſſage in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has follow'd my correction in his laſt edition.

(52) ——————*Well, I will find him:*
For being now a favourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, *I've reſum'd again*
The part I came in.]
This is a very obſcure paſſage; and, without the helps it would receive from the *repreſentation*, wants a little clearing up. *Poſthumus* comes over with the *Roman* bands; but, reſolv'd not to fight againſt

For being now a favourer to the *Briton*,
No more a *Briton*, I've reſum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriеſt hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the anſwer be,
Britons muſt take. For me, my ranſom's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Britiſh *Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken!
'Tis thought, the old man, and his ſons, were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A *Roman*——
Who had not now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of *Rome* ſhall not return to tell

his country, he puts the habit of a *Britiſh* peaſant over his *Italian* dreſs, and does feats of deſperation againſt the *Romans*, in hopes of meeting his death from their ſwords. The fortune of the day is turn'd, and the *Britons* gain the field. Upon this, *Poſthumus* ſhifts back into his *Italian* garb; ſays, he will find death; for though he's now a favourer to the *Britons* in heart, he'll not confeſs himſelf of that country, but yield himſelf a priſoner to the meaneſt of the victor-party, and ſo fall a ſacrifice to their reſentment. For the captives, we find, in the ſequel of the play, were by the cuſtoms of the *Britons* to be victims to the *Manes* of thoſe ſlain on the victors party. That *Poſthumus* does again ſhift his habit, is evident from this circumſtance. The *Britons* ſurprize him, and aſking who he is, he replies;

——————A *Roman*;
Who had not now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.

Of the old *Britons* ſacrificing captives to *Andate*, their Goddeſs of *Victory*, many authors have ſpoken; and of their cuſtom of burning numbers in their great *Wicker Image*, *Holingſhead* makes mention: but *Sammes*, in his BRITANNIA, is particularly copious upon it.

What

What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his ſervice,
As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and* Roman *captives. The captains preſent* Poſthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Goaler. After which, all go out.*

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Enter Poſthumus, *and two goalers.*

1 *Goal.* YOU ſhall not now be ſtol'n, you've locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find paſture.
2 *Goal.* Ay, or ſtomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*
Poſt. Moſt welcome, bondage! for thou art away,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o'th' gout, ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' ſure phyſician, death; who is the key
T'unbar thoſe locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks and wriſts; you good Gods, give me
The penitent inſtrument to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever. Is't enough, I'm ſorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy.—Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Deſir'd more than conſtrain'd; to ſatisfy, (53)
I d'off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take

No

(53) ——————*To ſatisfy,*
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No ſtricter render of me, than my all.]

Nonſenſe has one happy property, in that one needs not many words to be made ſenſible of it; but 'tis, in this reſpect, like light, perceiv'd as ſoon as ſhewn. Such is the glaring nonſenſe of theſe lines. What we can diſcover from them is this, that the ſpeaker in a fit of penitency towards Heaven, compares his circumſtances with a debtor's who is willing to ſurrender up all to appeaſe his creditor. This being the ſenſe in general, I may venture to ſay, the true reading muſt have been thus.

No ſtricter render of me than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every ſtamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather, mine being yours: and ſo, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence.—— [*He ſleeps.*

Solemn muſick: Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then, after other muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round, as he lies ſleeping.*

Sic. No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhew
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.——
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending Nature's law.

——*To ſatisfy,*
I d'off *my freedom*; *'tis the main part*; *take*
No ſtricter render of me than my all.

The verb *doff* is too frequently uſed by our Author to need any quotations in proof; and ſurely, here with peculiar elegance. i. e. "To "give all the ſatisfaction I am able to your offended godheads, I "voluntarily divеſt myſelf of my freedom: 'tis the only thing I "have worth offering by way of atonement, take no ſtricter render "of me than my All." Mr. *Warburton.*

Whoſe

Whoſe father, *Jove!* (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art;)
Thou ſhouldſt have been, and ſhielded him
From his earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me my *Poſthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongſt his foes,
A thing of pity ——
Sic. Great Nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair;
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius'* heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britaine* where was he
That could ſtand up his parallel,
Or rival object be,
In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus'* ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one?
Sweet *Imogen!* ——
Sici. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſy;
And to become the geek and ſcorn
O'th' other's villany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, ſtriking in our country's cauſe,
Fell bravely and were ſlain;
Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then, *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion, help!
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againſt thy deity.
2 Breth. Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice fly.

Jupiter *deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghoſts fall on their knees.*

Jupit. No more, you petty ſpirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; huſh!—how dare you, ghoſts,
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts?
Poor ſhadows of *Elyſium*, hence and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid ſon our god-head will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are ſpent;
Our *Jovial* ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: riſe, and fade!
He ſhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein
[Jupiter *drops a tablet.*
Our pleaſure his full fortune doth confine;
And ſo, away;——no farther with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine;
Mount, eagle, to my palace cryſtalline. [*Aſcends.*

Sici.

ici. He came in thunder, his cœleſtial breath
is ſulphurous to ſmell; the holy eagle
op'd, as to foot us; his aſcenſion is
re ſweet than our bleſt fields; his royal bird
nes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
when his God is pleas'd.
ll. Thanks, *Jupiter!*
ici. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
radiant roof: away, and to be bleſt
us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Vaniſh.*
oſt. [*waking*] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and
ther to me: and thou haſt created (begot
other and two brothers. But, oh ſcorn!
e—— they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born;
ſo I am awake—Poor wretches, that depend
Greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
ze, and find nothing.—— But, alas, I ſwerve:
y dream not to find, neither deſerve;
yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I
t have this golden chance, and know not why:
it fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
ot, as in our fangled world, a garment-
ler than that it covers. Let thy effects
ollow, to be moſt unlike our courtiers;
ood as promiſe.

[Reads.]

WHEN as the lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of r air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt ches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after re-, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britaine *be fortunate, flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff, as madmen
gue, and brain not: (do either both, or nothing:—)
enſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
enſe cannot untie. But what it is,
action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
it for ſympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Poſt. So if it prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir; but the comfort is, you ſhall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and ſorry that you are paid too much; purſe and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it ſums up thouſands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Poſt. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that ſleeps, feels not the toothache: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death hath eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or to take upon yourſelf that, which, I am ſure, you do not know; or jump the after enquiry on your own peril; and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould

ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his manacles, bring your priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good news; I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll-be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a goaler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* Poſthumus *and Meſſenger.*

Goal. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live, for all he be a *Roman:* and there be ſome of them too, that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would, we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deſolation of goalers and gallowſes; I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit, (54) but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and Lords.*

Cym. STAND by my ſide, you, whom the Gods have made
Preſervers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor ſoldier, that ſo richly fought,
(Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms; whoſe naked breaſt

(54) *I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit,* &c.] All this intermediate ſcene, from the inſtant that *Poſthumus* falls aſleep to the *exit* of the *goaler* here, I could be as well content, as Mr. *Pope* is, ſhould be left out. But as 'tis found in the earlieſt *folio* edition, tho' it ſhould have been an interpolation, and not of SHAKESPEARE's writing. I did not think, I had any authority to diſcard it. I own, to me, what *Jupiter* ſays to the *Phantoms*, ſeems to carry the ſtamp of our Author: if the other parts of the *maſque* appear inferior, I heartily wiſh, this were the only place where we have reaſon to complain of its inequalities, either in ſtyle, or the matter.

Stept before ſhields of proof,) cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.

Bel. (55) I never ſaw
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor luck.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Piſ. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, (the liver, heart, and brain of *Britaine*;)
[*To* Bel. Guid. *and* Arvirag.
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives. 'Tis now the time
To aſk of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and gentlemen:
Farther to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we're honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees;
Ariſe my knights o'th' battle; I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius, *and Ladies.*

There's buſineſs in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' court of *Britaine*.

(55) ——————*I never ſaw*
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor looks.]

But, pray, how can it be ſaid that one whoſe *poor looks* promiſe *beggary*, ſhould promiſe *poor looks* too? No; it was not the poor looks that was promiſed: that was viſible. We muſt read with certainty;

But begg'ry and poor luck.

This ſets the matter entirely right, and makes *Belarius* ſpeak ſenſe and to the purpoſe. For there was the extraordinary thing; he promis'd nothing but *poor luck*, and yet perform'd ſuch wonders.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Car.

Cor. Hail, great King!
To four your happineſs, I muſt report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worſe than a phyſician
Would this report become? but I conſider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the doctor too. How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herſelf;
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to herſelf. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you: theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd, ſhe never lov'd you: only
Affected greatneſs got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs,
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight; whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring
By inches waſte you. In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhew: yes, and in time,
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her ſon into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs, deſperate; open'd, in deſpight
Of heav'n and men, her purpoſes: repented,

The

The ills ſhe hatch'd were not effected: ſo,
Deſpairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had been vicious
To have miſtruſted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and other* Roman *priſoners*; Leonatus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not, *Caius*, now for tribute; that
The *Britons* have raz'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit,
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their captives, which ourſelf have granted.
So, think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cold, have threat'ned
Our priſoners with the ſword. But ſince the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſome, let it come. Sufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman*'s heart can ſuffer.——
Auguſtus lives to think on't——And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ranſom'd; never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo nurſe-like; let his virtue join
With my requeſt, which, I'll make bold, your Highneſs
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Briton* harm,
Though he hath ſerv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I've ſurely ſeen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,

Thou

Thou haſt look'd thyſelf into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To ſay, "live, boy:" ne'er thank thy maſter, live;
And aſk of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
The nobleſt ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death; your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for itſelf.

Luc. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?

Cym. What would'ſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's beſt to aſk. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highneſs: who, being born your vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'ſt him ſo?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter: walk with me, ſpeak freely.
[Cymbel. *and* Imo. *walk aſide.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One ſand another (56)

Not

(56) ——*One ſand another*
Not more reſembles that *ſweet roſy youth,*
Who dy'd and was Fidele.]

Not more reſembles, than he th' ſweet roſy lad,
Who dy'd, and was *Fidele*. What think you?
Guid. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee more; he eyes us not; forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm ſure,
He would have ſpoke t'us.
Guid. But we ſaw him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſ. 'Tis my miſtreſs——— [*Aſide.*
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [Cymb. *and* Imog. *come forward.*
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud.——Sir, ſtep you forth,
[*To* Iachimo.
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatneſs and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood.—On; ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken that,
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I'm glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel, [thee,
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and (which more may grieve
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt ſky and ground. Will you hear more, my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits

A ſlight corruption has made ſtark nonſenſe of this paſſage. One grain of ſand certainly might reſemble another; but it could never reſemble a human Form. I believe, I have reſtor'd the Poet's meaning; the verſe is none of the ſmootheſt; but, *reſembles*, muſt be pronounc'd as a *diſſyllable*.

Quail

Quail to remember,——give me leave, I faint.——
Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength;
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock,
That ſtruck the hour;) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The manſion where) 'twas at a feaſt, (oh, would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*—
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones)——ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of *Italy* (57)
For beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for ſtature, laming
The ſhrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures, beyond brief nature; for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; beſides that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye——
Cym. I ſtand on fire.
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou wouldſt grieve quickly.—This *Poſthumus*,
(Moſt like a noble Lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein

(57) *Hearing us praiſe our loves of* Italy
For beauty, *that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt*
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; *for* feature, *laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, *or ſtraight-pight* Minerva,
Poſtures, beyond brief Nature;——]

As plauſible as this reading may appear at firſt view, I dare ſay, it is ſlightly corrupted. What! did they praiſe their miſtreſſes for *beauty*, and for *feature* too? The ſymmetry of features is always one main part of beauty. Then why ſhould features be ſaid to *lame* a ſtatue, or the *poſtures* of a *well-built* Goddeſs? We muſt certainly reſtore

——————*for* ſtature *laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, *&c.*

This agrees perfectly well with *laming*, *ſtraight-pight*, and *poſtures*: and ſo the lady is prais'd for her beauty, her ſhape, and her temper of mind.

He

He was as calm as virtue) he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.

Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity;—there it begins:
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!——
Made ſcruple of his praiſe; and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to *Britaine*
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in your duller *Britaine* operate
Moſt vilely: for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimilar proof enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;
(Oh, cunning! how I got it) nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon; that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks, I ſee him now——

Poſt. Ay, ſo thou do'ſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing

That's

That's due to all the villains paſt, in being,
To come——oh, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! Thou, King, ſend out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy daughter:——villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was ſhe, yea, and ſhe herſelf.——
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o'th' ſtreet to bay me: every villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villainy leſs than 'twas!—Oh, *Imogen!*
My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Poſt. Shall's have a play of this?
Thou ſcornful page, there lie thy part.
[*Striking her, ſhe falls.*

Piſ. Oh, gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your miſtreſs——Oh, my Lord *Poſthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* till now——help, help,
Mine honour'd lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Poſt. How come theſe ſtaggers on me?

Piſ. Wake, my miſtreſs!

Cym. If this be ſo, the Gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.

Piſ. How fares my miſtreſs?

Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not, where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*

Piſ. Lady, the Gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter ſtill?

Imo. It poiſon'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!

I left

I left out one thing which the Queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have, ſaid ſhe, giv'n his miſtreſs that confection,
Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no eſteem; I, dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which, being ta'en, would ſeize
The preſent power of life; but, in ſhort time,
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys, there was our error.——

Guid. This is, ſure, *Fidele.*

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.

Poſt. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my fleſh? my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?

Imo. Your bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [*To* Guid. Arv.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen,*
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm ſorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Piſ. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord *Cloten,*
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me

With

With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe went,
It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To ſeek him on the mountains near to *Milford*:
Where, in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: What became of him,
I further know not.

Gui'd. Let me end the ſtory;
I ſlew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not, thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence; pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I've ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs, he did me,
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
Could it ſo roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm ſorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thyſelf; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By

By taſting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he ſpake too far.
Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My ſons, I muſt,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our good, his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou hadſt, great king, a ſubject, who was call'd *Belarius*.
Cym. What of him? a baniſh'd traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age; indeed, a baniſh'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot:
Firſt, pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons;
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſaucy; here's my knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons,
Then ſpare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine;
They are the iſſue of your loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my iſſue?
Bel. So ſure, as you your father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you ſometime baniſh'd;
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
Itſelf, and all my treaſon: that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle Princes
(For ſuch and ſo they are) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up; ſuch arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,

As

ir Grace knows. Their nurſe *Euriphile*,
for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children
my baniſhment: I mov'd her to't;
g receiv'd the puniſhment before,
at which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
d me to treaſon. Their dear loſs,
ore of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
ny end of ſtealing them. But, Sir,
re your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
f the ſweet'ſt companions in the world.
enediction of theſe covering heav'ns
t their heads like dew! for they are worthy
lay heav'n with ſtars.
. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
rvice, that you three have done, is more
e, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children—
ſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
r of worthier ſons.
Be pleas'd a while——
gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
vorthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
younger princely ſon; he, Sir, was lapt
oſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
with eaſe produce.
. *Guiderius* had
his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
a mark of wonder.
. This is he;
hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp:
wiſe Nature's end, in the donation,
his evidence now.
. Oh, what am I
her to the birth of three! ne'er mother
d deliv'rance more; bleſt may you be,
after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
nay reign in them now! oh *Imogen*,
'aſt loſt by this a kingdom.
. No, my Lord:

I've got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter: I, you brothers;
When ye were ſo, indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good Lord.
Guid. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continued ſo, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the Queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
(58) Why fled you from the court? and whither?—Theſe,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will ſerve long interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is ſev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoke the temple with our ſacrifices.
Thou art my brother; ſo we'll hold thee ever. [*To* Bel.

(58) *Why fled you from the court, and* whether *theſe?*] By a ſtrange negligence, in all the editions, this paſſage is ſtark nonſenſe. One part of the miſtake made is in the word, *whether*; and another, is in the *falſe pointing*. It muſt be rectified thus;

Why fled you from the court? and whither? *Theſe*, &c.

The King is aſking his daughter, how ſhe has liv'd ſince her elopement from the court; when ſhe enter'd herſelf in *Lucius*'s ſervice; how ſhe met with her brothers, or parted from them; why ſhe fled from the court, and to what place: and having enumerated ſo many particulars, he ſtops ſhort, and cries, "All theſe circumſtances, and "the motives of *Belarius*, *Guiderius*, and *Arviragus* to the battle, "together with a number more of occurrences by the bye, I want to "be reſolv'd in."

Ima. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon!
Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save theſe in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.
Imo. My good maſter,
will yet do you ſervice.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn ſoldier that ſo nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.
Poſt. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The ſoldier, that did company theſe three,
In poor beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finiſh.
Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but, your ring firſt;
And here the bracelet of the trueſt Princeſs,
That ever ſwore her faith.
Poſt. Kneel not to me:
The power, that I have on you, is to ſpare you:
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Poſt. Your ſervant, Princes. Good my Lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothſayer*. As I ſlept, methought,
Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can

Make no collection of it. Let him ſhew
His ſkill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus,———

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

WHEN as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britaine *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus,* art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,
Being *Leonatus,* doth import ſo much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* Cymbeline.
Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier:* which *Mulier,* I divine,
Is this moſt conſtant wife; who, even now,
Anſwering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender air.

Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline,*
Perſonates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two ſons forth: who, by *Belarius* ſtoll'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majeſtick cedar join'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes *Britaine* peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin, and, *Caius Lucius,*
Although the victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar,*
And to the *Roman* Empire; promiſing,
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's juſtice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid moſt heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the viſion,

Which

Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold battle, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the *Roman* eagle,
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloft,
Leſſen'd herſelf, and in the beams o'th' ſun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæſar*, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the weſt.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked ſmokes climb to their noſtrils
From our bleſt altars! publiſh we this peace
To all our ſubjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman* and a *Britiſh* enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud*'s town march:
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feaſts.
Set on, there: Never was a war did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lies the ſcene: from Iſles of* Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens *ſent their ſhips,*
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their Crownets regal, from th' Athenian *bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their vow is made*
To ranſack Troy; *within whoſe ſtrong immures,*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps; and that's the quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come*———
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan *plains,*
The freſh, and yet unbruiſed, Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave pavillions. Priam's *ſix gates i'th' city,* (1)
(Dardan, *and* Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian,
And Antenorides,) *with maſſy ſtaples*

And

(1) ———Priam's ſix-*gated city*
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, *Trojan,*
And Antenoridan, with maſſy ſtaples
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts
Stirre *up the ſons of* Troy.] This has been a moſt miſerably mangled paſſage, thro' all the editions: corrupted at once into falſe concord, and falſe reaſoning. *Priam*'s ſix-gated *city ſtirre* up the ſons of *Troy?* ——Here's a verb *plural* govern'd of a nominative *ſingular*. But that is eaſily remedied. The next queſtion to be aſked, is, In what ſenſe a city having ſix ſtrong gates, and thoſe well barr'd and bolted, can be ſaid to *ſtir up* its inhabitants? unleſs they may be ſuppos'd to derive ſome ſpirit from the ſtrength of their fortifications. But this could not be the Poet's thought. He muſt mean, I take it, that the *Greeks* had pitch'd their tents upon the plains before *Troy*; and that the *Trojans* were ſecurely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This ſenſe my correction reſtores.
———Priam's *ſix* gates i'th' city,

Sperre *up the ſons of* Troy.

And correſpondive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperre up the ſons of Troy.——
Now expectation tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits
On one and other ſide, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but ſuited
*In like conditions as our argument;)

Why they might be call'd *Priam*'s ſix gates, will be ſeen in the ſequel of this note. To *ſperre*, or *ſpar*, (from the old *Teutonic* word, ſperren) ſignifies, to *ſhut up*, *defend* by *barrs*, &c. And in this very ſenſe has CHAUCER uſed the term in the 5th book of his *Troilus* and *Creſeide*.

For when he ſaw her doores *ſperred* all,
Well nigh for ſorrow' adown he 'gan to fall.

But now for the ſix gates, the very names of which our editors have barbarouſly demoliſh'd; and which Mr. *Pope*, tho' the tranſlator of *Homer*, had not the ſkill to re-edify, till I chalk'd out the materials for him. We find them enumerated by *La Cerda*, (from *Dares Phrygius*, as he informs us) in his note upon this paſſage of *Virgil*:

——*Ilic* Juno *Scææ ſæviſſima portas*
Prima tenet. *Æneid.* ii. v. 612.

Trojanæ *urbis portas ſex enumerat* Dares; *Antenoridem*, *Dardanien*, *Iliam*, *Scæam*, Catumbriam, *Trojanam*. This liſt is again given us by *Tiraquellus* in a note upon *Alexander* ab *Alexandro*, (lib. iv. cap. 23.) and from theſe two copied by Sir *Edward Sherburne* in his Commentary upon the *Troades* of *Seneca* tranſlated by him. But even in theſe three paſſages we have to deal with error: *Catumbria* is a very odd word; and, I am well ſatisfied, a depraved one. I'll endeavour to account for the blunder, and give the true reading. We are to remember, there was near old *Troy* a plain call'd *Thymbra*; a river, that run thro' it, call'd *Thymbrius*; and a temple to *Apollo Thymbræus*. The gate, that we are ſpeaking of, was probably deſcrib'd in the *Greek* author (ſuppos'd to be *Dares Phrygius*, and now long ſince loſt) to be καλὴ Θύμβριος: the gate that fac'd, or was in the neighbourhood of, the aforeſaid plain and river. And from thence, as I ſuſpect, by the negligence or ignorance of the tranſlator, the two *Greek* words were join'd, and corrupted into *Catumbra*. The correcter editions of *Dares Phrygius* (I mean the *Latin* verſion, which goes under that name) neither read as *Cerda*, *Tiraquellus* or Sir *Edward Sherburne* have given us this paſſage; but thus:——*Ilii portas fecit (ſcil.* Priamus) *quarum nomina hæc ſunt*, *Antenoridæ*, *Dardaniæ*, *Iliæ*, *Scææ*, Thymbrææ, *Trojanæ*. This exactly ſquares with my emendation, as well as aſſigns the cauſe why our Poet might call the ſix gates *Priam*'s, who was the builder of them.

To

To tell you, (fair beholders) that our Play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
Ginning i'th' middle: ſtarting thence away, (2)
To what may be digeſted in a Play.
Like, or find fault,——do, as your pleaſures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

(2) *Beginning in the middle, ſtarting thence* away,] Thus all the editions, before Mr. *Pope*'s. He, in the purity of his ear, has caſhier'd the laſt word, becauſe the verſe was longer than its fellows. I have choſe to retain it; (becauſe, I am perſuaded, the Poet intended a rhyme) and reduce the line to meaſure by an *apocope* ſo frequent in his writings.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PRIAM,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,
} TROJANS.

A baſtard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Therſites,
Calchas,
} GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus, *in love with* Paris.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Caſſandra, *Daughter to* Priam, *a Propheteſs.*
Creſſida, *Daughter to* Calchas, *in love with* Troilus.

Alexander, Creſſida's *Man.*
Boy, Page to Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy; *and the* Grecian *Camp, before i*

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Palace in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

TROILUS.

CALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again. (3)
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan.

(3) ——————*I'll unarm again.*
Why ſhould I war without *the walls of* Troy,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within? I won't venture to affirm, that this paſſage is founded on *Anacreon*, but there is a mighty conſonance both of thought and expreſſion in both poets; particularly, in the cloſe of the ſentence.

Μάτην δ' ἔχω βοείην·
Τί γὰρ βαλώμεθ' ἔξω,
Μάχης ἐσω μ' ἐχούσης;

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herſelf, what Goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, than I do.
At *Priam's* royal table do I ſit;

'*Tis in vain that I have a ſhield: for wherefore ſhould I* wear that outward defence, *when the* battle *rages all* within me? I hope, my readers will forgive me, if I take notice on this occaſion that the learned *Tanaquil Faber* quite miſtook *Anacreon's* ſenſe in this line, Τί μὴ βαλέμεθ' ἔξω;——He has render'd it; *Quid enim extrà*, aut *ſordi, tela mittamus, cùm intùs pugna ſit?* This is abſolutely foreign from the Poet's meaning. Madam *Dacier* ſeems to have underſtood it in her *French* verſion, but is repugnant to herſelf, when ſhe gives it us in *Latin.*——*C'eſt donc en vain que j'ay un bouclier, car à quoi ſert de ſe défendre en dehors, lorſque l'ennemi eſt au* dedans?——I am ſurpriz'd, after ſo juſt a tranſlation as to the meaning, that ſhe could ſubjoin this remark. *Les interpretes* Latins *n'ont pas bien entendu ce vers qu'ils traduiſent*, Nàm cur petamur extrà; *& il falloit traduire tout au contraire*, nam cur petamus extrà. *Petere hoſtem*, is, to *attack* an enemy; whichis not *Anacreon's* meaning. But Monſ. *De la Foſſe* has genteely animadverted upon this *Lady's* error. Anacreon *ne ſongeoit qu'au* ſe défendre, *& non pas à* offenſer. *Ainſi* petamus, *qui eſt une action* offenſive, *n'eſtoit pas ſi juſte que* petamur.
In my opinion, the paſſage ſhould be thus render'd;

Frustrà gero Clypeum;
Quidenim [illum] *extrinſecùs* objiciam,
Cum Pugna intùs omnimò ardeat?

The tranſlators do not ſeem to have remember'd, that βάλλομαι (as its compounds, ἀμφιβάλλομαι, ἐπιβάλλομαι, περιβάλλομαι) may ſometimes ſignify actively, *induo, injicio, impono.* Authorities are ſo obvious, that it is unneceſſary to *alledge any.*

And

And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So, traitor!—when ſhe comes? when is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me;
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
Buried this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. And her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s—well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women. But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not (as they term it) praiſe her—but I would, ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but——

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*——

(4) When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe——O that! her hand!
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach) to whoſe ſoft ſeizure

(4) *When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,*
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie intrench'd.] This is only the reading of the modern editors: I have reſtor'd that of the old books. For beſides that, *intrench'd* in *fathoms*, is a phraſe which we have very great reaſon to ſuſpect; what conſonance, or agreement, in ſenſe is there betwixt *drown'd* and *intrench'd*? The firſt carries the idea of deſtruction, the latter of ſecurity. *Indrench'd* correſponds exactly with *drown'd*; and ſignifies, *immers'd* in the deep, or, as our Poet in another place calls it, enſteep'd.

So in his *Venus* and *Adonis*;

O, where am I, (quoth ſhe) in earth, or heav'n?
Or in the ocean *drench'd*?

And in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, we again find the terms coupled.

And *drench'd* me in the ſea, where I am *drown'd*.

The

The cignet's down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me;
(As, true thou tell'ſt me;) when I ſay, I love her;
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt, in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus?*

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus?* what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*; and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, ſhe's a fool to ſtay behind her father: let her to the *Greeks*, and ſo I'll tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus,——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus,*——

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarm.*,

Tr. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!
Fools on both ſides.——*Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword:
But *Pandarus*——O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſte againſt all ſute.

Tell

Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lies, a pearl:
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourſelf the merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarm.*] *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus?* wherefore not i'th' field?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas?*

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn;
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus*' horn. [*Alarm.*

Æne. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*——
But to the ſport abroad——are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a publick Street, near the Walls of* Troy.

Enter Creſſida, *and* Alexander, *her Servant.*

Cre. WHO were thoſe went by?

Serv. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Serv. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is, as the Virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd: (5)

He

(5)——————*whoſe patience*
Is as a virtue fix'd,] What's the meaning of *Hector*'s patience being fix'd *as a virtue?* Is not patience a virtue? What room then for the ſimili-

He chid *Andromache*, and struck his armorer;
And like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness-dight, (6)
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,
In *Hector's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Serv. The noise goes thus; There is among the *Greeks*
A Lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Serv. They say, he is a very man *per se*, and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath so crouded humours, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain

similitude? The Poet certainly wrote, as I have conjecturally reform'd the text; and this is giving a fine character of it, to say, *His patience is as stedfast as the virtue of* Patience *itself*; or the *Goddess* so call'd: for the poets have always personaliz'd the *quality*. So we find *Troilus* a little before saying;

Patience herself, what *Goddess* e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do. Mr. *Warburton*.

(6) *Before the sun rose, he was* harnest light,] Why, harnest *light*? Does the Poet mean, that *Hector* had put on *light armour*? Or that he was *sprightly* in his arms, even before sun-rise? Or is a conundrum aim'd at, in *sun* rose, and harnest *light*? A very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary, and gives us the Poet's meaning in the properest terms imaginable.

Before the sun rose, he was harness-dight,

i. e. compleatly drest, accoutred, in arms. It is frequent with our Poet, from his masters *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, to say *dight* for *dock'd*; *pight* for *pitch'd*, &c. and from them too he uses *harness* for armour. So, again, in *Macbeth*;

——————blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with *harness* on our back.

of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Serv. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid*; what do you talk of? (7) Good morrow, *Alexander*;—how do you, couſin? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

(7) *Good morrow, couſin* Creſſid; *what do you talk of?* Good morrow, ALEXANDER;——*How do you, couſin?*] *Good morrow*, Alexander—is added in all the editions, ſays Mr. *Pope*, very abſurdly, *Paris* not being on the ſtage.——Wonderful acuteneſs! But, with ſubmiſſion, this gentleman's note is much more abſurd: for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that tho' *Paris* is, for the generality, in *Homer* call'd *Alexander*; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is call'd nothing but *Paris*. The truth of the fact is this. *Pandarus* is of a buſy, impertinent, inſinuating character; and 'tis natural for him, ſo ſoon as he has given his couſin the good morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely *in Nature*, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of *Pandarus*'s character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of *Creſſid*'s man? *Paris* had no patent, I ſuppoſe, for engroſſing it to himſelf. But the late *editor*, perhaps, becauſe we have had *Alexander* the Great, pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander Pope*, would not have ſo eminent a name proſtituted to a common *valet*.

Cre.

Cre. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays, here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too? [the two.

Pan. Who, *Troilus?*——*Troilus* is the better man of

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter!* there's no compariſon.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector?* do you know a man, if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay, *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you ſay, as I ſay; for, I am ſure, he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them, he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alàs, poor *Troilus!* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf; 'would, he were himſelf! well, the Gods are above; time muſt friend, or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would, my heart were in her body!——no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you ſhall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't: *Hector* ſhall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan.

Pan. You have no judgment, Niece; *Helen* herſelf ſwore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs) not brown neither——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much; if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure ſhe does. She came to him th' other day into the compaſs-window; and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?——

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno*, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his ſmiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then——but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*——

Cre. *Troilus* will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. *Troilus?* why, he eſteems her no more than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cre.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an addle head, you would eat chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed, ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair in his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing, Queen *Hecuba* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With millſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temp'rate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that: one and fifty hairs, (8) quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. *Jupiter!* quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris*, my huſband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

(8) Two *and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons.*] The copyiſts muſt have err'd here in the number; and I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *one* and *fifty*, I think, with ſome certainty. How elſe can the number make out *Priam*, and his fifty ſons?

Cre.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, coſin, I told you a thing yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April*. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs towards *Ilium?* (9) good niece, do; ſweet niece *Creſſida*.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee them bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Æneas paſſes over the ſtage.

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *paſſes over the ſtage.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' ſoundeſt judgment in *Troy* whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon; when comes *Troilus?* I'll ſhew you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall have more.

(9) *Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here and ſee them, as they paſs towards* Ilium?] This conduct of the Poet, in making *Pandarus* decypher the warriors as they paſs, ſeems an imitation of *Homer's Helen* on the walls, where ſhe ſhews the *Greeks* to *Priam*. This incident was borrow'd by *Euripides*, in his *Phœniſſæ*; and again copied by *Statius*, in the 9th book of his *Thebais*, where he makes *Phorbas* ſhew to *Antigone* the chiefs of the *Theban* army.

Hector

Hector *passes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, niece: O brave *Hector!* look, how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,—look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there! there's no jeſting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Paris *paſſes over.*

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godſlid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris:* look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who ſaid, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha? 'would, I could ſee *Troilus* now; you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus.* I marvel, where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus*———I think, he went not forth to-day; that's *Helenus.*

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus? Helenus* is a prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus.* 'Tis *Troilus!* there's a man, niece——hem——brave *Troilus!* the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus!* look well upon him, niece, look you how his ſword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he never ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris?*——*Paris* is dirt to him, and, I warrant, *Helen* to change would give money too boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well——why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt, that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.—

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe; and at all theſe wards I lie, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chieſeſt of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow;

blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle———

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the ſame token, you are a bawd. [*Exit* Pan.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand-fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be:
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; the ſoul's joy lies in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when Deſire did ſue:
Atchievement is command; ungain'd, beſeech.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Agamemnon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. PRINCES,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your [cheeks?
The ample propoſition, that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,

Fails

Fails in the promis'd largeneſs: checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our Suppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years' ſiege, yet *Troy*-walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our works?
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter by itſelf,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy godlike ſeat, (10)
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk?

(10) *With due obſervance of thy* goodly *ſeat,*] *Goodly* is an epithet carries no very great compliment with it; and *Neſtor* ſeems here to be paying deference to *Agamemnon*'s ſtate and preheminence. The old books have it,——*to thy* godly *ſeat*; *godlike*, as I have reform'd the text, ſeems to me the epithet deſign'd; and is very conformable to what *Æneas* afterwards ſays of *Agamemnon*;

Which is that *God* in office, guiding men?

But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cuts;
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like *Perſeus'* horſe: Where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune. For in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade; the thing of courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyſſ. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up: hear, what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway, [*To* Aga.
And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life, [*To* Neſt.
I give to both your ſpeeches; which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in ſilver)
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians'* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou great, and wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*: we leſs expect,
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.

Uyſſ. *Troy*, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector's* ſword had lack'd a maſter,

But

But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpeciality of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many *Grecian* tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heav'ns themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts like the commandment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the ſea? ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixure? Oh, when *degree* is ſhaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high deſigns)
The enterprize is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, lawrels,
(But by degree) ſtand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows; each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude ſon would ſtrike his father dead:

Force would be Right; or rather, Right and Wrong (11)
(Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice reſides)
Would loſe their names, and ſo would Juſtice too.
Then every thing includes itſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite (an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up itſelf. Great *Agamemnon!*
This chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this negleƈtion of degree is it,
That by a peace goes backward, in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is ſick.

Agam. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?

Ulyſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the fore-hand of our hoſt,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward aƈtion

(11) ——— *Right and Wrong,*
Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice reſides,
Would loſe their names;] This is not a bad comment upon what *Horace* has ſaid on this ſubjeƈt;

——— *ſunt certi denique fines*
Quos ultrà citràque nequit conſiſtere rectum.

(Which,

(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting player, (whoſe conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage)
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted ſeeming
He acts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd:
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:
Cries——excellent!——'tis *Agamemnon* juſt——
Now play me *Neſtor*——hum, and ſtroke thy beard,
As he, being dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done——as near as the extremeſt ends (12)
Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, excellent!
'Tis *Neſtor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-alarm:
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a palſy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet——and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries "O!—enough, *Patroclus*——";
Or "give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all
"In pleaſure of my ſpleen." And, in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,

(12) ——————*as near as the extremeſt ends Of* parallels;] i. e. vaſtly diſtant; for *parallel* lines, tho' they run all the way equi-diſtant, yet their extremities are as far off from each other as the points of eaſt and weſt.

(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a pace,
As broad *Achilles*; and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an oracle; and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How hard ſoever rounded in with danger.

Uly. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Fore-ſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand: The ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs call them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies' weight;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work mapp'ry, cloſet war: (13)
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon*'s tent, I pray you?

(13) *They call this* bed-work, mapp'ry, *cloſet war,*] The Poet in my opinion would ſay, this is planning out action and war, as a man might do on his pillow and in his cloſet. If ſo, *bedwork* muſt be the epithet to *mappery*, as *cloſet* is to *war*: and therefore I have expung'd the comma, which ſeparated the firſt from its ſubſtantive. So *Guiderius*, in *Cymbeline*, ſpeaking of an unactive life, ſays it is

A cell of ignorance; *travelling a-bed.*

Aga.

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?

Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I aſk, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus:*
Which is that God in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*

Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls, (14)
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, *Jove's* ac-
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*; [cord,

(14) *But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,*
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords, and Jove's *accord,*
Nothing ſo full of heart.] Can the Poet be ſuppos'd to mean, that the *Trojans* had *Jove's* accord whenever they would ſeem ſoldiers? No; certainly, he would intimate that nothing was ſo full of heart as they, when that God did but ſhew himſelf on their ſide. This circumſtance, added, brings no impeachment to their courage: valour would become preſumption and impiety in them, if they had truſted to it when *Jove* manifeſtly declared himſelf on the other ſide. My regulation of the pointing fixes the Poet's ſenſe; and 'tis every where his manner to mention the concurrence of the Deity ſuppos'd.

Our coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our ſtate,
And *(Heav'n conſigning to* my good intents,) *&c.* 2 *Henry* IV.
——————for, *God before,*
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door. *Henry* V.
Yet, *God before,* tell him, we will come on. *Ibid.*
That by the help of theſe, (with *Him above*
To *ratify* the work) *Macbeth.*
&c. &c. &c.

Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourſelf *Æneas?*

Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy braſs voice thro' all theſe lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.

[*The trumpet ſounds.*

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is ruſty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion,
(With truant vows to her own lips, he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him, this challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, (or do his beſt to do it)
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;

And

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance;——even ſo much.

Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, Lord *Æneas*.
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I'm he.

Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one, that was a man
When *Hector*'s Grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* hoſt
One noble man that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vanbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Ulyſ. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:
Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

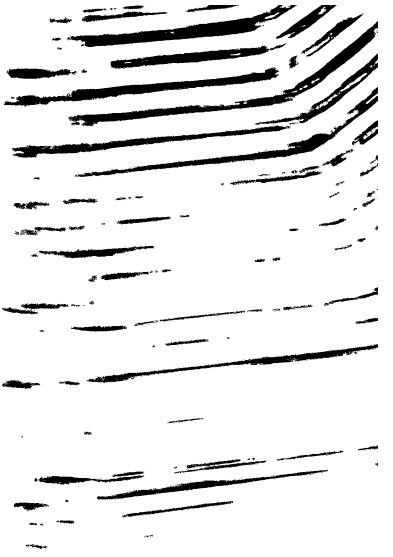
Manent Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſ. Neſtor,——

Neſt. What ſays *Ulyſſes*?

Ulyſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Neſt. What is't?



Ulyſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Neſt. Well, and how now?

Ulyſ. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles*.

Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous ev'n as ſubſtance, (15)
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up.
And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Lybia*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles*? though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells.

(15) *The purpoſe is perſpicuous ev'n as ſubſtance,*
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up,
And in the publication make no ſtrain:] The modern editors, 'tis plain, have lent each other very little information upon this paſſage: Τυφλὸς τυφλῶ ὁδηγὸς, as the proverb ſays; *the blind have led the blind.* As they have pointed the paſſage, 'tis ſtrange ſtuff; and how they ſolv'd it to themſelves, is paſt my diſcovery. That little characters, or particles, ſum up the groſſneſs of any ſubſtance, I conceive: but how thoſe characters, or particles, *make no ſtrain in the publication*, ſeems a little harder than *algebra*. My regulation of the pointing brings us to clear ſenſe; "The aim and purpoſe of this duel is as viſible "as any groſs ſubſtance can be, compounded of many little particles:" And having ſaid thus, *Ulyſſes* goes on to another obſervation; "And "makes no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be pro-"claim'd, but that *Achilles*, dull as he is, will diſcover the drift of "it." This is the meaning of the laſt line. So, afterwards, in this play, *Ulyſſes* ſays,

I do not *ſtrain* at the poſition,

i. e. I do not heſitate at, I make no difficulty of it.

For

For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt palate: and truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant-maſs
Of things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He, that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech;
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
And think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our ſhame in this
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* ſun,
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lott'ry;
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong ourſelves,

Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.
Neſt. Ulyſſes, now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*; go we to him ſtraight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Grecian* Camp.

Enter Ajax, *and* Therſites.

AJAX.

THERSITES,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boiles—full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. Therſites,——

Ther. And thoſe boiles did run——ſay ſo——did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!——

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted Lord!

Ajax.

Ajax. Speak then, you unwinnow'd'ſt (16) leaven, ſpeak; I will beat thee into handſomneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſoon rail thee into wit and holineſs; but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece*.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina*'s beauty: ay, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites!*——

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him.

(16) *Speak then, you* unſalted *leaven, ſpeak;*] This is a reading obtruded upon us by Mr. *Pope*, that has no authority or countenance from any of the copies; nor that approaches in any degree to the traces of the old reading, you *whinid'ſt* leaven. This, 'tis true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the emendation, which I have coin'd out of it, gives us a ſenſe apt and conſonant to what *Ajax* would ſay.——"Thou lump of ſow'r dough, kneaded up out of a flower unpurg'd and unſifted, with all the droſs and bran in it."——*Kent*, in *Lear*, uſes the ſame metaphorical reproach to the cowardly ſteward;

I will tread this *unboulted* villain into mortar.

i. e. This villain of ſo *groſs* a compoſition, that he was not *ſifted* thro' the *boulting-cloth*, before he was work'd up into *leaven*. So *Pandarus* ſays to *Troilus* in the firſt ſcene of this play:

Ay, the *boulting*; but you muſt tarry the *leavening*.

I cannot without injuſtice paſs over another conjecture, propos'd by my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton*;——*you* windieſt leaven. An epithet, as he ſays, not only admirably adapted to the nature of *leaven*, which is made only by *fermentation*, but likewiſe muſt juſtly applied to the loquacious *Therſites*.——And, indeed, in ſeveral counties of *England*, an idle prater is call'd, a *windy* fellow.

Ajax.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whoreſon cur!——— [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch!——

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord; thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Aſſinego* may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here but to thraſh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy Lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax?* wherefore do you this? How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord *(Achilles) Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil.

Achil. What?

[Ajax *offers to ſtrike him,* Achilles *interpoſes.*

Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit——

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall——

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Patr. Good words, *Therſites.*

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Ev'n ſo—a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites?*

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes* and old *Neſtor*, (whoſe wit was mouldy ere your grandſires had nails on their toes,) (17) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

(17) *There's* Ulyſſes, *and old* Neſtor, *whoſe wit was mouldy ere* their *grandſires had nails on their toes,*] This is one of theſe editors wiſe riddles. This is no folly of *Therſites*'s venting. What! was *Neſtor*'s wit mouldy, before his grandſire's toes had any nails? that is, was the grandſon an old man, before the grandfather was out of his ſwathing-cloaths? Prepoſterous nonſenſe! and yet ſo eaſy a change, as one poor derivative pronoun for another, ſets all right and clear.

Achil.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; to, *Achilles!* to, *Ajax!* to—

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Therſites.*

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles'* brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance. [hoſt,

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our
That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*,
To-morrow-morning call ſome knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis traſh, farewel.

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [*Exe.*

SCENE *changes to* Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, *and* Helenus.

Pri. AFTER ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks*:
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war)
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector*, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*

Than

Than *Hector* is. The wound of peace is Surety, (18)
Surety ſecure; but modeſt Doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go.
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Ev'ry tithe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fy, fy, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread father) in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fy, for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons;
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are your reaſons.
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a ſword imploy'd is perilous;
And reaſon flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels,
And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,

(18) *The wound of peace is Surety*;] i. e. the great danger of peace is too much ſecurity; the opinion of our being leaſt in danger. Therefore, as our Author ſays in *Hamlet*;

Be wary then; *beſt ſafety* lies in *fear*.

Velleius Paterculus, ſpeaking of *Arminius*'s treachery, has left us a ſentiment, that might very well have given riſe to our Author's. *Haud imprudenter ſpeculatus, neminem celeriùs opprimi, quàm qui nihil timeret; & frequentiſſimum* initium *eſſe* calamitatis ſecuritatem.

Or

Or like a ſtar diſorb'd!——Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Make livers pale, and luſtyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the God;
And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly itſelf affects,
Without ſome image of th' affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
My Will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid
(Although my Will diſtaſte what is elected)
The wife I chuſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,
When we have ſpoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the *Greeks*:
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the ports deſir'd;
And for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes ſtale the morning. (19)
Why

(19) ——————*whoſe youth and freſhneſs*
Wrinkles Apollo's, *and make* pale *the morning.*] This is only Mr. *Pope*'s reading; all the other editions have, *ſtale*; which ſeems the Poet's antitheſis to *freſhneſs*. So in his *Winter's Tale*;

——ſo

Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants———
If you'll avouch, 'twas wiſdom *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go:*)
If you'll confeſs, he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd, ineſtimable!) why do you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did,
Beggar that eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe!
That we have ſtol'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtol'n,
Who in *their* country did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans!*

Hect. It is *Caſſandra*.

Enter Caſſandra, *with her hair about her ears.*

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,

———ſo ſhall I do
To th' *freſheſt* things now reigning, and make *ſtale*
The gliſtring of this preſent.

This old aunt, who is only hinted at by our Poet, is *Heſione*, the daughter of *Laomedon*, and ſiſter of *Priam*. She was borne away captive to *Greece* by *Hercules*, when he ſack'd *Troy*; and was given to *Telamon*'s bed, by whom ſhe bore *Teucer*.——*Spenſer* mentions her ſubduing *Telamon* to her charms, in his verſion of VIRGIL's *Gnat*.

For th' one was raviſh'd of his own bond-maid,
The fair *Ixioné*, captiv'd from *Troy*.

For here we muſt read, *Heſione*. The particulars of her ſtory are to be found in *Hyginus*'s 89th fable.

Add

Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come:
Cry, *Trojans*, cry; practiſe your eyes with tears.
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand:
Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of Divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualify the ſame?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons;
And, *Jove* forbid! there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things, as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;

You

You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.
Par. Sir, I propoſe not merely to myſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain, as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
When *Helen* is the ſubject. Then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.
Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well: (20)
But on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy. (21)

The

(20) Paris *and* Troilus, *you have both ſaid well*;
And *on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand*
Have gloſs'd, but ſuperficially.] I can never think that the poet expreſs'd himſelf thus: 'tis abſurd to ſay, that people have talk'd *well*, and yet but *ſuperficially* at the ſame time. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute a *disjunctive* inſtead of the *copulative*, by which we gain this commodious ſenſe: "You have argued *very well* in the *general*, "but have gloz'd too *ſuperficially* upon the *particular* queſtion in "debate."

(21) ——————*not much*
Unlike young men, whom graver ſages *thought*
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy.] This is a ſophiſticated reading firſt of Mr. *Rowe*, and afterwards of Mr. *Pope*. I had objected, that this was an exception to Mr. *Pope*'s rule laid down in his preface, that *the various readings are fairly put in the margin, ſo that every one may compare them: and thoſe he has preferr'd into the text, are* CONSTANTLY ex fide codicum, *upon authority*. For *graver ſages*, I ſaid, was preferr'd into the text without *any* authority, and that all the printed

The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: for pleaſure and revenge
Have

printed copies read the paſſage, as I have reſtor'd it in the text. To this Mr. *Pope* cavil'd, that Mr. *Rowe* had made the alteration, ſo that I was miſtaken in ſaying that no edition had it ſo.——But is an arbitrary, undefended alteration an authority? I would not have Mr. *Pope* take it as too high a compliment, when I tell him, I look upon *his* and Mr. *Rowe*'s editions of *Shakeſpeare* of one and the ſame authority. But to come to the juſtification of the text.

'Tis certain, indeed, that *Ariſtotle* was at leaſt 800 years ſubſequent in time to *Hector*: and therefore the Poet makes a remarkable innovation upon chronology. But Mr. *Pope* will have this to be one of thoſe *palpable blunders*, which the illiteracy of the firſt publiſhers of his works has father'd on the Poet's memory; and is of opinion, it could not be of our author's penning, *it not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had.*——'Twas for this reaſon, and to ſhelter our author from ſuch an abſurdity, that Mr. *Pope* expung'd the name of *Ariſtotle*, and ſubſtituted in its place Mr. *Rowe*'s ——*graver ſages*. But, with ſubmiſſion, even herein he made at beſt but half a cure. If the Poet muſt be fetter'd down ſtrictly to the chronology of things, it is every whit as abſurd for *Hector* to talk of *philoſophy*, as for him to talk of *Ariſtotle*. We have ſufficient proofs, that *Pythagoras* was the firſt who invented the word *Philoſophy*, and call'd himſelf *Philoſopher*. And he was near 600 years after the date of *Hector*, even from his beginning to flouriſh. 'Tis true, the thing, which we now underſtand by philoſophy, was *then* known: but it was only *till then* call'd *knowledge* and *wiſdom*. But, to diſmiſs this point; I believe, this anachroniſm of our Poet (and, perhaps, the greateſt part of the others he is guilty of) was the effect of poetic licenſe in him, rather than ignorance.

It has been very familiar with the poets, of the ſtage eſpecially, upon a ſuppoſition that their audience were not ſo exactly inform'd in chronology, to antieipate the mention of perſons and things, before either the *firſt* were born, or the *latter* thought of. *Shakeſpeare*, again in this play, compares the nerves of *Ajax* with thoſe of bull-bearing *Milo* of *Crotona*, who was not in being till 600 years after that *Greek*; and was a diſciple of *Pythagoras*. Again, *Pandarus*, at the concluſion of the play, talks of a *Winchеſter-gooſe*: indeed, it is in an addreſs to the audience, and then there may be an allowance, and greater latitude for going out of character. In *Coriolanus*, as I have obſerv'd in the proper place, *Menenius* talks of *Alexander* the Great, and *Galen*. And the very hero of that play complains of the grievance, that he muſt ſtoop to, in begging voices of Dick and Hob, names which, I dare

Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,

Than

dare ſay, Mr. *Pope* does not imagine that *Shakeſpeare* believ'd were ever heard of by that *Roman*. From his many plays founded on our *Engliſh* annals, and the many points of hiſtory accurately tranſmitted down in them, I ſuppoſe it muſt be confeſs'd, that he was intimately vers'd in that part of reading. Yet in his King *Lear*, he has ventur'd to make *Edgar* talk of the *Curfew*, a thing not known in *Britain* till the *Norman* invaſion. In his King *John*, he above fifty times mentions cannons, tho' gunpowder was not uſed by the *Engliſh*, till above a century and half after the death of that monarch: and what is yet more ſingular, (as he could be no ſtranger to the date of a remarkable man, who lived ſo near his own time) twice in the ſtory of *Henry* VI. he makes mention of *Machiavel* as a ſubtle politician, who was alive in the 20th year of *Henry* VIII.

Nor have theſe liberties been taken alone by *Shakeſpeare*, among our own poets: in the *Humourous Lieutenant* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, all the firſt characters of which play are the immediate ſucceſſors of *Alexander* the Great, *Demetrius*, prince of *Macedon*, comes out of his chamber with a piſtol in his hand, above 1500 years before fire-arms were ever thought of. So, in the *Oedipus* of *Dryden* and *Lee*, there is a mention of the machines in the theatre at *Athens*: tho' neither plays, nor theatres were ſo much as known to the world till above 500 years after that prince's death. And yet I dare ſay, neither *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* ever ſuppos'd, or thought to make their audiences believe, that piſtols were uſed in *Demetrius*'s time; nor were *Dryden* and *Lee* ſo ignorant in dramatic chronology, as to ſuppoſe tragedy of as early a date as *Oedipus*.

But that the poets of our own nation may be juſtified in theſe liberties by the examples of the antients, I'll throw in a few inſtances of the like ſort from their predeceſſors in the art at *Greece* and *Rome*. The *Anachroniſms* of *Æſchylus* I ſhall reſerve to my edition of that poet. The great *Sophocles*, in his *Electra*, ſuppoſes, that *Oreſtes* was thrown from his chariot and kill'd at the *Pythian* games; which games, as the Scholiaſt tells us, were not inſtituted till 600 years afterwards by *Triptolemus*. And *Euripides* in his *Phœniſſæ*, (the ſubject of which is the invaſion of *Thebes* by *Polynices* and the *Argives*) makes *Tireſias* talk of his giving the victory to *Athens* againſt *Eumolpus*; tho' *Eumolpus*'s war againſt *Erechtheus* was no leſs than four generations elder than the *Theban* war. Frequent inſtances occur in *Athenæus*, that ſhew, beyond exception, how free the comic poets made with chronology. *Alexis*, in his comedy call'd *Heſione*, introduces *Hercules* drinking out of a *Thericlean* cup. Now, this was a ſpecies of cups, invented by *Thericles* a *Corinthian* potter, who was contem-

porary

Than wife is to the huſband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
(As, it is known, ſhe is) theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nation, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Troi. Why there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theam of honour and renown,

porary with *Ariſtophanes* above 800 years after the period of *Hercules*. *Anaxandrides*, in his *Proteſilaus*, a hero that was kill'd by *Hector*, brings in *Hercules* again, and talks of *Iphicrates* the *Athenian* general, and *Cotys* the *Thracian* king, both living in the Poet's own days. And *Diphilus*, in his *Sappho*, makes *Archilochus* and *Hipponax* both addreſs that poetical lady; tho' the firſt was dead a century before ſhe was born, and tho' ſhe was dead and rotten before the latter was born. To add but two inſtances from the *Latin* poets: *Seneca*, in his tragedy call'd *Hercules Furens*, makes the chorus talk of people flocking to the entertainments of a new theatre: tho', 'tis evident, no theatres were as then built or thought of: and *Plautus* in his *Amphitryon*, makes *Blepharo* talk of golden *Philipps*, a money coin'd by *Alexander's* father near 900 years after the days of *Amphitryon*.

If theſe inſtances of voluntary tranſgreſſion in time may go any way towards acquitting our Poet for the like inconſiſtencies, I'll at any time engage to ſtrengthen them with ten times the number, fetch'd from the writings of the beſt poets, antient and modern, foreign and domeſtick.

A ſpur

A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I preſume, brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*.——
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſy ſpirits.
I was adverti's'd, their great General ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the army crept:
This, I preſume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before* Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

HOW now, *Therſites?* what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? ſhall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! 'would, it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me: 'ſfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, leſs than little wit from them that they have; which ſhort-arm'd ignorance itſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing the maſſy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that, methinks, is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my

prayers, and devil Envy ſay *Amen.* What ho! my Lord *Achilles!*

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites?* Good *Therſites,* come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou couldſt not have ſlipp'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death, then if ſhe, that lays thee out, ſays thou art a fair coarſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles?*

Patr. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion———why haſt thou not ſerved thyſelf up to my table, ſo many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon!*

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus,* what's *Achilles?*

Patr. Thy Lord, *Therſites:* then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus:* then tell me, *Patroclus,* what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell,———

Ther. I'll decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles, Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You raſcal———

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Therſites.*

Ther.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Therſites* is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator;—it ſuffices me, thou art.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with no body: come in with me, *Therſites*. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch juggling, and ſuch knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the ſubject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Patr. Within his tent, but ill diſpos'd; my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſhent our meſſengers, and we lay by (22)
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo, leſt, perchance, he think

(22) *He* ſent *our meſſengers*;] Who ſent, in the name of accuracy? What! did *Achilles* ſend the meſſengers, who were ſent by *Agamemnon?* I make no doubt, but the Poet wrote;

He ſhent *our meſſengers*;

i. e. rebuked, ill-treated, rated out of his preſence. As, in *Antony*, *Auguſtus* complains of the like treatment from that Prince;

Did pocket up my letters, and with *taunts*
Did *gibe* my miſſives out of *audience*.

The word *ſhent*, diſgraced, ſhamed, (from ἀισχυνὸς, as ſome etymologiſts tell us;) is frequent both in *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*; and occurs more than once again in our Author.

Clown. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir? I am *ſhent* for ſpeaking to you. *Twelfth Night.*

How in my words ſoever ſhe be *ſhent*,
To give them ſeals never my ſoul conſent. *Hamlet.*

We dare not move the queſtion of our place;
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?—let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my Lord. [*To* Agamemnon.

Neſt. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who, *Therſites?*

Ulyſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſ. No, you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Neſt. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſel, that a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſ. The amity, that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untie.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſy; His legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus;*
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers;
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet all his virtues

(Not

(Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs;
And, like fair fruit in an unwholeſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him; and you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay, we think him over-proud,
In ſelf-aſſumption greater than in note
Of judgment: ſay, men worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And under-go in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His courſe and times, his ebbs and flows; as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,
" Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
" A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give,
" Before a ſleeping giant;" tell him ſo.

Patr. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him. *Ulyſſes*, enter.
[*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he, that is proud, eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle;

and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

Re-enter Ulyſſes.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

Ulyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: he's poſſeſt with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.

Ulyſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud Lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf,) ſhall he be worſhip'd
Of that, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant Lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,

(As

(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*:
That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles*, go to him!

Neſt. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed fiſt I'll paſh him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeſe his pride; let me go to him.

Ulyſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry inſolent fellow——

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf!

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſ. The raven chides blackneſs.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o'my mind——

Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyſ. He would have ten ſhares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple,——

Neſt. He is not yet through warm: (23) force him with praiſes; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyſ. My Lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.

(23) Ajax. *I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple,* he is not yet through warm.

Neſt. *Force him with praiſes*; &c.] The latter part of *Ajax's* ſpeech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be aſſign'd to *Neſtor*, as I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe it. *Ajax* is feeding on his vanity, and boaſting what he'll do to *Achilles*; he'll paſh him o'er the face, he'll make him eat ſwords; he'll knead him, he'll ſupple him, *&c. Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* ſlily labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end *Neſtor* craftily hints, that *Ajax* is not warm yet, but muſt be cram'd with more flattery.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*
Ulyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face———
I will be ſilent.
Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.
Ulyſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreſon dog! that palters thus with us——
Would he were a *Trojan!*
Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now———
Ulyſ. If he were proud.
Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.
Ulyſ. Ay, or ſurly borne.
Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf affected. [compoſure;
Ulyſ. Thank the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of ſweet
Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yields
To ſinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts. Here's *Neſtor,*
Inſtructed by the antiquary times;
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe:
But pardon, father *Neſtor,* were your days
As green as *Ajax,* and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax.*
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Ulyſ. Ay, my good ſon.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax.*
Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our great General
To call together all his ſtate of war;
Freſh kings are come to *Troy:* to-morrow, friends,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt:

And

And here's a Lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.
Aga. Go we to council, let *Achilles* ſleep;
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Paris's *Apartments in the Palace, in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.* [*Muſick within.*

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord *Paris?*

Serv. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Serv. The Lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord *Pandarus.*

Serv. I hope, I ſhall know your honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Serv. You are in the ſtate of grace?

Pan. Grace? not ſo, friend: Honour and Lordſhip are my titles:
What muſick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, Sir; it is muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Serv. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my Lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's inviſible ſoul.

Pan. Who, my couſin *Creſſida?*

Serv. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus:* I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Serv. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed.

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them; eſpecially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken muſick.

Par. You have broken it, couſin, and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my Lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my Lord, dear Queen; my Lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but,

but, marry thus, my Lord;——my dear Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend, your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, honey-ſweet Lord,——

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to ——

Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen, I'faith——

Helen. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſour offence. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no——

Pan. And, my Lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*,——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen, my very very ſweet Queen?

Par. What exploits in hand, where ſups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord,——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my couſin will fall out with you.

Helen. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer *Creſſida*.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, good my Lord; why ſhould you ſay, *Creſſida?* no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy——

Pan. You ſpy, what do you ſpy? come, give me an inſtrument now, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet Queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, ſhe'll none of him, they too are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, ſweet Lord, thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love!——ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins ſo.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more:
For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The ſhaft confounds
Nor that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore.
Theſe Lovers cry, oh! oh! they die:
Yet that, which ſeems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:
So dying love lives ſtill.
O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;
O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha—hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the noſe!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?——Sweet Lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all, Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey-ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

Par. To a hair.
Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.
Helen. Commend me to your niece.
Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*
Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam*'s Hall,
To greet the warriors.——Sweet *Helen*, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our *Hector:* his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews: you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector.*
Helen. 'I will make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris:*
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines ourſelf.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Orchard to* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man.*

Pan. NOW, where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?
Serv. No, Sir, he ſtays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?
Troi. Sirrah, walk off.
Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?
Troi. No, *Pandarus:* I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waſtage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid.*
Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her ſtraight.
[*Exit* Pandarus.
Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The

Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountring
The eye of Majesty.

Enter Pandarus *and* Cressida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, we'll put you i'th' files: (24) Why do you not speak

(24) *If you draw backward, we'll* put you i'th' files.] *Pandarus* here threatens her with military discipline. It was a custom, we find, as old as *Homer*'s time, for them, in drawing up a battle, to place such as they suspected would misbehave, (desert, or decline fighting) in the mid ranks; so that they might be watch'd on every hand.

——————κακὺς δ' ἐς μέσσον ἔλασσεν,
Ὄφρα ᾖ οὐκ ἐθέλων τις ἀναγκαίῃ πολεμίζῃ. Iliad. Δ. 299.

This

ſpeak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs the Miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: (25) go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion: what, billing again? here's, in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably——come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſht me thus?

Cre. Wiſht, my Lord! the Gods grant—O my Lord.

Troi. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear. To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid*'s Pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

This method the ſhort Scholiaſt explains thus; μεταξὺ δύο ἀνδρείων ἵνα κακὸν ἀγαθὸν ἀλλάξῃ. i. e. he threw one bad man in betwixt two approv'd ones, brave ſoldiers. This is what we now call *putting in the files*. *Ælian* has taken notice, that *Homer* was the firſt who ſeems to have been acquainted with *Tactics*.

(25) *The falcon* has *the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river.*] This reading firſt got place caſually, as I preſume, in Mr. *Rowe*'s edition; and was implicitly follow'd by Mr. *Pope*. But they both deprave the text. *Pandarus*, ſeeing *Troilus* kiſs with fervour, and *Creſſida* meet his kiſſes with equal zeal, means, that he'll match his niece againſt her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *faulcon*, we generally underſtand the *female*.

Troi.

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtruoſity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay, all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able; and yet reſerve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monſtrous?

Troi. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: our head ſhall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent; we ſhall not name deſert before his birth, and, being born, his addition ſhall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſida*, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hoſtages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are conſtant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,

For

For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won: but I was won, my Lord,
With the firſt glance that ever—— pardon me——
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant:
I love you now; but not till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it——in faith, I lie——
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother; ſee, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to ourſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſht myſelf a man:
Or that we women had men's privilege,
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent; ſee, ſee, your ſilence
(Cunning in dumbneſs) from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.
[*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd;—O heavens, what have I done!——
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Creſſid?*

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot ſhun yourſelf.

Cre. Let me go try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that itſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak, I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I ſhew more craft than love,

And

And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not: To be wiſe and love, (26)
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will preſume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth
Out-living beauties outward; with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Or, that perſuaſion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight

(26) ——*To be wiſe and love,*
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.] This ſentiment has ſtrongly the air of imitation. Our Author ſeems partly to have borrow'd it from this verſe falſely father'd on *Seneca*;

Amare & ſapere *vix* Deo *conceditur.*

and partly from what *Terence* has left us upon the ſame ſubject.

Here, quæ res in ſe neq; conſilium neq; modum
Habet ullum, eam conſilio regere non potes.
——————*nihilo plus agas,*
Quàm ſi des operam ut cum ratione inſanias.

Eunuch. *Act.* i. *Sc.* 1.

Horace has borrow'd a good part of his argument concerning a lover's mad behaviour, from this ſcene of *Terence*; and follow'd the ſtage-poet's very words, as far as he could make them conform to the difference of numbers. (*Serm.* lib. ii. 3.) *Pliny* the Younger, among ſome other verſes from *Sentius Augurinus*, quotes one much to our ſubject;

I nunc, qui ſapias, amare noli.

And gives it the praiſe of being acute, apt, and expreſs. *Book* IV. *Epiſt.* 27.

A lover, in the *Greek* epigram, declining to marry his miſtreſs becauſe ſhe was poor, yet profeſſing to love her, is ſaid by the Poet to be a *lier*, not a *lover*, for that right reaſoning cannot belong to a ſpirit in love.

——Οὐ φιλέεις· ἐψεύσαο. πῶς δύναλαι γὰρ
Ψυχὴ ἐρωμανέειν ὀρθὰ λογιζομένη;

But *Menander* has left us the ſmarteſt piece of ſatire upon lovers being mad, that I can any where elſe remember.

Ἀλλ' ὅταν ἐρῶνλα νῦν ἔχειν τὶς ἀξιοῖ,
Παρά τινι τὸ ἀνόητον ἅτος ὄφεται;

"But when any one will allow a *lover* to be *in his wits*, whom will "ſuch a man allow to have the ſymptoms of *madneſs*?"

Of

Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then uplifted! but alas,
I am as true as Truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.
Cre. In that I'll war with you.
Troi. O virtuous fight!
When Right with Right wars who ſhall be moſt right.
True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimiles: truth, tir'd with iteration,
As true as ſteel, as planets to their moons, (27)
As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truth's authentick author to be cited)
As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.

(27) ——*as planets to* the moon.] *Plantage* is certainly very juſtly thrown out, as a reading of no ſenſe or truth: and yet the text is a little corrupted, and muſt be help'd thus;

——*as planets to* their moons.

He fetches here his compariſons of true love from the ſympathy or affection of the ſeveral parts of Nature. *As true as ſteel*,——I know, by this phraſe, men generally mean as true as a well-temper'd ſword is to the hand of the warrior: but I am perſuaded, the phraſe had another original; and that was, from obſerving its ſtrange affection to the *loadſtone*.——But other *planets*, beſides the *earth*, (before the time of our Author) were diſcover'd to have their *moons* which revolv'd round them. *Jupiter* has four moons, and *Saturn* five. The aſtronomers ſometimes call'd theſe, *moons*; and ſometimes, *ſatellites*. Sometimes, when they ſpoke of the moon, they call'd it the earth's *ſatellite*: and when they ſpoke of the *ſatellites* of the other planets, they call'd them *Jupiter*, or *Saturn*'s moons. Their conſtant unerring attendance on their reſpective planets made this *phænomenon* very proper for compariſon: tho', properly ſpeaking, as it is here put, it is inverted; for it ſhould be, *as true as* moons *to their* planets——Becauſe the moons depend on their planets, not the planets on their moons. But that this inverted order is nothing with *Shakeſpeare*, is plain from many places of his works, and particularly from the immediate following words, *As ſun to day*;——which is likewiſe in the ſame manner inverted: for the day depends on the ſun, and not the ſun on the day. Mr. *Warburton*.

Cre.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind Oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they've ſaid, as falſe
As air, as water, as wind, as ſandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſhood,
As falſe as *Creſſid*———

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs.——Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars:* let all inconſtant men be *Troilus*'s, all falſe women *Creſſida*'s, and all brokers-between *Pandars:* ſay, Amen.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a bed-chamber; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.
And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. NOW, Princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud

To

To call for recompence: appear it to you, (28)
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtred from all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore;)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right-great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negociations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a Prince o'th' blood, a ſon of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent, great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter: and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pain.

(28) ——————*appear it to you,*
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy,] *Calchas* is here preſſing for ſome reward from the *Grecian* princes, for his having come over to them: but does it in any kind add to his merit with them, to ſay, "Gentlemen, by "my power of preſcience I found my country muſt be ſubdued and "ruin'd; and therefore I have left houſe and home in time to [ſave "myſelf, and] come and ſerve you."——And yet this is the drift and hinge upon which his argument turns, and his hopes and pretence for recompenſe are form'd. I own, the motives of his oratory ſeem to me ſomewhat perverſe and unartful: nor do I know how to reconcile it, unleſs our Poet purpoſely intended to make *Calchas* act the part of a true prieſt; and ſo from motives of ſelf-intereſt inſinuate the merit of ſervice.

Aga.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither: *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
Withal, bring word, if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.
Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus, *before their Tent.*

Ulyſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th' entrance of his tent,
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him:
I will come laſt; 'tis like, he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent on him?
If ſo, I have deciſion medicinable
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each Lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainſt *Troy*.
Aga. What ſays *Achilles?* would he aught with us?
Neſt. Would you, my Lord, aught with the General?
Achil. No.
Neſt. Nothing, my Lord.
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now, *Patroclus?*
Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax.*
Ajax. Ha?

Achil.

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles?*

Patr. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, (as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders)
The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulyſſes.*
I'll interrupt his reading.——Now, *Ulyſſes?*

Ulyſ. Now, *Thetis'* ſon!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.

Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes.*
The beauty that is borne here in the face

The

The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf
To other's eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold itſelf
Not going from itſelf; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf,
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee its ſelf; this is not ſtrange.
Ulyſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in, and of, him there is much conſiſting)
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught,
Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverb'rate
The voice again; or, like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately,
The unknown *Ajax*———
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horſe,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe?
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth? Now ſhall we ſee to-morrow
An act, that very Chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men creep in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes;
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe *Grecian* Lords! why ev'n already
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Achil. This I do believe;
For they paſſed by me, as miſers do by beggars,

Neither

Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What! are my deeds forgot?
Ulyſ. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion:
(A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes)
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: Perſeverance keeps Honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
Like ruſty mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt; keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way,
Or turn aſide from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindermoſt; and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
For pavement to the abject near, o'er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in preſent,
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours.
For Time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by th' hand;
But with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps in the comer; Welcome ever ſmiles,
And Farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all, with one conſent, praiſe new-born gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things paſt;
And give to duſt, that is a little gilt, (29)

(29) *And* go *to duſt, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than gilt *o'er duſted.*] In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine obſervation tranſmitted in the old *folio*'s. Mr. *Pope* ſaw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I preſume, threw it out of the text; becauſe he would not *indulge his private ſenſe* in attempting to make ſenſe of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given to the text, to the ſagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

More laud than they will give to gold o'er-duſted:
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worſhip *Ajax*;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The cry went once for thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thyſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.

Ulyſ. 'Gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence, that's in a watchful ſtate,
Knows almoſt every grain of *Pluto*'s gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive deep;
Keeps place with thought; and almoſt, like the Gods,
Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery (with which relation
Durſt never meddle) in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When Fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trump;
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hector*'s ſiſter did *Achilles* win;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
Farewel, my Lord—I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice, that you ſhould break. [*Exit.*

Patr.

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act. — I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
Sweet, rouſe yourſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold;
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector!*——

Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger;
And Danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then, when we ſit idly in the ſun.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus*:
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in the weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour ſav'd!

Enter Therſites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a

ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, if 'twould out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, Good-morrow, *Ajax:* and he replies, Thanks, *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, *Therſites*.

Ther. Who, I?—why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*——tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd, captain general, of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bleſs great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his tent.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it

it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus; what muſick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd,
And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exe.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Street in TROY.*

Enter at one door Æneas, *with a torch; at another,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomede; Grecians, *with torches.*

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord *Æneas.*

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good morrow, Lord *Æneas.*

Par. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*; take his hand;

(30) Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told, how *Diomede* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th' other *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly (31)
With his face back.——In human gentleness,

Welcome

(30) *Witness the process of your speech, wherein*
You told, how Diomede *a whole week by days*
Did haunt you in the field.] Allowing this circumstance to be mere invention in the Poet, it is a very artful compliment to *Diomede*, and a brave confession of his worth from the mouth of an enemy. *Homer*, in the 5th book of his *Ilias*, makes *Diomede* rush upon *Æneas*, tho' he knew him protected by *Apollo*; and assault him four times, in spight of that God's interposition.

——————— ἴε τὸ δ' αἰεὶ
Ἀινείαν κτεῖναι, &c.

I own, I have a suspicion, our Poet had *Virgil* in his eye; and meant to copy that fine praise which *Diomede* pays to *Æneas*'s valour, where *Venulus* comes from the *Latines* to solicit *Diomede*'s aid against *Æneas*.

——————— *Stetimus tela aspera contrà,*
Contulimusq; manus: experto credite, *quantus*
In clypeum adsurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam. Æneid. xi.

(31) *And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly*
With his face back in humane gentleness.] Thus Mr. *Pope* in his great sagacity pointed this passage in his first edition. What conception he had to himself of a lion *flying in human gentleness*, I won't pretend to affirm: I suppose, he had the idea of *as gently as a lamb*, or as what our vulgar call an *Essex* lion, a calf. If any other lion fly with his face turn'd backward, it is, fighting all the way as he retreats: and in this manner it is, *Æneas* professes that he shall fly when he's hunted. But where then are the symptoms of *human gentleness?* My correction of the pointing restores good sense, and a proper behaviour in *Æneas*. As soon as ever he has return'd *Diomede*'s brave, he stops short and corrects himself for expressing so much fury in a time of truce; from the fierce soldier becomes the courtier at once; and

remem-

Welcome to *Troy*——Now, by *Archiſes'* life,
Welcome, indeed!——by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize.——*Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand complete courſes of the ſun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting;
The nobleſt, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, Lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you; 'twas, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe, and there to render him
(For the enfreed *Antenor*) the fair *Creſſid*.
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte thee before. I conſtantly do think,
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* borne from *Troy*.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, Lord, we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?
Myſelf, or *Menelaus*?

remembring his enemy to be a gueſt and an ambaſſador, welcomes him as ſuch to the *Trojan* camp.——I made this regulation in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* reform'd the text from thence in his laſt edition.

Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her,
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure,)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A *Grecian*'s life hath ſunk: for ev'ry ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.
Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to ſell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troi. DEAR, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, ſweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle down:
He ſhall unbolt the gates.
Troi. Trouble him not——
To bed, to bed——ſleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!
Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Creſſida!* but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief. [ſtays,

Troi. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe
Tedious as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry—
O fooliſh *Creſſida*——I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I ſhall have ſuch a life——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid; where's my couſin *Creſſida?*

Cre. Go hang yourſelf, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay, what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll never be good; nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor *Capocchio*,—(32) haſt not ſlept to-night? would he not (a naughty man) let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*

(32) *A poor* Chipochia,] This word, I am afraid, has ſuffer'd under the ignorance of the editors, for it is a word in no living language that I can find. *Pandarus* ſays it to his neice, in a jeering ſort of tenderneſs, upon her having "made wanton the night with *Troilus*," as our Author expreſſes it in his *Othello*. He would ſay, 'I think, in *Engliſh*,—*Poor* innocent! *poor* fool! *ha'ſt not ſlept to-night?* Theſe appellations are very well anſwer'd by the *Italian* word *Capocchia*: for *Capocchio* ſignifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a ſot, dullard, heavy gull; *un balordo*, *lourdaut*, *tête ſans cervelle*; or *cabeça ſin ſeſo*, as the *Spaniards* expreſs it.

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would, he were knock'd o'th' head!——who's that at door?—good uncle, go and ſee!—My Lord, come you again into my chamber:——you ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha——

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no ſuch thing. How earneſtly they knock—pray you, come in. [*Knock.* I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? how now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord *Æneas?* by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn; for my own part, I came in late: what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Pho!——nay, then:——come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go. [*As* Pandarus *is going out,*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Dioméde*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Creſſida*.

Troi. Is it concluded ſo?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general ſtate of *Troy*.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my Lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my Lord; the ſecret'ſt things of nature (33)
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſida *to* Pandarus.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt: the Devil take *Antenor!* the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor!* I would, they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my Lord? gone! tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would, I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadſt ne'er been born: I knew, thou would'ſt be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor!*———

(33) ———*The* ſecrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.] This is the reading of both the elder *folio*'s; but the firſt verſe manifeſtly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. *Pope* ſubſtitutes

The ſecrets of neighbour *Pandar:*

If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as he profeſſes all his various readings to be) it is founded on the credit of ſuch copies, as it has not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventur'd to make out the verſe thus;

The ſecret'ſt things *of nature*, &c.

i. e. the *Arcana Naturæ*; the myſteries of Nature, of occult philoſophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our Poet has alluſions of this ſort in ſeveral other paſſages.

———*Plutus* himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in *Nature's myſtery* more ſcience, *&c.*
All's Well, &c.

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of *thoſe myſteries* which Heav'n
Will not have Earth to know. *Coriolanus.*

There are *more things* in Heav'n and Earth, *Horatio*,
Than are *dreamt of* in your *philoſophy*. *Hamlet.*

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father.
I know no touch of conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus*. Time, Force, and Death, (34)
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it.—I'll go and weep,——

Pan. Do, do. [cheeks,

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. IT is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon us: good my brother *Troilus*,

(34) ——*Time and Death*
Do to this body, &c.]
The firſt *folio* reads,
Time, orce *and Death.*
When the ſecond impreſſion came to be publiſh'd, the editors, I preſume, were at a loſs, and ſo ſunk the word upon us which they could not make out. There is no doubt, but the poet wrote;
Time, Force, *and Death*,
i. e. The compulſion of Fate; that, which the *Latins* call'd *ſæva neceſſitas*.

Tell

Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.
Troi. Walk into her houſe:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A prieſt, there offering to it his heart.
Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!
Pleaſe you, walk in, my Lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. BE moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong, than that
Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs:

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—a, ſweet duck!—
Cre. O *Troilus, Troilus!* [brace too;
Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! let me em-
O *heart*, (as the goodly ſaying is;)
O heart, O heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?
where he anſwers again;
Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.
There was never a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?
Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity,

That

That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion,, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy*?

Troi. A hateful truth!

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is it poſſible?

Troi. And ſuddenly: while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Each other bought, muſt poorly ſell ourſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Æne. [*within.*] My Lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, Come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians*?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks*!
When ſhall we ſee again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked Deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:——

I ſpeak

I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my glove to Death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but, I'll be true. [ſleeve.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this

Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels,
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?

Troi. Hear, why I ſpeak it, love:
The *Grecian* youths are full of ſubtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe:
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon——
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſy
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not!

Troi. Die I a villain, then!——
In this, I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt; nor ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive Devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.
But ſomething may be done, that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to ourſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*within.*] Nay, good my Lord,——

Troi. Come, kiſs, and let us part.

Par.

Par. [*within.*] Brother *Troilus*,——
Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.
Cre. My Lord, will You be true?
Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fiſh, with craft, for great opinion;
I, with great truth, catch mere ſimplicity.
While ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair; and by my ſoul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.
Dio. Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair uſage; and to *Diomede*
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.
Troi. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
To ſhame the zeal of my petition towards thee, (35)
By praiſing her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,

(35) *To ſhame the* ſeal *of my petition tow'rds thee*
By praiſing her.] There is great room for hefitating at this expreſſion. To *ſhame* the *ſeal* of a petition, carries no ſenſible idea that I can find out. The change of a ſingle letter makes *Troilus*'s complaint apt and reaſonable; and the ſenſe is this: "*Grecian*, you uſe me "diſcourteouſly; you ſee, I am a *paſſionate* lover, by my petition to "you; and therefore you ſhould not ſhame the *zeal* of it, by pro-"miſing to do, what I require of you, for the ſake of her *beauty*: "when, if you had good manners, or a ſenſe of a *lover*'s delicacy, "you would have promiſed to do it in compaſſion to his *pangs* and "*ſufferings*." Mr. *Warburton*.

As

As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
I charge thee, uſe her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free. When I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my lift: and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour—no.

Troi. Come, to the Port—I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand——and, as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*

Par. Hark, *Hector*'s trumpet!

Æne. How have we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus*' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready ſtrait.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *&c.*

Aga. HERE art thou in appointment freſh and fair, (36)
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.

(36) *Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair,*
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Give with thy trumpet, &c.] I have alter'd the pointing of this paſſage for this reaſon: the Poet ſeems to mean, that *Ajax* ſhew'd his ſtarting courage in coming into the field before the challenger.

Give

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholic of puft *Aquilon:*
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector*.

Uly. No trumpet anſwers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas'* daughter?

Uly. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede, *with* Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Creſſida?*

Dio. Ev'n ſhe.

Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet lady. (37)

Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.

Uly. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.

Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.
So much for *Neſtor*.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

(37) *Moſt dearly welcome to the* Greeks, *ſweet lady.*] From this line Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to degrade, or throw out of the text, the quantity of a whole page. But is it not very abſurd, that *Diomede* ſhould bring *Creſſid* on, where ſo many princes are preſent, and preparing to give her a welcome, and then lead her off abruptly, ſo ſoon as ever *Agamemnon* has ſaid a ſingle line to her? *An idiò tantùm* venerat, *ut* exiret? as *Martial* ſays of *Cato*'s coming into the theatre. But is it not ſtill more abſurd for *Creſſid* to be led off without uttering one ſingle ſyllable, and for *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* to obſerve that ſhe is a woman of quick ſenſe, and glib of tongue, as if ſhe had ſaid ſeveral witty things? Methinks, *Neſtor*'s character of her *wit*, from her ſaying *nothing*, is as extraordinary as the two Kings of *Brentford* hearing the *whiſper*, tho' they are not preſent, in the REHEARSAL.

Mal.

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus popp'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted, thus, you and your argument.
Uly. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns!
Patr. The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs—this mine—
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. O, this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir: lady, by your leave,—
Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.——
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o'th' head.
Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.
Uly. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn:
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cre. You may.
Uly. I do deſire it.
Cre. Why, beg then.
Uly. Why then, for *Venus'* ſake, give me a kiſs,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his——
Cre. I am you debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Uly. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe!
Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your father.
[Diomede *leads out* Creſſida.
Uly. Fy, fy upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her body:
Oh, theſe encounterers! ſo glib of tongue,

They

They give a coaſting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader: ſet them down
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and* *Attendants.*

All. The *Trojans'* trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Æne. Hail, all the ſtate of *Greece!* what ſhall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade aſk.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done, (38)
A little proudly, and great deal miſprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;

(38) Aga. *'Tis done like* Hector, *but ſecurely done*;] It ſeems abſurd to me, that *Agamemnon* ſhould make a remark to the diſparagement of *Hector* for pride, and that *Æneas* ſhould immediately ſay, *If not* Achilles, *Sir, what is your name?* and then deſire him to take notice, that *Hector* was as void of pride as he was full of valour. Why was *Achilles* to take notice of this, if it was *Agamemnon* that threw this imputation of pride in *Hector*'s teeth? I was fully ſatisfied, that this reproach on *Hector* ought to be placed to *Achilles*, as I have ventur'd to place it; and conſulting Mr. *Dryden*'s alteration of this play, I was not a little pleas'd to find that I had but ſeconded the opinion of that great man in this point. I regulated the paſſage in the *Appendix* of my SHAKESPEARE-*Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has follow'd my regulation in his laſt edition of our Poet.

The

The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And that, which looks like pride, is courteſy.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to ſeek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath. The combatants being kin
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.

Ulyſ. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that ſame, that looks ſo heavy?

Ulyſ. The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not, till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private ſoul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me.

[*Alarm.* Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*

Aga. They are in action.

Neſt. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.

Aga.

Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd; there, *Ajax.*
[*Trumpets ceaſe.*

Dio. You muſt no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great Lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon; (39)
A couſin-german to great *Priam*'s ſeed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou couldſt ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the ſinews of this leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my ſire's: by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member,
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: but the juſt Gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax:*
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus——
Couſin, all honour to thee!——

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector!*
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* ſo mirable,
(On whoſe bright creſt, Fame, with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries, This is he;) could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector!*

Æne. Here is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.

(39) *Thou art, great lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon;*] For *Ajax*, as well as *Teucer*, was the ſon of *Heſione*, who was the daughter of *Laomedon*, and ſiſter of *Priam*.

Hect.

Hect. We'll anſwer it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.
Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignify this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my Couſin:
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Agamemnon *and the reſt of the* Greeks *come forward.*

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,
What's paſt and what's to come is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of Oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.
[*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O—you, my Lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus*' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon——I offend.
Neſt. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft,
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
Bravely deſpiſing forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i'th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders-by,
Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hemm'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling. This I've ſeen:
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good;
But by great *Mars*, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.
Neſt. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſy.
Hect. I would, they could.
Neſt. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time——
Ulyſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* embaſſy.
Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,

Muſt

Muſt kiſs their own feet.

Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and, modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Uly. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.

Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee, Lord *Ulyſſes*;—thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles?*

Achil. I am *Achilles.*

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns!

Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: ſtand again.——
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that ſmithied *Mars* his helm, (40)
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.——
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone,
Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach. The general ſtate, I fear, (41)
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field:
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector?*
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

(40) *But by the forge that ſmithied Mars his helm.*]
So, again, in *Hamlet*;

And my imaginations are as foul
As *Vulcan's ſtithy.*

A *ſtithy*, or *ſtith*, ſignifies an *anvil*. So CHAUCER in his *Knight's Tale*;

——and the ſmith
That forgith ſharpe ſwerdis on the *ſtith*.

And the word is ſtill current in our northern counties. But, I own, I ſuſpect this not to have been our Author's word either in *Hamlet* or here. For, in the firſt place, an anvil is far from being the dirtieſt thing in a ſmith's ſhop: and then the forge, or furnace, cannot be ſaid to *anvil* the helmet. I have corrected;

But by the forge that ſmithied *Mars's helm.*

A *ſmithy* is the working ſhop of a ſmith; and to *ſmithy*, is to perform the work and office of a ſmith.

(41) *The general ſtate, I fear,*
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.] This is obſcurely expreſs'd, but the meaning muſt be this. Notwithſtanding this bluſtering which you have made, I fear, the whole *Grecian* confederacy with their united prayers could ſcarce prevail with you to make *Hector* your adverſary in good earneſt, to oppoſe yourſelf to him. This will be farther explain'd by a paſſage in King *Henry V.*

Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will; for I deſire
Nothing but *odds* with *England.*

Hect.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector*'s leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him
To taſte your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.

Troi. My Lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?
Ulyſ. At *Menelaus'* tent, moſt princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Creſſid*.
Troi. Shall I, ſweet Lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from *Agamemnon*'s tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*; had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?
Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth:
But, ſtill, ſweet love is food for Fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *before* Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekiſh* wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.

Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Therſites*.

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy? (42) Thou cruſty botch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of ideot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy*.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well ſaid, adverſity; and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s male-harlot. (43)

Patr. Male-harlot, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now, the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palſies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſthume, ſciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreſon indiſtinguiſhable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſley'd ſilk, thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taffel of a prodigal's purſe, thou?

(42) *How now, thou core of envy?* *Thou cruſty* batch *of Nature,*] Thus all the printed copies: but what is a *cruſty* batch *of* Nature? We muſt certainly read, *botch*; i. e. ſcab, ſore, &c. So, before, in the beginning of the 2d *Act*;

And thoſe boils did run——ſay ſo;——Did not the general run, were not that a *botchy core?*

(43) *Thou art thought to be* Achilles's *male* varlet.] Dr. *Thirlby* very reaſonably conjectures, *harlot*; and this ſeems confirm'd by what *Therſites* immediately ſubjoins;——*Why, his maſculine* whore.

Ah,

Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battle:
Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it;
Fall *Greek*, fail fame, honour, or go, or ſtay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent,
This night in banquetting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails, (44) but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; and

(44) *And one that loves* quails,] This I take to be an obſcure paſſage, not very commonly underſtood, and therefore may deſerve a note of explanation. *Therſites* is every where ſcurrilous, and ſcandalous in his obſervations upon the *Greeks*. He abuſes *Menelaus* for a ſtupid cuckold; and with the ſame freedom, I apprehend, here he is charging *Agamemnon* with being a *wencher*; in ſaying, he is a lover of *quails*. But what conſonance, may it not be aſk'd, is there, betwixt *quails*, and a miſtreſs? *Rabelais*, in the prologue to his 4th book, ſpeaks of *cailles coiphées mignonnement chantans*; which *Motteux*, I find, has tranſlated, *coated* quails, *and laced* mutton, *waggiſhly ſinging*.——(Of *laced mutton* I have already ſpoken in my 3d note on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:) and *Cotgrave*, in his *French* Dictionary, ſeems to have had his eye on this paſſage, when he explains *cailles coiffées*, women. Here's a little authority for my ſuſpicion of *Shakeſpeare*'s meaning: and I'll throw in a teſtimony or two from a contemporary poet with him, by whom *quail* is metaphorically uſed for a *girl of the game*. *Ford*, in his *Love's Sacrifice*, brings in a debauchée thus muttering againſt a ſuperannuated miſtreſs. "By this light, I "have toil'd more with this carrion *hen*, than with ten *quails* ſcarce "grown into their firſt feathers."

So we find Mrs. *Urſula*, in *B. Johnſon*'s *Bartholomew Fair*, complaining that ſhe had no young women for the entertainment of her

and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there his brother, the bull, (the primitive ſtatue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;) (45) a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? to an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Aſk me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not, to be the louſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*——
Hey-day, ſpirits and fires!

cuſtomers. "Here will be *Zekiel Edgworth*, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I ha' neither plover nor *quails* for them: perſwade this, between you two, to become a *bird o' the game*, while I work the velvet woman within, as you call her."

(45) *And the goodly tranſformation of* Jupiter *there his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue and* oblique *memorial of cuckolds.*] I underſtand this paſſage thus. Firſt, he alludes to *Jupiter* having tranſform'd himſelf into a bull to gain the love of *Europa*; and then he calls *Menelaus* a bull, as being a cuckold; and then characterizes the bull, as the primitive ſtatue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; i. e. a cuckold is ſaid to have horns; a bull has horns; ſo, ſtands for a cuckold *obliquely*; that is, *typically, emblematically*: as our Poet in *Hamlet* ſays, the play is call'd the *Mouſetrap*: Marry, how? *tropically*.——Mr. *Warburton* differs from me in the conſtruction of this place; he thinks, *Menelaus* is call'd the *bull*, and that he is likewiſe call'd the *primitive ſtatue*, &c. Then he objects, that *primitive* and *oblique* are contradictory epithets, and cannot be applied to the ſame thing: he therefore conjectures, the Poet wrote,

——*the primitive ſtatue, and* obeliſque *memorial of cuckolds*;

i. e. "He is repreſented, *ſays my friend*, as one that would remain "an eternal monument of cuckoldom never to be effaced: and how "could this be better repreſented than by calling him an *obeliſque* "*memorial*? For of all human monumental edifices the *obeliſque* is "the moſt durable. The *Ægyptians*, 'tis well known, uſed it to "record their arts and hiſtories upon."——I could not in juſtice ſtifle ſo ingenious a conjecture, tho' I have not diſturb'd the text; and ſubmit the paſſage, in preſent, to the determination of the publick judgment.

Enter

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, *and* Diomede, *with lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.
Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*; welcome, Princes all.
Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night. *Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* general.
Men. Good night, my Lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Lord *Menelaus*.
Ther. Sweet draught—sweet, quoth a—sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those That go or tarry.
Aga. Good night.
Achil. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*, Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important business, The tide whereof is now; good night, great *Hector*.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent: I'll keep you company. [*To* Troilus.
Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so, good night.
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt.*
Ther. That same *Diomede*'s a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth and promise, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to see *Hector*, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uses the traitor

Calchas his tent. I'll after—Nothing but letchery; all incontinent varlets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Calchas's *Tent.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. WHAT are you up here, ho? ſpeak.
Cal. Who calls?
Dio. Diomede; *Calchas*, I think; where's your daughter?
Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, *after them* Therſites.

Ulyſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſid.

Troi. *Creſſid* come forth to him?
Dio. How now, my charge?
Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian; hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*
Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?
Ulyſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.
Ther. And any man may ſing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cre. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.
Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?
Ulyſ. Liſt.———
Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery——
Dio. Nay, then,——
Cre. I'll tell you what.
Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forſworn—
Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?
Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.
Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?
Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.

Dio.

Dio. Good night.
Troi. Hold, patience———
Uly. How now, *Trojan?*
Cre. *Diomede,*———
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Troi. Thy better muſt.
Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.
Troi. O plague and madneſs!
Uly. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you, go.
Troi. Behold, I pray you———
Uly. Good my Lord, go off:
You fly to great diſtraction: come, my Lord.
Troi. I pr'ythee, ſtay.
Uly. You have not patience; come.
Troi. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo, good night.
Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?
Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!
Uly. Why, how now, Lord?
Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian——why, *Greek*——
Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.
Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Uly. You ſhake, my Lord, at ſomething; will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She ſtrokes his cheek.———
Uly. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potatoe finger tickles theſe together! fry, letchery, fry!—
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will, la; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit Uly.*

Ulyſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet Lord,
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Creſſida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.——
Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this ſleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyſ. My Lord,——
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; behold it well:—
He lov'd me:——O falſe wench!——Give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid, whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all ye Gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy maſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee.—(46) [Diom. *ſnatches the ſleeve.*
Nay, do not ſnatch it from me:
He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did ſwear patience. [not,
Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede:* 'faith, you ſhall
I'll give you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?
Cre. 'Tis no matter.

(46) *As I kiſs thee.*
Dio. *Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.*
Cre. *He that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.*] Dr. *Thirlby* thinks this ſhould all be plac'd to *Creſſida*. She had the ſleeve, and was kiſſing it rapturouſly; and, *Diomede*, in kiſſing her, ſnatches it back from her.

Dio.

Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was?
Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Cre. By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder,
And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not—
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewel.
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.
Cre. You ſhall not go;——one cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto:* but that that likes not you,
pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?
Cre. Ay, come:——O *Jove!*—— do, come:——
I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*
Cre. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee.——
Ah, poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, muſt err: O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*
Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, my mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyſ. All's done, my Lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert th' atteſt of eyes and ears; (47)
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
Ulyſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*
Troi. She was not, ſure.
Ulyſ. Moſt ſure, ſhe was.
Troi. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
Ulyſ. Nor mine, my Lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn critics, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare all the ſex
By *Creſſid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid.*
Ulyſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this was ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomede*'s *Creſſida.*
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the Gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt thyſelf!
Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt. This is, and is not, *Creſſid.*
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion

(47) *That doth invert* that teſt *of eyes and ears.*] *What* teſt? *Troilus* had been particularizing none in his foregoing words, to govern or require the *relative* he. I rather think, the words are to be thus ſplit;

That doth invert th' atteſt *of eyes and ears,*

i. e. That turns the very teſtimony of ſeeing and hearing againſt themſelves.

Admits

Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As ſlight *Arachne*'s broken woof, to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as *Pluto*'s gates!
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heav'n itſelf!
The bonds of heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd,
And with another knot five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede*.

*Uly*ſ. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well;
In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*——ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul——
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede*.
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:
Were it a caſk compos'd by *Vulcan*'s ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhip-men do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

*Uly*ſ. O, contain yourſelf:
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lord,
Farewel, revolted Fair: and, *Diomede*, [adieu.
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head!

*Uly*ſ.

Ulyſ. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: letchery, letchery, ſtill wars and letchery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Troy.

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

And. WHEN was my Lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlaſting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my brother *Hector?*

And. Here, ſiſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition;
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.

Caſ. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound.

Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heav'ns, ſweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I ſay: the Gods have heard me ſwear.

Caſ. The Gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

And. O! be perſuaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful

For

For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector*.
Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?
And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſuade.
[*Exit* Caſſandra.
Hect. No, 'faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, youth:
I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.
Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.
Troi. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fool's play, by Heaven, *Hector*.
Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fy, ſavage, fy!
Troi. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

Not

Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I myſelf
Am, like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou ſhalt not go.

Hect. I muſt not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal *Priam.*

Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit* Androm.

Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector:*
Look, how thou dy'ſt; look, how thy eyes turn pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolour forth!
Behold, diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,

And

And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead! O *Hector!*

Troi. Away!——Away!——

Caf. Farewel: yet, ſoft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thyſelf and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the gods with ſafety ſtand about thee!
[*Alarm.*

Troi. They're at it, hark; proud *Diomede*, believe,
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreſon ptiſick, a whoreſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing, and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my bones, that unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there? [the heart:

Troi. Words, words, mere words; no matter from Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey! (48) ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

(48) *Hence, brothel, lacquey!*—] In this, and the repetition of it, towards the cloſe of the play, *Troilus* is made abſurdly to call *Pandarus*—*bawdy-houſe*; for *brothel* ſignifies nothing elſe that I know of: but he meant to call him an attendant on a bawdy-houſe, a meſſenger of obſcene errands: a ſenſe which I have retriev'd, only by clapping an *hyphen* betwixt the two words.

SCENE *changes to the Field between* Troy *and the Camp.*

Alarm. Enter Therſites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſterly villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs Errant. (49) O'th' other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty ſneering raſcals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe *Neſtor*, and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes*, is not prov'd worth a black-berry.——They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft——here comes ſleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for ſhouldſt thou take the river *Styx*, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee! [*They go off, fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*; now for thy whore, *Trojan*: now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

(49) *O'th' other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty* ſwearing *raſcals*, &c.] But in what ſenſe are *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* accus'd of being *ſwearing* raſcals? What, or to whom, did they ſwear? I am poſitive, I have reſtor'd the true reading. They had collogued with *Ajax*, and trim'd him up with inſincere praiſes, only in order to have ſtir'd *Achilles*'s emulation. In this, they were true ſneerers; betraying the firſt, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice.

Enter

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek!* art thou for *Hector's* match? Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God o' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet, in a ſort, letchery eats itſelf: I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus'* horſe,
Preſent the fair ſteed to my lady *Creſſid:*
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan,*
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon:* baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner,
And ſtands *Coloſſus*-wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed coarſes of the Kings,
Epiſtropus and *Odius. Polyxenus* is ſlain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful Sagittary (50)
Appals

(50) *The dreadful* Sagittary
Appals our numbers.] Mr. *Pope* will have it that by Sagittary is meant *Teucer*, becauſe of his ſkill in archery. Were we to take this interpretation for granted, we might expect that upon this line in *Othello*,

Lead to the *Sagittary* the raiſed ſearch,

Mr. *Pope* ſhould tell us, this meant to the ſign of *Teucer's* head: tho', indeed, it means only that ſign, which the Poet, in his *Comedy of Errors*, calls by an equivalent name the *Centaur*. Beſides, when *Teucer* is not once mention'd by name throughout the whole play, would

Shakeſp.

Appals our numbers: haſte we, *Diomede*,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame.
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now, here he fights on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,

Shakeſpeare decypher him by ſo dark and precarious a deſcription? I dare be poſitive, he had no thought of that *archer* here. To confeſs the truth, this paſſage contains a piece of private hiſtory, which, perhaps, Mr. *Pope* never met with, unleſs he conſulted the old chronicle containing the three deſtructions of *Troy*, printed by *Caxton* in 1471, and *Wynken de Werde* in 1503: from which book our Poet has borrow'd more circumſtances of this play, than from *Lollius* or *Chaucer*. I ſhall tranſcribe a ſhort quotation from thence, which will fully explain *Shakeſpeare*'s meaning in this paſſage. "Beyonde the royalme "of *Amaſonne* came an auncyent kynge, wyſe and dyſcreete, named "*Epyſtrophus*, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouſe beſte "that was call'd *Sagittarye*, that behynde the myddes was an horſe, "and to fore a man: this beſte was heery lyke an horſe, and had "his eyen rede as a cole, and ſhotte well with a bowe: this beſte "made the *Grekes* ſore *aferde, and ſlewe many of them with his bowe.*"
This directly anſwers to what our Poet ſays;——

——*The* dreadful *Sagittary*
Appals *our* numbers.

That our Author traded with the above quoted book, is demonſtrable from certain circumſtances, which he could pick up no where elſe, and which he has thought fit to tranſplant into his play: *viz.* The making *Neoptolemus* a diſtinct hero from *Pyrrhus*, who was afterwards ſo call'd; the corruption in the names of the ſix gates of *Troy*; *Galathe*, the name of *Hector*'s horſe; the baſtard *Margarelon*; *Diomede* getting one of *Creſſid*'s gloves; *Achilles* abſenting from battle on account of his love for *Polyxena*, and the meſſages of queen *Hecuba* to him; his taking *Hector* at a diſadvantage, when he killed him; *&c.*

That

That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowſy blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus!* *Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-killer, ſhew me thy face:
Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector*. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head!

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. *Troilus*, I ſay, where's *Troilus?*
Ajax. What would'ſt thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou ſhould'ſt have my office,
Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what! *Troilus?*

Enter

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomede!* turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, *Diomede.*
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus?* O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee: have at thee, *Hector.*
Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*
Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſy, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune.
Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He ſhall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it; wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
Mark what I ſay, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep yourſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding eye:
It is decreed——*Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now, my double-hen'd ſparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho. [*Exe.* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, ſlave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Baſt. A baſtard ſon of *Priam's*.
Ther. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one bear will not bite another (51), and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel, baſtard.
Baſt. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without!——
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

(51) *One bear will not bite another.*] So, *Juvenal* ſays more ſeriouſly:
——*ſævis inter ſe* convenit urſis.

Enter

Enter Achilles *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to ſet;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.
[*They fall upon* Hector, *and kill him.*

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Achil. Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, ſink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain.
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth;
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates. (52)
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*
[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

(52) *And, ſtickler-like, the armies* ſeparate;] So Mr. *Pope* in both his editions; by which means, the compariſon ſtands thus;——— "The armies ſeparate of themſelves, as ſticklers ſeparate others." But with that editor's permiſſion, we muſt call back the reading of the better copies; and then the ſenſe will be this: "Night, ſtickler-"like, puts an end to the engagement, and ſeparates the armies." I am apt to think, Mr. *Pope* did not know the word, or the office of the perſon intended by it. The *French* call theſe gentry, *moyenneurs, arbitres, perſonnes interpoſées.* In this very play, *Diomede* and *Æneas* are ſticklers to *Ajax* and *Hector* in their combat: *ſeconds*, to ſee fair play, and arbitrate the duel. The word was familiar both to *Ben. Johnſon* and *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

———Who is drawn hither by report of your cartels, advanced in court, to prove his fortune with your prizer, ſo he may have fair play ſhewn him, and the liberty to chuſe his *ſtickler*.
Cynthia's Revels.

Lop. He keeps his fury ſtill, and may do miſchief.
Mil. He ſhall be hang'd firſt; we'll be *ſticklers* there, boys.
Spaniſh Curate.

Enter

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt, marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! *Achilles!*
Dio. The bruit is, *Hector*'s ſlain, and by *Achilles.*
Ajax. If it is ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
Aga. March patiently along: let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended. [*Exe.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field;
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is ſlain.
All. Hector!——the Gods forbid!
Troi. He's dead, and at the murderer's horſe's tail
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit, Gods, upon your thrones, and ſmile at *Troy!*
I ſay, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.
Æne. My Lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.
Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba?*
Let him, that will a ſcrietch-owl ay be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and ſay there, *Hector*'s dead:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of itſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.

Stay yet, you vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy!* with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, brothel-lacquey; ignominy, shame
Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Strikes him.*
[*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set at work, and how ill requited? why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it——let me see——

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths——
As many as be here of *Pandar's* hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar's* fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now; but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss:
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

END of the SEVENTH VOLUME.